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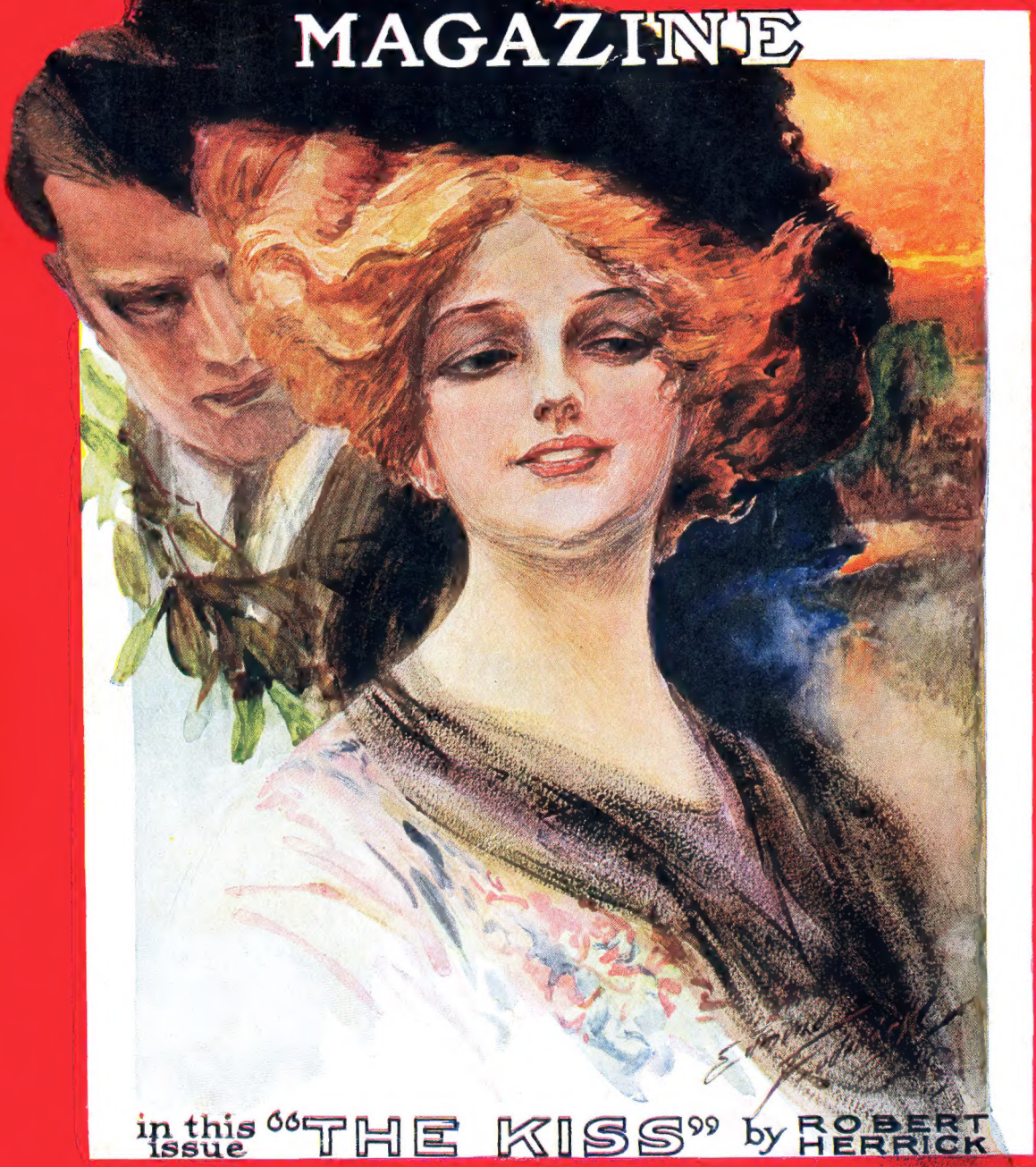

in this issue "THE KISS" by ROBERT HERRICK

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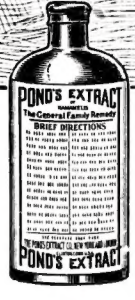

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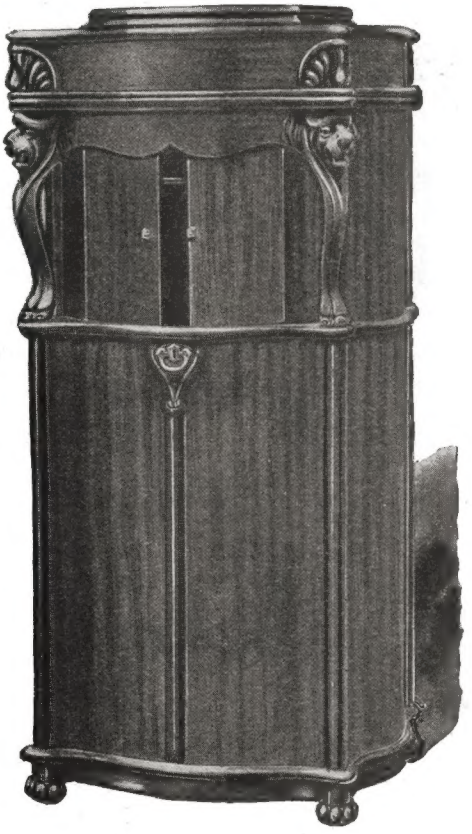

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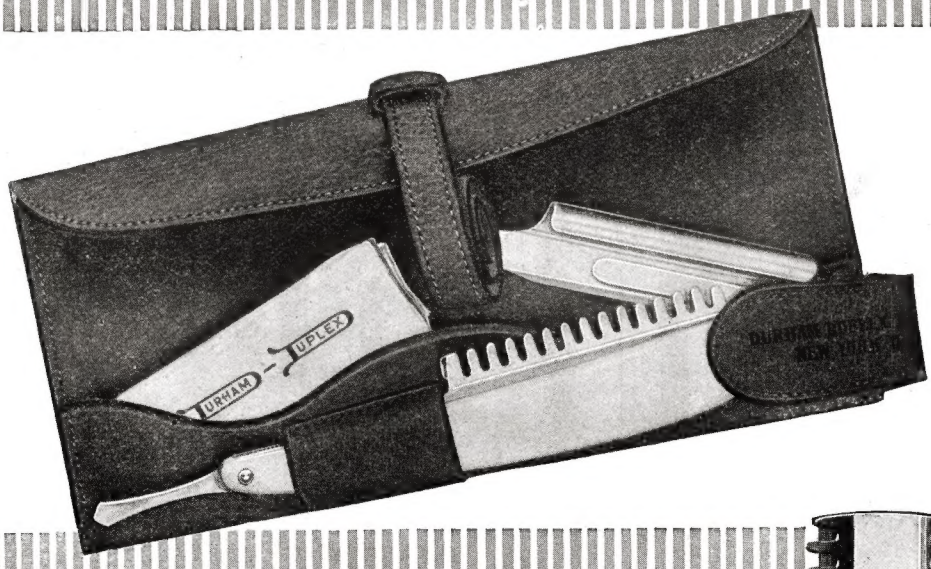

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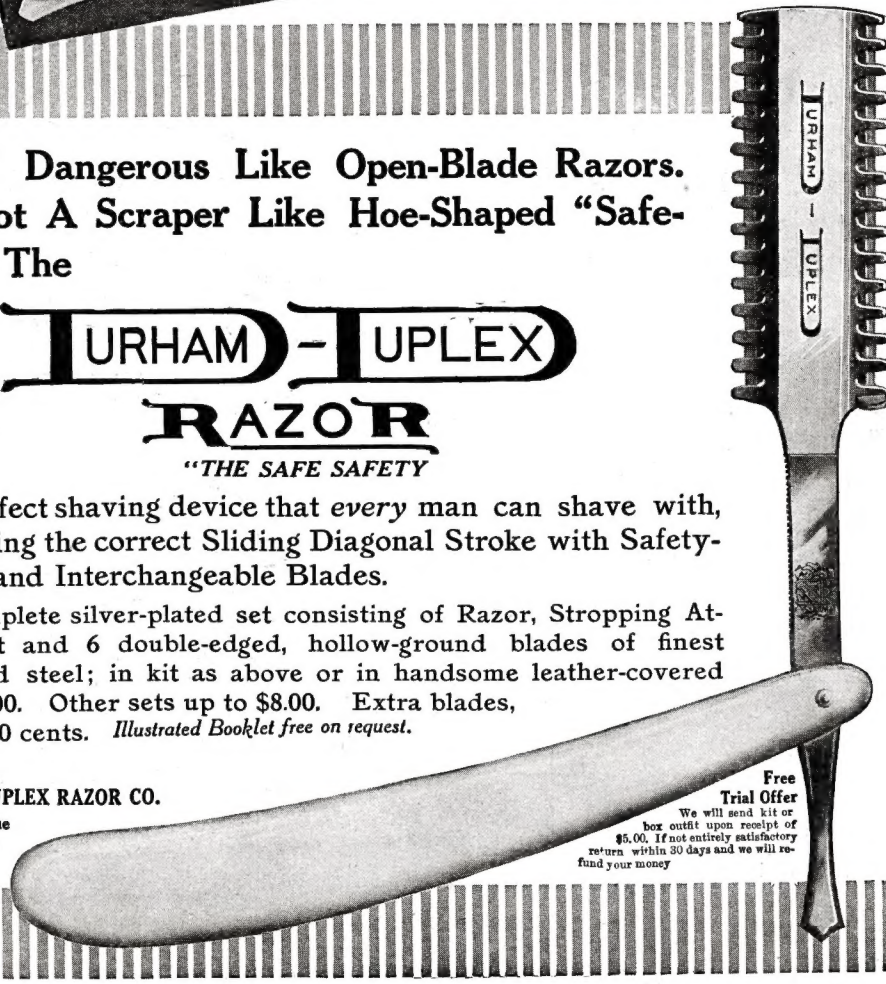

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THE RED BOOK
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EDITED BY KARL EDWIN HARRIMAN

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"Don't speak to me," she said, "I know you wish to divorce me"

To accompany "The Marriage of Okiku-San'—page 254

THE RED BOOK
MAGAZINE
Vol. XV. June 1910 No. 2

THE KISS

BY
ROBERT HERRICK

Author of "Together," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY EDMUND FREDERICK

I

THE TRAIN had wound for several hours close to the rushing river, beside a wall of the narrow cañon. Suddenly it came to a grinding halt, with a jerky precipitancy that suggested catastrophe of some sort. The passengers, not obtaining satisfaction by peering through the open windows, began to clamber down from the cars. From the platform of the rear Pullman two ladies tried to descend upon the shelving bank. The younger one leaped lightly to the soft earth beside the ditch; then held out an encouraging hand to the elder and stouter lady.

"It's easy, aunty!"

A young man who was passing turned and offered help, but the lady demurred, and finally withdrew into the car, saying:

"I'll stay here—you can find out what's happened."

"It's a slide—a bad one," the young man volunteered, as the younger woman, with a little smile and wave of her hand to the aunt, turned towards the head of the train. "We shall be here some time, it's likely," he added, following her along the narrow bank between the cars and the ditch.

"Oh, I'd like to see it!" she exclaimed eagerly, as though the slide had been sent this morning for her personal experience.

"You'll have chance enough. The wrecking crew has just arrived from the other side and is tackling the job!"

He indicated politely the better course for her to pursue in crossing the little stream that emerged from a steep gully; and, though she dispensed with his proffered assistance, by the time they had reached the front of the long train the two had become acquaintances with a brisk ease due to their common misadventure.

The train crew and most of the passengers were gathered about the big engine, which throbbed and snorted disgustedly only a few feet from the heap of mud and rocks that obstructed the tracks.

It was a slide indeed! The heavy rains in the mountains, the past week, had swollen the little river to a turbulent chocolate flood that undermined the embankment; and in the night a large section of the hillside—rock and earth and trees—had slid into the river—leaving on the single track an effective barrier into which the derrick of the wrecking car on the other side was vigorously dipping.

The shouts of the wrecking gang could be heard in the clear mountain air. Idle theories of their probable fate were circulating among the passengers. After consulting with the conductor, who was standing stupidly, hands in pockets, gazing at the slide, the young man reported:

"We'll stay here until we are dug out or the east-bound train arrives to transfer us. It's ninety miles back to division headquarters." And he added apprehensively: "It'll be five or six hours at the least—we shall miss our connections."

"Let's see what they are doing," the young woman suggested, pointing to a ledge above the slide from which the more venturesome passengers were surveying the scene. She scrambled athletically over the rocks and through the underbrush in a thoroughly capable manner, disdaining all assistance, and the young man followed closely, until they reached the shelf of the hill above the wrecking gang. Twenty or thirty stout young Italians were working at the mound with explosive energy; and a steam shovel nuzzled, wide-lipped, into the bank.

"All of six hours," the young man com-

mented, as if he knew about such matters; "probably more. But the east-bound train will be up by that time."

The young woman seemed thoroughly unconcerned by the prospect of a day spent in the mountains—with only the light lunches remaining in the buffet car for sustenance. Her eyes were fastened in eager interest upon the laborers below, who were digging fiercely at earth and rock; picking, shoveling, hauling, at the bidding of a profane boss.

The young man, leaning against a rock, watched her animated face as he had watched it, unconsciously, all that forenoon, from his section on the opposite side of the car, attracted by the vitality of the woman, even more than by her feminine charm. While the train had wound its slow course through the snaky curves of the cañon, he had noted the ever-changing expression of mouth and eyes and hands; all betraying an abounding wonder in the panorama outside the car-window. The mountain scenery itself had not been able to distract his mind as had this girl's fresh delight in it. Here on the open hillside the sense of vitality and joy that she breathed was doubled.

"Can't we get down there?" she exclaimed impatiently, turning to him. "I so love to see men at work like that—when they throw themselves in all together."

So they clambered over the loose *débris* towards the wrecking gang. The young woman stepped from rock to rock fearlessly, excellently poised, lithe and free in the sharp air, color flushing her face.

"Isn't it a lark!" she cried sympathetically, as though the blue sky, the sunny day, the fine air and the accident had somehow united to produce this special bit of good fortune.

"Ye—es," the young man agreed slowly. "I suppose so—if you take it that way. It's a day out of the reckoning, though," he added thoughtfully, as though there might be personal calculations of importance to be rearranged.

"What difference!" she laughed, casting a covetous glance up the steep hillside.

"None, I suppose," he admitted, "in the big total of things."

And he smiled at his own meaning, a joyless smile, that for one moment distracted his companion's attention from the scene and her own content.

"At least," he added, "we needn't worry about the total for a little while. We've slipped off the cogs of the world and can't get back for at least six hours."

Again she puzzled over the unexpressed thought of his phrase—which seemed for the moment to imply much; but she quickly reverted to her own eager interest and, the laborers becoming monotonous, looked about for further occupation.

"There ought to be something to see up there," the young man suggested, following her glance to the crest of the cliff above them, "if you cared to work for it? We are pretty well up to the Divide."

She looked at the steep cliff, challenged by its stiffness, by the glorious blue above the cañon; and her lips parted in a little smile of welcome to venture.

"Let's try!" and, with an after-thought of explanation or apology, "one gets so cramped up in those mahogany boxes! But I must tell Aunt we are here for the day!"

By the time they had picked their way back to the Pullman, the passengers were anxiously debating the prospects of provender—"only one buffet for the entire train!" Various wild and impractical expedients were suggested to the bored train crew. But the great engine stood hushed before the slide, emitting thin threads of steam.

"They don't intend to move," the young man explained.

The aunt had resigned herself to a magazine, and made but feeble protest to their excursion. "Only don't get left!" she cautioned. Her niece waved a hand reassuringly, and the two adventurers struck into the little gully that penetrated the cañon wall.

The young man led the way, and she could see that for all his conventional garments and white hands he was evidently used to the hills.

They went up rapidly through thick underbrush and over fallen trees, pausing a second or two to get breath and a reconnoitering glance

upwards. She was always close behind, her lips parted in that little smile of enjoyment, her hands quick to grasp every favoring branch and rock.

They emerged upon a bare plateau above the gully and rested. Immediately below them the stalled train lay out along the river like a snake, the engine simmering at its head. The Italians were still digging into the bank like demons. But for them it was drama without words. The young woman threw herself upon the ground, resting her head on her crossed elbows, and studied the scene.

"Jolly, isn't it!" she murmured, glancing at the man, who was rolling a cigarette, cow-boy fashion.

"And there's more beyond," he assented, indicating the waving skyline of the cañon rim. "Up there we'll get a look-off—a thundering long ways."

His tone seemed to say: "Are you good for it?" and she smiled a confident answer.

Already in the few quarters of an hour since the train had come to a halt before the slide, they seemed to have become long-known to each other, with the interchange of scarcely a dozen commonplaces. In the rough dash up the cliff, they had tested themselves and recognized a likeness, a sympathy of body and feeling that words were not needed to express. So as he pointed, she followed, across the plateau, up the slope, into another steep, dark cañon along which a few stunted pines grew. Engaged with the perplexities of the way, they spoke rarely, and what they said was but of casual moment, a mere voicing of sensation over the sunlight, the spiritous mountain air, the pungent pines, and the spontaneous joy of the venturer.

When they had gained the crest, the air struck cold and bracing from the North, coming over mountain peaks a long, long way. She breathed it in eagerly with upraised head; drinking it like a cup of wine. He looked down into the vast vacant valley below, and seemed, in the incessant contemplation of some mental image, to have quite forgotten his companion, and indeed all the wonderful world before them.

"Magnificent!" she murmured, looking at

him, a little awe in her eyes over their triumphant accomplishment. "Miles and miles of it!"

"Oh, yes—all of God's earth you could want," he agreed, and he looked at it with an air of detachment, of impartial indifference, that had already piqued her curiosity. It was the manner of one who has for reason lost all emotional contact with the world in which he finds himself. "And not a human idiot in sight, except us two," he concluded.

Her brows wrinkled dubiously.

"But I like them, the human idiots," she protested softly.

"Then you have plenty to like!" He was rolling another cigarette, and made his observation with the same assured and dispassionate precision with which he packed the tobacco into the paper. For some minutes they took their full of the scene without further remark; and then he observed in his cool, detached tone of impartial observation of human fact:

"Somehow I seem to have known you a great while—without the name!" he added with a joyless smile.

She started, and the color rushed to her face. It was the first personal word between them, and she gave him a sharp look of reproof—as if he had broken an unexpressed agreement; brought her disagreeably back to the conventional plane she had ventured to abandon. But his unmoved, almost languid manner reassured her. He was as impersonal as the tree tops below their feet.

"I was thinking the same thing!" she admitted generously. "We are both good climbers," she suggested as a manner of explanation that involved nothing.

"But this morning in the car," he persisted, "I seemed to know you. One has that feeling sometimes with perfect strangers."

"Yes," she said, coldly. "Sometimes."

He looked at his watch. "Another four hours, possibly five, before those dagoes can dig us out. We must look about for luncheon."

"I think we had better go back to the car—it *is* time for luncheon."

"What do you imagine will be left that is edible in that train?"

The reflection of a man's face wavered between her hands

"My aunt will have kept something."

But he was already scanning the valley below them, and paid no attention to her. Suddenly he pointed to a corner of the pine forest.

"Must be a shack over there—I thought I smelled smoke when we topped the hill."

He gave her his hand to rise, and without demur she accepted it, her face somewhat grave; and she followed him, less buoyantly to be sure, as he rapidly skirted the slope and began to zigzag down the hill on the other side of the Divide. His silent manner was so competent and his slow tones so sure, that the woman obeyed—putting to rest with youthful self-reliance whatever misgivings she might have at following a stranger into the heart of the mountains.

It was a rough descent through scrubby woods, and her step lagged; reflections distracted her efforts. The man looked back several times and observed her difficulties; and when they finally came upon a little sunny spot from which the mountain cabin was plainly visible beneath them, he paused.

"You had better stay here and rest. That last bit's steep! And I don't believe you'd care to eat inside that shack!" He indicated the mud-plastered cabin, decorated with a spiral of blue smoke. "I'll fetch up whatever forage they may have."

And before she could protest, he had thrown down his coat for a seat and swung over the rocky cliff in a straight line for the cabin. She leaned forward and watched him, breathless, as he made the rapid descent—sliding, holding to this and that, jumping from ledge to ledge. She smiled at the display of fearless, steady power, which seemed merely the reflection of his taciturn mental habit—a perfect understanding and a perfect indifference to fact. If he were city bred—as she supposed—at least he had not lost the prehensile gift of courage.

At last he disappeared out of her sight in a rustle of rocks and leaves, and she sank back against a tree, realizing that she was tired, as he had suspected. The sun-warmed, scented air of the mountain noon, with the gently waving tree tops all about, was very pleasant, soothing; and she mused idly of the Stranger, who, as she

admitted to herself, seemed so extraordinarily well-known. That he was a "gentleman"—in the vague sense of that elastic term, which means he was of her own kind—that he was educated, somehow, and "interesting" though taciturn, probably experienced in life—She got no further in her speculation, always returning to the one idea: "Somehow I know him! I wonder how? I don't know anything except that he has a low voice, uses good English, has clean hands, decent clothes, an interesting face." Finally the Stranger merged in the utter unreality of the place and the day.

She had stepped out of the ordinary associations of her life, at once, up into the mountains; here for a few hours, as he had said, they were removed wondrously from their old selves, the selves that were tied into the rest of the warp of human existence—and were free, for a trifle of time, to live outside themselves, like those who had entered a trance.

It was an experience that had a novel kind of excitement, even to her healthy imagination. And she concluded that she did not want to know anything more about her companion, or ever to see him again, under the usual circumstances of her being. After their little frolic across the hills, they would return to the world "down there," somewhere, within the Pullman car, and continue the journey predestined for each.

II

Above her head a branch broke and the young man appeared from an unexpected quarter, his pockets bulging, a newspaper package under his arm. He had made the land yield what it could —a bit of bacon, some corn bread and unsavory yellow biscuits, a couple of eggs, and, marvelous! a ripe melon.

Soon he had started a little fire and prepared some twigs with which she could spear the bread and bacon, and toast them at her ease.

He did everything swiftly and surely, extracting the fullest possibilities of the situation. If

one were to be cast on a desolate shore, he would be an admirable manager! He fetched water in a can that he had picked up, and then, stretched easily on the warm earth, they made a comfortable meal. Afterwards he filled his pipe and turning towards the valley seemed to forget her altogether, while he smoked and retreated into his own thoughts.

She wanted to talk, to explore some of the unknown coast. Their meal together on the hillside among the trees, the freedom and peace and simplicity of it all, answered a deep desire of her nature that had never been fulfilled. Something of the vagabond, the primitive being, had always fretted at her heart, and now, with this Stranger, it was suddenly appeased. They two for the moment were living as she had fondly dreamed of living, in the sunlight, on lofty mountain tops, with unspoken harmony, careless and unbound.

III

Her eyes opened to meet the man's eyes fixed upon her, and the look in them made her start. It was as if the shutter of his soul had been allowed to drop, and what she saw within was sad, tragic. She could not bear it and closed her eyes. It was like a gulf into which she had almost walked.

"We must be going!" she exclaimed, jumping to her feet.

"Very well."

The shutter had closed, and the taciturn Stranger of their morning adventure reappeared, leading the way up the mountain. Now she wanted to look within, again!

Higher up they crossed a gurgling brook, and, pulling up her sleeves, she knelt down and drank, her hands and arms thrust in the cool water, as she used to drink as a little girl. While she gazed at the golden pebbles on the gravelly bottom, a shadow fell across the pool, and the reflection of a man's face wavered between her hands. In it she read the same tragic longing of the unshuttered soul.

"What is it?" she demanded, looking up directly into his eyes.

"Nothing," he replied, but the shutter did not fall.

"Yes, it is—something!" she persisted, "and I must know—tell me."

Instead the man looked away, towards the peaks that emerged above the forest.

"Why do you look—as if the world had come to an end!" she cried lightly.

"It has—just that—for me!"

"Nonsense!" she began, but the word faded on her lips as his eyes rested on her. "Why do you—why do you look at me like that?"

"Because you, too, will come to an end, like the world—in another hour."

For a moment she shrank, imaging swiftly the possibilities of her situation. He might be a madman, anything! Then the courage in her threw back the thought, and she said steadily:

"I don't understand you."

"No?"

"I don't understand," she repeated haughtily.

"Do you want to?"

Again she trembled with an unknown fear; but she murmured: "Yes!"

The man tossed a pebble deliberately into the valley below, and they listened to its tiny reverberations. Instead of the great secret at whose verge she trembled, the man merely whispered:

"It is very wonderful—this!" He pointed into the blue heavens. "And you are wonderful—like it!"

For an instant her face showed contempt for the vulgar compliment from a stranger; then in his tragic face and slow speech she realized that it was not a compliment; not in the least.

He tried to explain:

"It's the same thing—God's world, life, and you—all perfect. And they will end, to-night."

She did not shrink from his miserable gaze.

"I do not understand—yet," she said more faintly, beginning nevertheless to understand dimly. She meant to rise from her crouching position before the pool and hurry on, fly back swiftly over the hill. She must put an end to this foolish situation. Time was slipping by.

But something held her just there, trembling, one hand still buried in the brook, the water

drops on her brow gleaming among her hair, like some wild creature caught in the net of human sorrow.

IV

"You see," he said presently, in a dead tone, "I was trying to escape, on the train, to get away from what I did, from myself—But I'm going back to-night, by the other train."

She waited for the next word, a new terror in her heart, knowing what it was to be, dreading to hear it on his lips.

"I'm going back to—prison."

His eyes did not fall from her face, and hers did not falter; but her heart dropped a beat.

"Why?" she asked mechanically.

He waved his hand as if the cause were of petty moment.

"For reason—enough."

She nodded.

"I tried to escape—"

"You couldn't?"

"They wouldn't find me—but I couldn't escape, really—"

There was a long silence, and she broke it.

"Must you?"

"Yes."

She did not ask what force was driving him back to punishment when escape was secure. Very softly, with sad eyes, she whispered:

"I understand—and I am so—sorry."

"Yes," the man said in his impersonal and vacant tone; "I knew you were—I knew you would be this morning—and I did not mean to tell you."

"I'm glad you have."

Apparently that was all, and they sat there thinking of it.

"I see now," the woman said, "what this means to you."

She looked about the world which she was to possess and the man was to lose, and it seemed strange to her.

"This—and you!" he corrected simply, in a kind of scrupulous intimacy. "I've come up to

They crouched there against the cliff, very close together

the mountains to know what it might have been —life for me, my life."

She glanced at him sharply, suspecting sentimentalism, the whimper, and the weak desire for woman's sympathy. But in his face and in his voice there was an austere and impartial feeling for truth to fact. He had somehow got quite outside himself—she felt that. Back there in the world from which they had come, in that perplexed strife of desires, he had done the irrevocable—whatever it was—and had tried to escape it. But here among the mountains he had found there was no escape; and she suspected that she had made that clear to him—unconsciously—without a word.

"There must be hope," she faltered.

"If there were, I should not have spoken."

She shivered. There had never been anything in her life for which there was not hope.

She had forgotten the stalled train, the aunt, the everything except the Man and his Fate. So they lingered there with a gulf of inexpressible emotion between them.

When she looked up again, the man's eyes were still fastened steadily on her, covering her softly; yet very far away. She looked back into them miserably, and then he said:

"If I could have taken you in my arms and kissed you—"

The low words struck her, and her face became colorless. The muscles tightened in the white arm that was thrust in the pool. Slowly, distantly, he concluded, "then, once, I should have reached the heights!"

Their eyes met frankly. She leaned towards him, the color rushing back to her face, the pulses in her arms and neck hammering.

"That is base!" she whispered. "Why could you insult me—now—at the end!"

He met her indignant eyes steadily.

"It is not base! You know it is not base!" And now he accused her. "You know it in your heart. I would not touch you basely for all I have lost in life—my very soul."

She faltered beneath his sure look, but she struggled still for resentment.

"You have known me—we have been together like this—a few hours. We are strangers—I don't know your name even—and you—I am—"

She disdained to refer to her helplessness alone on this remote hillside.

"Yes, you *know* it is base!" she went on swiftly, gathering fierceness with her words; trying to ease the pain and the shame in her heart. "To feel like that for a woman you had never seen a few hours ago—who can mean nothing to you; to whom you can—mean nothing!"

This was a lie and she knew it.

"Who *ought* to mean nothing—nothing!"

"But we are not strangers!" he protested. "You know we are not—never have been—never could be."

And her eyes fell before his honest look.

"I see you don't understand. You have not come to the end, like me, where everything is clear. Never mind! Forgive me, if you can. Only the impulse was not base—believe that, please!"

He rose and stood before her, looking down with a little pitying smile.

"You don't understand," he repeated, as he might to a child. "I said you were like this!"

He held up his arms towards the splendid horizon. "All the best there is in life, which I have seen and known—and missed; always and forever."

She saw that his thought was far away, intent upon the mystery within. When he came back to her, he said in a monotonous voice:

"Pardon me, but I think we should be going now. The east-bound train will be there soon."

He reached a hand to help her, but she did not take it, and, when she stood by his side, her eyes still burned defiantly, with a new resentment.

"This way!" he said simply.

He strode up the hill, turning swiftly among the trees as though led by an instinct, and she followed closely, trusting that instinct in all the wilderness of cañon, wood, and mountain; trusting him, blindly, to lead her back to the world he had taken her from!

Now and then he waited to help her cross a crevasse or to rush up the side of a steep rock; but she avoided his outstretched hand.

Then, as they crawled along a narrow ledge, at the very crest of the divide, she stepped carelessly and plunged forward, tried to recover—swayed—and would have fallen into the cañon, had not a hand grasped her arm like a clamp and held her taut; then slowly drawn her back to the ledge of rock.

They crouched there against the cliff, very close together, both panting and colorless from the sight of the abyss beneath.

The upper levels of the mountains were cut in sharp outline. The sun was sinking into a tumbled sea of mountains and valleys, all rose and purple, and the eastern clouds were touched with bands of color.

The wind had fallen—it was very still. The man swept the distant horizon with a hungry look, and at last he said, very softly:

"You will understand—some day!"

V

Suddenly she turned her face up to his, her lips parted, and as his face bent to meet hers she clung to him, circling his shoulders with her arms. Her eyes closed before his eyes.

"I understand—now," she whispered.

They sped swiftly down the slope. When they reached the slide, there were two trains waiting, and the passengers were slowly transferring themselves from one to the other.

The man and the woman paused, looked unspoken farewell into each other's eyes, and parted—she to the West to continue the journey, and he to the East, whence they had come in the morning.

That night as she lay in her berth, while the train rocked in its swift course westward, dry sobs shook her and her hands clutched her breast—for the loss, forever, of something that might have been to her the fulfillment of life.

Mercedes was the last passenger to land

Woven in the Dusk

BY LAURA S. RABB AND
SOPHIA CHANDLER

ILLUSTRATED BY
FREDERICK RICHARDSON

IT WAS late afternoon when, for the first time, I climbed the steps that led to the attic of my great-aunt Abigail's old-fashioned New England house — so late that the light which shone through the one long, narrow window was white and cold and dead—as dead as were the people whose belongings surrounded me on every side. Garments hung loosely from time-stained rafters; rusty implements lay where they had been idly tossed; spinning wheels and spindles, looms and shuttles, stood waiting for the time when, from the Great Silence, their owners should come forth and lay their shadowy hands upon them.

Like an index finger a long shaft of the receding light pointed toward a square object pushed far back beneath the eaves, and upon drawing it eagerly towards me I discovered that it was a small, hide-covered chest. The rusty hinges snapped and the lid fell to the floor as I opened it and seated myself beside it, lifting with wondering awe and a tightening throat the objects it contained.

Dusk dropped her grey-blue veil to the hem of the world; the light that shone through the window grew opaque; with a soft, shuddering sigh Night awoke. In the half-gloom I saw strange, translucent shapes detach themselves

from their surroundings, and a moment later, from cobwebbed corners and recesses, a company of shadow-people came trooping soundlessly. It was a company queerly garbed, the men in high, severe hats and long, somber capes; the women in stiffly starched bonnets and unadorned, unpleasing garments. Upon the features of all was stamped a rigid grimness that boded ill for any who should stray into the forbidden paths of Joy.

Unsmiling, these long dead Puritans met and passed one another, exchanging voiceless greetings; unsmilingly they gathered into motionless groups or stood in solitary meditation. At the very last came one different from all the rest, though garbed as they, in Puritan costume. Short curls shaded her little foreign face as it peeped from her Puritan bonnet, and there was an elfin grace about her movements that stamped her as alien to these people in whose midst she moved. With passionate longing she gazed at the contents of the small chest, now outspread upon my knees, and would have paused but that the Shades forbade.

There were not many articles, not more than a dozen in all; a little foreign dress, a pair of high heeled slippers; two or three inexpensive, but evidently dearly-prized ornaments; and a few tiny pieces of infant's apparel so deftly fashioned that a Princess might have coveted them for her layette.

With one last, yearning look the girl passed on, and I followed her with tear-dimmed eyes. She disappeared, and my gaze fell to the trunk lid; there rudely carved, was a name that thrilled me, "Mercedes Renaud." Once more I gazed upon the collection of treasures, and I saw to my astonishment that filmy threads of gold entwined them with the past. These filmy threads I lifted, one by one, and wound them to my liking upon a magic shuttle. Thus, with warp of fancy and woof of dreams, I wove upon a spectral loom the fragment here set down.

Mercedes Renaud was the last passenger to land from a vessel eagerly awaited at Salem, and as she stood beside her unpretentious chest upon the wharf, she was the picture of girlish helplessness. No one expected her; no one welcomed her; no one smiled at her; her unhidden curls brought black scowls to the faces she searched for a kindly look; and the girl was filled with fear.

Priscilla Duval, wife of a member of the Honorable Council, turned from greeting a friend and saw the tear filled eyes and quivering lips. With a quick exclamation of sympathy she started toward the girl, and Mercedes, with a glad, choked, little cry fluttered into Priscilla's arms and straight into her childless heart, never to leave it. Against the outspoken protests of her fellow-townsmen and townswomen Priscilla took Mercedes into her own home and she soon became a petted member of the household.

Jonathan Duval was much concerned when he discovered that the "Frenchwoman" as she was scornfully called by the people of Salem, was a Papist as well as an alien; but on this subject, as on most others, he kept his own counsel. Jonathan Duval's standing with the Home Government was so secure that he was seldom interfered with, and few persons had the temerity to encroach upon his reserve; therefore, he did not realize how bitterly antagonistic these people were toward this girl whose only sin was her joyousness and whose most flagrant offense was her lilting laughter.

Mercedes quickly became acquainted with the nearby Indians, who regarded Jonathan Duval as a tried friend and trusted counselor. They taught her their language, the brewing of herbs and the making of poultices from bruised leaves. They showed her where to find the hellebore to drive away the fever, and how to get from it its greatest potency. So well did she profit by their teachings that when the winter came, bringing more sickness than Salem had ever known before, her services were invaluable. Instead, however, of this re-acting in her favor, it but made the prejudice deeper; Mercedes was blamed with bringing the sickness and with casting an evil spell upon the town.

The spirit of her ancestors awoke

As Winter drifted into the background to make room for Spring, disease became prevalent among the animals, and the muttered suspicions against Mercedes burst into a flame of denunciation. The witchcraft delusion had some time before developed into a seething, miasmatic bog, but the bog had not been stirred since the departure of Adoniram Westlake for England. Adoniram Westlake was the Chief Magistrate and the most virulent of the fanatical zealots. A direct descendant of Matthew Hopkins, the notorious witch-finder and torturer of Europe, he believed that the torture and execution of witches would redound to his credit here and hereafter. His followers now only awaited his return to denounce Mercedes; not one of them dared go to Jonathan or Priscilla until their despotic leader was present to espouse their cause.

Little groups of people gathered together and talked of animals that had been bewitched; of bloody footprints that led from the stalls almost to the Duval doorway; of a demon who rode a skeleton horse at night and who disappeared down the Duval chimney. But these little groups always either fell apart or lapsed into a sullen silence at the approach of Jonathan or Priscilla, and although both felt the unrest and were vaguely uneasy, no inkling of the real state of affairs reached them. The mirthfulness, however, left Mercedes' eyes and lips; her light laughter became hushed; her steps lagged. It seemed to her that in all the world there was no young girl so lonely; for though she

dearly loved Jonathan and Priscilla, she longed for companions of her own age, and in all Salem there was not one mother who would allow her daughters to associate with "the Frenchwoman."

At last there came a time when winter, with no excuse for lingering another day, reluctantly withdrew. The south winds, growing bold, whispered to the trees wonderful promises of bud and bloom. There were strange stirrings, too, in the earthmould; and then, with a soft, sweet, insistent rush, spring caught New England in her arms.

The day of Adoniram Westlake's homecoming was a marvel of loveliness. The New England landscape was clothed with a softness of glistening green; fields and trees were blanketed with green that was as soft as down; the hedges were decked with tufts of delicate, gay flowers; the breeze wafted a wondrous confusion of spring odors; fleecy clouds chased one another lightly across a sky of brilliant hue; mysterious woodsy sounds and birdnotes echoed all about. The very air throbbed with joyous anticipation of a wonderful resurrection. But there was no reflection of this joy in the faces of the people gathered at the wharf; there was an expression of malevolent satisfaction on many of the faces as they threw black looks in Mercedes' direction.

At last, far out on the heaving green water, a speck appeared that grew to the proportions of an evil black bird, with outspread wings. Slowly it sailed nearer, bearing down upon its prey. Jonathan stood with the members of the Honorable Council waiting to welcome the Magistrate; Priscilla had remained at home. Mercedes stood alone, fast losing consciousness of the black looks and unfriendliness about her, for the spring was calling her; the soft breeze was whispering a message to her from her far distant childhood's home. She looked beyond the houses towards the woods; the new green bonnets on the trees nodded coquettishly; long, slender fingers of green beckoned invitingly. She glanced about her. Who would care whether she, a little alien, was there to courtesy to Westlake, the stern magistrate whom she instinctively feared. The woods called her; the thought of the budding wild-flowers wooed her; she responded to the lure, walking sedately until she reached the edge of the town, then flitting like a dryad to a favorite glade, which, though only a stone's threw from the meeting-house, was as isolated as though in the heart of the forest. It was to Mercedes an enchanted spot, and in its enchantment she forgot the grim life behind her, and only knew that just to be alive was intoxicating. The filtered sunshine on the soft earthmould, the new, soft green on the hedges about her, the luminous haze, affected Mercedes gloriously. Memories, fragmentary and indistinct, crowded into her brain, making her eyes brim with tears one moment and her lips bubble with laughter the next. In a waking dream she saw vine-clad hills and people in oddly picturesque costumes who wore wreaths of green and danced and sang in a world that was all joy and laughter.

The spirit of her ancestors awoke. She wove a wreath for her hair, entwining flowers among the green leaves, humming snatches of a long forgotten little French *chanson* the while. She tossed away the stiffly starched cap and placed the wreath upon her curls, leaning over and looking into a brook to see the effect. She smiled, but shook her head as she saw the ugly dress reflected beneath the pretty wreath. She wove more wreaths for neck and waist. Ah! that was better! Other gay songs came to brain and lip; very gay songs they were, and as they rippled from her throat she unconsciously began to sway to the rhythm of the music; she was again a little girl in the Provençal district, dancing with her own people at a springtime festival.

Ah! the mad joy of it! Thus to whirl and courtesy to the trees; thus to bow to her shadow and make it dance with her; thus to abandon herself to this wondrous mood! The gay, barbaric little song became a very part of her. She caroled it until she heard the echo, then, in a wild spirit of mischief hailed the echo as a fairy playmate and taunted it with mocking laughter.

"Witch! sorceress! spellbinder!" bellowed a hoarse voice

She heard no footsteps; she had forgotten there was anything in the world but joy and gladness; she, and her shadow, and the elfin echo were in the midst of their maddest revelry when in an instant all the sunshine and laughter were blotted from the world.

"Witch! sorceress! spellbinder!" bellowed a hoarse, terrible voice; "Cease your evil incantations lest in righteous anger the avengers of your victims tear you limb from limb, ere you have an opportunity to purge your soul of its vileness!"

It was Westlake. With the members of his Council he had taken a short cut in making a tour of inspection, and had heard the sacreligious singing and traced it to its source. At the first sound of his voice Mercedes had covered her eyes in terror. When he ceased speaking, she dropped her hands to her side and looked up; but the hideous expression of vindictive satisfaction with which he glared at her made the explanation she had hoped to give, die within her lips. From Westlake to his followers her eyes flashed in frantic search of understanding, but with one exception, these followers were regarding the scene gloatingly.

Mercedes had only time to note that Jonathan Duval's face was as white as her dress when Westlake, with a fierce imprecation, strode forward to tear the wreaths from her head and figure. His piercing eye caught the gleam of gold through her bodice, and with a snarl of rage he jerked her collar loose and snatched the little chain upon which she wore a tiny crucifix, hidden always. The chain cut into the delicate flesh of the girl's throat before it broke and dangled from Westlake's coarse fingers. The sight of the crucifix drove the crowd to frenzy, and had Jonathan not grasped his faculties with a grip of steel, Mercedes' life would have paid the forfeit before they left the spot. With a scream of rage and a face apparently passion distorted, Jonathan sprang forward past Westlake and struck Mercedes, face downward, to the earth, where he pinioned her hands behind her with his handkerchief. Amid the mutterings of satisfaction at this exhibition of cruelty, he jerked her to her feet and whirled her towards the place where he would have to pass the least number of men.

"It shall be my duty to restrain this woman," he said to Westlake, with an assumption of greatest respect, "until you, Magistrate, order her brought before you."

Westlake was a slow thinker, and before he could formulate a protest that he dared make to Duval, Jonathan was half leading, half dragging the terrified girl away. The other members of the Council would have preferred seeing Mercedes taken direct to the guardhouse, but none dared openly interfere with Jonathan, and he was allowed to depart, the more readily because it gave opportunity to pour tales of Mercedes' sorcery into Westlake's willing ears.

Priscilla, having grown anxious about Mercedes' long absence, was watching for her, and she ran half-way down the walk to the gate to meet them, calling appealingly to know what was the matter.

"Matter enough!" said Jonathan, sadly; "unless I can get Greyfox by some miracle, Salem will have another bloody deed to answer for, and we shall mourn one whom we love as our own child."

Mercedes had swooned in Priscilla's arms, and it was while they were bending over her that Jonathan had made the explanation. Priscilla gave a little cry. "Greyfox is here," she said in wondering thankfulness; "he is waiting for you in the kitchen; some braves are in trouble."

Jonathan lifted Mercedes in his arms and ran to the house. Before he spoke to the Indian of his own trouble, he listened to his tale of two braves who had been wrongfully accused of stealing corn, and promised to have their case investigated and see that they had a fair trial. This done, he entered into a long conference with Greyfox, who was known as the finest shot in all the tribe. Only a few days before Jonathan had seen him sever a branch, at a distance of a hundred and fifty feet, with his broad arrow. His eye was true and his aim unerring.

Not a soul emerged from Jonathan Duval's doorway that afternoon or night; his neighbors could vouch for that. Nevertheless, shortly after dusk two Indians, one very slight and boyish, sped along the outskirts of the town and towards the forest. When Westlake came in person the next morning to see that Mercedes was taken to the guardhouse, his rage was boundless. Jonathan and Priscilla stated truthfully that they had put Mercedes in her room and locked the door on the outside, and that they had not seen her since, nor had the lock been disturbed. The clothes that she had worn were on the chair, and none seemed to be missing from her wardrobe, yet the girl was gone. Her window was twenty feet from the ground, and directly above a path that had been patroled by a man of Westlake's own choosing—a bitter enemy of the girl. There was a tree, but she could barely have reached its branches with the tips of her fingers, and the idea of escape that way was flouted. That the branches of this tree interlaced with the branches of another, and that this other in turn reached out across the hedge, did not make any impression upon them. Goody

The boy, urged on by fear, kept well beside her

Sanborn's description was finally accepted as an accurate account of Mercedes' flight. Goody Sanborn had been standing in her doorway, looking towards the house that sheltered the witch, when she saw, first a blue flame, and then a high pointed cap followed by the body of a witch, rise from Duval's housetop. The witch rode a broomstick so long that it seemed to touch the house when its rider was almost out of sight. Goody Sanborn had seen many witches before, but never, no never, one that sent blue flames or rode so long a broomstick.

In the forest, among her copper-hued friends, Mercedes was treated with every consideration, and here she would have been safe had she not learned of the kidnaping of Westlake's son. The boy was taken in a spirit of revenge, and Mercedes learned that he was to be put to death unless his father liberated the imprisoned braves about whom Greyfox had spoken to Jonathan. Jonathan had obtained proof of their innocence of the petty offense with which they were charged, but partly in order to be disobliging to Jonathan, and partly to show the Indians that he was a man to be feared, Westlake had refused to hear anything in their favor and was keeping them in a half starving condition, in the guardhouse. Greyfox was sent to inform Westlake, through Duval, what the fate of his boy would be in the event of the further holding of the braves, and later, returned to report that Westlake not only refused to release the braves on condition that the boy was returned, but, believing that the Indians would not dare carry out their threat, had announced that the braves would not be given food or water until his son was in his own home.

Mercedes noted with sickening apprehension the grim preparations that were commenced. War bonnets were brought forth, feathered head-dresses were straightened, battle-axes were sharpened. Plans were made to march towards Salem with the boy's scalp adorning the battle-ax of the chief.

The night was far advanced before Mercedes dared attempt to carry out a plan she had formulated, but at last she found courage to creep to the back of the tent in which she knew the boy was confined. With a sharp knife she slit the canvas, and listened. There were only two braves in the tent with the boy, and both slept heavily. Mercedes entered and managed to awaken the little fellow without frightening him. She cut his cords, got him out of the tent and started for the settlement, holding him by the hand. Mercedes ran as she had never run before, and the boy, an astonishingly nimble little fellow, urged on by fear, kept well beside her. Just at daybreak they reached the Westlake home. Mercedes had come there first, never doubting that when Westlake heard her story he would not only free the braves, but in his delight at his son's restoration would put a stop to the persecution of herself, convinced as he could not fail to be of her innocence.

Westlake himself opened the door, and Mercedes, gasping for breath and murmuring inarticulate words, sank to the floor, unconscious. When she regained her senses she found herself in a room whose one window was barred. Frightened, she ran to the door, to find it locked. She called, but no one answered. When the door opened, it was to admit the stern Magistrate, who listened with scorn to her pleadings.

She was taken forth to trial, where her plea of innocence was heard with sneers and hisses. One by one, the people she had helped testified against her. One woman told of awful fits to which her child had been subject ever since Mercedes cared for him in his sickness, and although the whole town knew the child had been subject to these fits since birth, her testimony was accepted with groans of approval. Others told of the herbs she brewed, and of her strange chantings in a foreign tongue while the potions she gave their sick were being prepared. Every pleasure she had given a child, every helpful act she had performed for older people, was used against her. Adoniram Westlake made the final summing up, and so fierce was his denunciation that it took all Jonathan Duval's self-control to keep him from springing at Westlake's throat. Westlake concluded by quoting with unction that unfortunate clause in the Bible, whose misuse had before this time caused the sacrifice of human life: "Thou shalt not permit a witch to live." He explained exultantly how plainly the intervention of the Lord could be seen in the kidnaping of his son, this being the means used to deliver the witch into their hands. Mercedes was sentenced to death.

Her execution was fixed the following day and Westlake ordered her back to her prison; but Jonathan Duval demanded the right of speech with her before she should be sent away for the last time. This was grudgingly granted, with the stipulation that Westlake should be present, and the three stepped into an adjoining room.

Jonathan had not given Mercedes one friendly look during the trial, nor did he do so now. He chided her harshly in English, then, raising his right hand as if in denunciation, and gazing straight into her eyes to be certain she understood, he uttered a few sentences rapidly in French. Adoniram Westlake screamed a remonstrance, but his anger and suspicions were allayed when Jonathan turned rudely from Mercedes without a word of farewell and explained to him that as she was a Papist, a curse bore weight with her only when spoken in the French tongue, and that he felt justified in speaking to her cruelly when he had harbored her in his own home. Had Westlake known of Jonathan's long journey to the forest and of his conference with the Indians, who had only been won over to his side upon his offering his own life as a hostage for the lives of their braves, he would not have been so well satisfied.

That night, Jonathan met ten braves, headed by Greyfox, a mile from Salem. After a long conference, nine of the braves disappeared into the forest and Jonathan and Greyfox re-entered the town. Jonathan staggered into the house and fell across the bed without undressing, to obtain the first sleep he had known since Mercedes' homecoming. Greyfox, however, did not sleep. With the agility of a squirrel he climbed into a huge beechtree which faced the spot of the coming execution, and there, curled up among the limbs, he waited.

At ten o'clock, amid a screaming, frenzied crowd, Mercedes Renaud, her little wrists tied with cords, was led forth to her death. Cries of "Stone the witch," were hushed as Jonathan whirled upon those nearest him, but the snarling and screaming could not be hushed. Jonathan's heart ached to the point of bursting as he looked upon Mercedes' colorless face and deeply-sunken eyes, but she walked steadily, showing neither fear nor defiance. Reaching the place where the noose dangled, she turned to the East, and gazed straight into Jonathan's eyes as he had instructed her. Into her eyes there came a look of peace and childlike trust, and never once did they falter until, as he slowly raised his hand, the white lids closed. At the signal thus given, something flashed from the branches of the beechtree, and the rope, already drawn tight by the hangman, was severed as neatly as though cut with a knife. Mercedes sank to the ground, a little, crumpled heap, and before the crowd realized what had happened a brown figure had slid down the trunk of the tree, run across the sward as only an Indian could run, and gathered the girl in his arms. When they would have rushed upon him they were deterred by a fusillade of arrows that seemed to come from all directions, and ere they could learn whether they were attacked by a dozen or a thousand warriors, three canoes had sped down the stream, and every Indian, including those in the guardhouse, had vanished.

The threads became tangled; I could not see to separate them in the gloom; the pattern became indistinct; the shuttle slipped from my unresisting fingers. I was alone in the cold, dark attic.

I never saw that phantom company again, nor could I ever find the phantom fabric woven in the dusk; but from the tiny slippers that showed much wear I knew that peace, and love, and happiness had followed those dark days, and that life had brought its great fulfillment to Mercedes Renaud.

The Straggler's Chance

BY J. R. STAFFORD

I

AT THE last littleness of the Track Inspector's spite, Burnam turned on him hotly—

"I reported it, because if I hadn't, Seventeen would have gone into the ditch—and no one but you to blame. You know it. And if there's not man enough about you— You can fire me and be damned."

Whereupon, the Inspector, like a coward throwing a stone, hurled back dismissal coupled with threat of the black list, and springing hastily astride his velocipede went whirring down the *cañon.*

No matter what Burnam said—but he *did* have cause for revolt.

On the previous afternoon, when he had come to the newly repaired "fill" at the curve this side of the trestle, a mile down the *cañon,* he had stopped, like the conscientious track walker he was, to examine the work. He had perceived instantly that the outside rail was so low that it would be sure to ditch any train going at even moderate speed. There was no way of summoning the

repair gang, it had passed that point an hour before. And though he knew the Inspector—who was solely responsible for the oversight—might take offence, he had run the whole seven miles to Falls and prevailed on old Quirk to telegraph headquarters.

Afterward, weary and footsore, he had stumbled back through the darkness to his solitary camp, that he might take up his own duties in the morning.

By those laws that govern the eternal fitness of things he should have been commended for being bigger than his job and marked for immediate promotion; but in the eternal unfitness of human selfishness he had been damned for what he had done and thrown out.

A moment he held himself rigid, then shrugging his broad shoulders and staring grimly ahead, he plodded off down grade.

Half a mile ahead he turned into a clump of stunted pines on the right, where he had made his camp.

He checked over the tools dispassionately, examined the lock on the door of the little sheet-iron powder-house, saw that all the company's property was as it should be, and then gathering up his own trifles, rolled them in his blankets, and shouldering them returned to the right of way.

When he at last set foot on the siding at Falls, old Quirk, who had evidently been watching for him, hobbled out excitedly—

"Bedad an' Oi've heard all about it, Burnam—an' more. Fur Oi have it sthraight that he wor playin' poker yistherday in Homan Flats instid o' bein' wid his gang. The scounthrel! It's him thot should be a-countin' ties till the nixt job."

Burnam merely handed his champion the key to the powder-house and the list of tools.

The old man put them in his pocket mechanically. Reaching out he laid a work-worn hand on Burnam's shoulder.

"Surely Burnam b'y, an' yez have not brooded over the maneness av it all, till the heart av yez have thurned black wid murther? Ah, but yez mustn't let it do that. It's ruin—ruin. Whin Oi wor young like yersilf an' sthrugglin' again' what hilt me down, the same thing happint to mesilf. The same thing—only different. But Oi leggo me chanst that Oi'd sthruggled fur, an' give mesilf to payin' the felly back. Oi paid him—shure an' Oi paid him sthrong. But divil a bit good did it do at all—at all. It wor ruin to me—ruin. Fur whin it wor all over, the hearrt av me wor full av nothing but me hatefulness an' Oi couldn't sthruggle no more. Yez'll not do that. Come in. Oi've kep' the bit av dinner waitin'. Yez will ate an' stay the night wid me."

As the afternoon wore on and Quirk struggled with his hieroglyphs wherefrom he sought to make out the monthly report, Burnam, oppressed with his own inaction, went out to walk.

From the top of the little hill across the right of way he gazed through the *cañon* notch on a vista of mountain slope and peak, the mountain through which the *cañon* traced its way. And as his eyes swept the familiar pyramidal outline he searched the sky, half unconsciously, for clouds that might betoken a storm. For storms meant much to him —washouts, trestles swept away, boulders on the track, in short all those unforeseen calamities, that as a track walker he had grown to dread.

But there were no clouds. Over the mountain hung a dull sky, as if a gauze of thin, grey gossamer had been stretched beneath the blue. However as he watched, bits of filmy vapor drifted slowly down between him and the peak. Lower and lower they fell and catching here and there on trees and rocks clung lacily; waving gently to and fro in the wind's breath. Then from the North long filmy streamers floated slowly into the field of the man's view, until at last the entire summit of the mountain was hooded thick. The sky swiftly darkened —became blue black, riven now and then by long, jagged streaks of lightning.

Burnam scrambled down the butte and ran over to the siding, where Quirk stood waiting for the local, already over-due.

"It's bringin' th' new 'walker,'" the old man said, and at his words Burnam suddenly remembered that his own re-

sponsibilities had ended. The message of the lightning was not for him—now.

The train merely slowed down and out of the dust whirl appeared his successor—a stranger who slouched eagerly over to the train standing there and begged a cigaret.

As he held out his pouch Burnam said:

"It's stormin' up at the head of the *cañon*. I don't want to boss but I'd light out for there if I was you. There's no tellin' what will happen, or maybe what's happened already."

But the new-comer was in no hurry; he wanted his supper first.

Before Quirk could prepare the meal night fell. As they seated themselves at the table, a showery blast of wind rushed down from the *cañon,* filling the cabin with its chill. The rain, on its heels, beat against the window and the roll of thunder, echoing from peak to peak, was deafening.

"Sivinteen will be nadin' a thrack walker this noight, if iver she naded wan," old Quirk observed as he helped himself to more salt pork.

But the stranger gulping his food made no reply.

"Seventeen is a fast passenger—and she comes down the grade forty mile an hour. A night like this a man ought to walk the track all the time till she's past," Burnam ventured.

The fellow's face grew sullen at a certain note of command in Burnam's voice and he left off eating long enough to retort:

"What if she does? Reckon I'm a-goin' out in sich a storm? Reckon *anybody'd* go out sich a night as this? I guess not. And I hain't goin'."

"Yez'll ayther go or not sthay." Quirk declared, explosively. "The likes av yersilf can't slape undter the same ruf wid me."

"See here, ole guy," the new man warned, leaning over the table, "don't you git too fresh. I was hired by th' Inspector an' what he says goes. He told me to go up there in the *mornin'*. Understand? Said I was to stay all night *here;* and"—he leaned back—"I'm a-goin' to stay."

With a muttered oath Quirk hobbled to the further end of the box-car cabin and Burnam heard him sound the telegraph key. He came back even more quickly than he had gone, but instead of a wrathful red his face now was white and his voice was husky as he spoke.

"Burnam," he gasped, "the wires are dead. Oi can't raise nobody!"

Burnam sprang to his feet and snatched up his hat, but as his fingers closed upon it his eyes fell upon the new man, and he paused as a sense of the wrong and unfairness of it all rose in him. And there occurred to his memory that instant all the petty meanness of the man who had discharged him, and rage and the desire for revenge flamed high in his heart. Then he smiled. If Seventeen should go into the ditch tonight the Inspector's ruin would be inevitable. He laughed. But it was as if he himself were conscious of the false note in his laugh for it died suddenly in his throat.

Pulling his hat firmly down upon his head he snatched Quirk's lighted lantern from the wall and dashed out into the night.

II

The wind buffeted him mightily; the cold chilled him to the bone and the rain saturated his thin garments before he had gone a dozen yards. He turned, and looking back, saw the light in the box-car window gleaming dimly through the storm as over a great distance. Only for an instant he paused, then pushed on.

The lantern, shielded by his coat, shone no further than his knees. With such dim guidance, beaten and bewildered by the storm as he was, with the coarse ballast tripping him continually, progress was difficult. But it was not until he had twice come near stumbling from between the rails that he dared uncover the lantern. When he shifted it from his coat a gust swept out the flame. Again he hesitated. No lantern could keep alight in such a tempest—why it blew the very air from his nostrils. Groping in the blackness he pressed on.

With the dead lantern now swinging on his arm movement was less hampered; he could bend lower; could make better time. Thus encouraged he put forth still greater efforts. But, on a sudden, he stumbled against a rail, fell and rolled down the embankment.

Blindly he reached up and touched the iron. Thereafter he forged ahead more slowly, the caution of his movement lightening the tension of his mind; specific thoughts came flooding back into his consciousness. First it occurred to him that despite the storm the track ahead might all be clear. He moved more slowly. If it *were* clear, what a laughing stock he would become. The thought angered him beyond measure even though he might never hear the gibes. His progress by now became mechanical. If the Inspector should hear of it—of course he would hear. He stopped dead still and pulled a deep breath.

Then his thoughts widened beyond the little circle of self as he contemplated the possible wreck of Seventeen. He pressed on.

Often he stumbled and at intervals he fell. But a thing more terrible, more revolting to him, than the chance of death by a plunge into the *cañon,* lay in caution.

So, stumbling in the blind blackness, with the sensation of falling always, blind, bruised, bitten with sharp hurts, he struggled on.

An instant later he stumbled over the right-hand rail. He tried to throw himself backward, but the effort was made too late. Instead of falling he had pitched against a wall. He ran his hands along the surface; following it thus a dozen yards.

It was incredible, yet by the feel he knew it to be the wall of the cut. He felt his way carefully forward to the sheltered place he remembered was there. Then he got out his watch, struck a match and saw it was a quarter after nine. A sense of elation filled him. From here it was only a mile-and-a-half to the summit and he had two hours to reach it before Seventeen. And now the fine sense of precision, that comes only with the feeling of mastery, possessed him. He calculated carefully on every step of the way yet to be traversed and mapped his plan. From here to the trestle, he knew he must be especially careful for the "fill" was very high; a fall from it would mean terrible injury and perhaps death.

He felt his way to the end of the cut. Then, crouching forward until his finger tips touched the right-hand rail, he shuffled swiftly along.

In the unprotected sweep of the *cañon* the storm raged mightly. Often the wind almost hurled him off. The beat of the rain on his face was like that of hail. The roar in his ears was a pandemonium. But his thoughts were all of his progress, and, acquiring a certain knack in the shuffling movement, he soon achieved half the speed of running.

And then, of a sudden his skimming fingers touched only air. A vague misgiving filled his mind; he was sure he could not yet have come to the trestle; besides, the trestle was strong.

The reflex of his effort thrust him forward. Water swept over his hand. He fell. A torrent seized him. He fought it, but it dragged him on, gripping him with the clutch of death and shutting off his breath. It sported with him for an instant and then hurled him. Something struck his head. He sank and sank. Then pain filled his face—his eyes burned.

He tried to reach out his hands, but his arms were crowded back by shrubs. He caught desperately at them and sensed their hold in solid earth. He moved his feet and felt the water pulling them.

After a time he recovered himself completely. Then he knew he had been swept across the torrent and hurled into the edge of the chapparal a hundred yards below the trestle site.

He tried to pull himself clear of the water. But with the movement of his body, pain surged again in his face and eyes. He put a hand to his smarting cheek—but a bit of twig seemed glued there. He snatched at the thing, but it held and stung. He summoned his resolution and tore it away. He felt round his eye socket. The hooked thorns of catclaw and algerita, springing from wiry little twigs clung in his eye lids, and one seemed embedded in the ball. That

one, he traced to its stem. That he broke off. The others he seized one at a time and tore away. A nausea swept him and he grew faint.

When his strength came again he dragged himself from the water. As he crawled, his groping hands encountered squared surfaces. He felt over them and recognized the timbers of the trestle.

The certainty of Seventeen's inevitable doom shocked him into desperate energy. He sprang up and ran. But in a score of strides the increasing pain in his left foot halted him. He stooped and, feeling, found that his shoe had been half torn away. He hesitated only a moment; then blindly, doggedly stumbled forward. The rain bit into his wounds. The remnant of the shoe slipped off. The stones cut like knives. Yet he pressed on.

Again he slid his fingers on the rail—again he shuffled forward. The edged ballast, sharp as the teeth of wolves, bit deeply in the naked foot each time it fell. But he kept on.

Suddenly a boulder, that had snapped, rolled. He lifted the hurt foot too quickly and his other ankle turned. The agony of it overcame him and he sank down. Presently he put out his hands, but they touched nothing that recalled the spot. Yet he must know. He dragged himself forward on hands and knees.

At last, his twitching fingers touched a squared bit of wood fastened to a tie. He felt it all over. There could be no mistake. It was four hundred and forty yards to the trestle. Exultation filled him. He had won. Seventeen could stop in less than that distance. They would stop her. They always do—when they hit a man.

So he lay there—waiting, while the rain beat down upon him. It cut. It bit. It stung. He cupped his hand to it, and when he closed his fingers, they felt the grains of sleet. And he knew by this that if Seventeen should come over the pass, under full head, as she usually did, neither air nor reverse nor both combined could stop her toboggan rush on the now icy iron.

So he raised himself again to his feet. But they would not bear his weight and he fell. He rose again, and again fell. A third time he fought the weakness and was conquered by it. And seething with rage, he lifted himself a fourth time and hurled himself forward even as he fell. He could rise no more. But unconquered, he got upon his hands and knees, and on hands and knees he lunged forward.

Now he was crawling over finely broken ballast. His movements became slower. He felt for the fish plate. He found it and slipping off the embankment to his left, crawled on until he felt the roots of trees. He dragged himself further until his fingers were groping among the handles of familiar tools. He selected the heaviest hammer and a pick. Pushing them ahead of him he wormed his blind way like a mole over the pathway to the powder-house, until he felt the obstructing wall. With the aid of the pick he was able to support himself upright. With mighty blows he swung his hammer; iron clanged on iron. The crashing rose high above the storm. Suddenly the hammer wielded more mightily, slipped from his grasp and was gone in the direction he had struck. He thrust his arm against the wall—it was broken. He put his hand in the breach, and groped. His fingers touched the greasy cylinders. He drew them out and put them in his shirt. Three sticks would be enough. Thereupon he crawled back to the tools among which he found a smaller hammer.

With that he felt his way along until he touched the pole on which the boughs for his bed had rested. He measured with his hands and beat it in two. With the long part he raised himself. He put the end of it in his arm pit, and so hopped along until he fell against the embankment.

He crawled up between the rails, adjusted his stick in place and hopped on. The splintered wood cut through coat and shirt, yet it supported him and gave him speed.

At last he stumbled and fell over ties that were naked. He knew then he had reached the summit. Yet he hobbled further, for the signal, seen up-grade, would give them even more time.

When he had come to what he took to be the proper place, he tore off his coat

and made a wind shield between the rails. Under that he struck a match and held his watch. He bent his face down, but though the tiny flame licked smartingly at his fingers, he saw nothing—nothing. He felt the match go out and struck another. Still he saw no flame. He was blind.

With a pebble he broke the crystal of his watch. He felt the position of the hands and shivered; Seventeen was due. There would be no time to gather bits of wood—much less to start them burning.

He drew a stick of the dynamite from his shirt and put the end between his teeth. He got matches ready behind the wind break. Then he waited.

Suddenly, above the roar of the storm, like a wild thing passing overhead, the whistle blast of Seventeen shrieked by.

Bending his head again, he struck the match. He felt it burn in his fingers. He bent lower and lower, until the awful fagot gripped between his teeth touched his hands. He hoped that it might merely burn. Then he lifted his hands around it.

There was a hissing, and spluttering heat swept up around his mouth.

He caught the end from his teeth and waved it above his head.

He heard the clang of the bell and the grind of the brakes. He wondered if they had seen him—and braced himself for the impact.

He regained consciousness on a hospital cot next day. The surgeon, who was professionally gruff, ordered him to be silent, declaring that his blindness and helplessness would continue for weeks and perhaps months. Later he questioned the nurse, but the nurse would not answer him.

For days thereafter he was patient. But as the suffering lessened and he thought upon it all, unutterable bitterness filled him. And his soul knew the desolation that comes of unselfish effort despised. And he would shrug his shoulders weakly and his face would darken and grow grim. Yet he uttered no complaint.

But on a day a month later, there came a strange footfall beside him; and an unprofessionally gentle hand rested on his head; and a big and hearty voice boomed into his ears.

"Burnam, I'm Superintendent of the Division. I know all about this business—got it from Quirk. I would have come sooner, but this ass of a surgeon wouldn't let me in. There's only time to tell you that—but there's no way of telling what we think of you, all the way through. When you get on your feet again, we'll *show* you what we think. A man like you don't want a pension. We're going to offer a chance as near worthy of you as there is. I wish there was more to offer—more to promise. Good-by now. I'll drop in again to-morrow."

And the doubt that had brought bitterness and desolation went out of Burnam's heart and a great peace came upon him.

The Marriage of Okiku-San

BY ONOTO WATANNA

Author of "A Daughter of Two Lands," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY TAKA SPIRO

MISS KIKU TAGUCHI was not an ordinary young lady. Her father, a pompous, important individual, entertained a distinct contempt for her insignificant sex. His wife was a mere nonentity, a puppet, who vaguely repeated, parrot-like, the paradoxes voiced by her lord. Hence, when this same lord emphatically expressed his opinion concerning the proper education for a female—this within twelve hours after the birth of Okiku-san, Lady Taguchi assented, and promised things. The result was a girl of naturally independent and original disposition, trammeled by the contracted rules common for women in Japan half a century before.

Kiku knew by heart the great rules

laid down by Confucius for her miserable sex. Aimlessly and dully, she would repeat them from day to day, while her vapid faced mother, herself a product of the new Japan, mechanically kept time on the small box desk by which she was wont to squat.

Okiku possessed an uncle who had been educated abroad, and through this medium she had come to know of many attractive things. His opinions were as emphatic as his brother's, but they were entirely different. The emancipation of Japanese women was his pet hobby, and so bitter was his denunciation of the old time method of repression and education of the weaker sex, that he and his brother met only to argue and oftentimes politely quarrel. Okiku's uncle, however, was a man of real power and great wealth, and while Okiku's father, who was in modest circumstances, might despise and disagree with his opinions, he respected the aforesaid power and also the considerable fortune to which his own daughter would certainly succeed. The uncle was old, had no children of his own, and would have none. A widower, he was devoted, so he claimed, to the memory of his wife, and growled contempt at the notion of marrying again merely in order to have a progeny to pray for his soul after death.

To him went Okiku, fretting under the home chains, and feeling, rather than knowing, the electrical change of thought among her sex in Japan. She wanted an education—a real one, as she expressed it. To her bluff and sympathetic uncle, at least, she dared to breathe her litle hidden secret hope—a desire to go abroad, to enter a foreign school and college. This her uncle promised her she should do, and the following day he paid a visit upon his brother. Once alone with him, he went straight to the object of his call, barely giving the more outwardly courteous one a chance to run through the long gamut of civilities, usually the rule—even with brothers.

"Tomi, your girl is stupid, lazy, sleepy!"

Tomi's lips became a straight line. Perfectly well he knew that the foregoing statement was not true, but he believed in the old-fashioned method of polite conversation, the humble admission of the inferiority of one's self and one's family.

He said in a tone that fiercely denied the words he uttered:

"It is miserably true. She is a stupid worm!"

"Let us put our heads together then," suggested Gonji solemnly, "and see if we cannot devise some means to rectify her unhappy imbecile condition."

"I listen to your enlightened words of wisdom," said Tomi, grimly sarcastic and still fiercely polite.

"To the point then. What do you say to my niece going abroad—say, to America—for a term of years?"

In spite of himself, the father of Okiku leaped up in his seat.

"What!" he fairly shouted. "Have my daughter sent to the country of barbarians, where civilization is only in its infancy!"

"Quiet!" urged Gonji, pulling at a stubby little imperial he had carefully copied from a French diplomat. "Let us talk over the matter gently, reasonably."

"There is nothing to talk over," said Tomi, controlling himself. "The matter is quite settled."

Gonji arose, shrugging his shoulders slightly—a trick also caught from the aforesaid diplomat.

"I regret you value my humble opinion so poorly."

"Not at all, brother." Tomi's voice was anxious. "I have distinct ideas, as you know, in regard to the bringing up of females. I believe in their suppression —their being kept in their proper sphere. Nothing is more offensive to me than a woman of modern education, a creature thinking for herself like a man—without regard for the best rules laid down for her sex, talking, walking, acting independently. Pah! It is nauseating to think of even. Yet these women are the very product of this foreign education you suggest for my stupid but worthy daughter."

Gonji was drawing on his outer coat, a heavy tweed affair, which fitted somewhat grotesquely over his Japanese underdress.

"Well, I'm off, then. Er—by the way, did I speak to you of my intention to adopt a son or daughter?"

His brother's face turned livid, withered. He could not reply.

"You see," went on Gonji seriously, "I am not as young as I was, and I feel the necessity of providing myself with a proper heir. I had looked upon Okiku in that light, but she has been a disappointment to me. I wish to leave my estate to one who has been raised according to some of my own ideas."

"She is only a female," said Tomi huskily, "yet believe me, though it is her father speaking, she is an admirable example of her despised sex. She is meek, submissive, filial, obedient—having all the qualities most admirable in a woman. What more could you possibly desire?"

"Well, I believe in a higher education for a woman. She will be at a disadvantage in society. Other members of her sex are being cultivated, their minds improved. I should not wish to be ashamed of her."

Tomi was silent, biting his underlip to repress his rage.

"Let us make a truce," he finally said. "Suggest some alternative to a foreign education for Okiku and I will readily assent."

"Good. What do you say to a year in Tokyo? There is an excellent school there. All the members of the faculty are graduates of American colleges, and one of them is herself an American lady."

Tomi flipped his fan open to conceal his enraged face. Then he closed it upon his palm, and pointed dumbly to the mats they had vacated.

"Condescend to sit."

Gonji smiled a bit, as he again removed his coat and reseated himself comfortably. After both had taken several whiffs from their pipes, Tomi began again:

"Brother, there is an excellent seminary in Kyoto—"

"I know all about it. Kept by an ancient dame of the old school. No. Excuse me."

"In Kumummotta—"

"Tokyo—or America. There—I have said it."

He emptied his pipe, tapping it upon the hibachi.

"Well—well—er—at least you will consent to my imposing one condition?"

"By all means—if it is reasonable."

"Now education for a woman *may* be very well, if it is immediately followed by a proper marriage. That is the only antidote for the ill effects."

Gonji appeared to be ruminating.

"So be it then. I'll grant that. Marriage is certainly a worthy fate—even for a modern woman. Then it is settled."

Okiku's progress at the American school was little short of remarkable. She became the favorite pupil of the aforementioned American teacher, a spinster of forty sweet summers. Here was a woman fit indeed to make all others of her sex pause and heed. As fearless and outspoken as a man—a superior man—she was a walking delegate for the suffrage of her sex. Her theories and opinions she had loudly voiced upon various small platforms in her own native land, and now in a country where the condition of her sex appealed to every indignant and outraged fiber within her, she fairly hurled her views at the amazed and in truth somewhat bewildered heads of her little oriental pupils. They watched, fascinated, her mouth shoot forth riotously its denunciation of all the laws which hitherto they had regarded as quite sacred and necessary for their sex. Used through centuries of oppression to yielding to a mind (or rather body) stronger than their own, they now readily yielded to the persuasive doctrine preached by this "extraordinary foreign devil" teacher. She sent forth from the school one pugnacious little disciple after another, each to establish a new order of things in various households.

No pupil had listened to her words with such eager ears as Okiku-san. Fresh from her life of subjection, she leaped thirstly into the new order of thought. Her adored uncle had previously pointed out to her the exceptional merits of the foreign teacher, and she now shared his views in regard to the strong-minded lady of the piercing blue eyes and high cheek bones.

"Whoo!" said he, "we are horrible women eaters!"

Okiku was to do wonders for the women of Japan! One year in Tokyo, indeed! She was to have a *career*—a profession! She should found this and that club for this and that purpose, with uncle's money to aid and abet. Her suffering sex would be so benefited that her name would be blessed in the land. Little Okiku dreamed such dreams as surely never before bewildered the head of any other little damsel of Japan. She saw herself an oriental Mrs. Catt. She gave not a thought—she would have scorned to—to that contemptible atom in human form known as "man," or "mere man," as the foreign teacher expressed it. If she did think of him at all, it was to recall with burning indignation all the wrongs of the past put upon her sex. "But at last," said little Okiku-san, with fervor, echoing the words of Miss Simpson, "the proverbial worm is about to turn."

About this time, the year came to an end, and she was abruptly summoned home. Tearfully she flew to her uncle's hitherto comforting arms. He was curiously constrained. At this time, he declared, he was occupied by a most absorbing matter. He could not spare the time to travel to her father's home. She had better obey the parental summons and herself plead her cause. Too bad, but really uncle was frightfully busy.

Okiku noted through her tears, that uncle was also frightfully attired, in a foreign suit, padded of shoulder and plaid of vest.

To the great Miss Simpson now went Okiku and poured out her cup of sorrows. The lady hugged her chin, wiped her glasses, and looked very thoughtful.

"My dear, by all means go home. What I have taught you can best be illustrated in the home. Believe me, the *home* is a woman's real platform."

This remarkable statement served only further to bewilder the heart-broken Okiku. She retired to her precious room, a pathetic replica of some far-away Smith College room, and sobbed passionately

with her head on the beautiful brass bed chosen by teacher for Okiku. It had been a source of great wonder and awe to both Okiku and her maid, but hardly of comfort, since the twain slept under, not on, the bed itself.

Dolefully she packed her fine modern clothes—the clothes meant to be worn on that certain trip to America. Lingerie in underwear, corsets, kid gloves, openwork stockings, skirts, and what not. As she traveled homeward, a great lump choking her poor little throat, she said savagely, with a mind picture of her father's face when he should see the contents of her trunks:

"Anyhow man *is* inferior to woman. Certainly I shall let *all* males so understand."

She had no sooner arrived home than they broached to her the subject of matrimony. A youth had been selected—or rather Okiku's father had carefully selected the boy's father as an excellent one to be allied to. There had been some quiet negotiations between relatives of the two families, the boy's uncle acting as a go-between.

When they told Okiku, she said nothing. She went up to her chamber and pulled the sliding doors behind her.

"I wish I were dead!" she said. "I could not endure to live with a man!"

Then she fell into a deep reverie, her chin pillowed on her folded hands. Presently she got up, opened a panel of her room and took out a lacquer box. Rummaging among its papers, she found what she sought, and, this spread before her, she studied it thoughtfully:

"A wife may be divorced for the following reasons:" read the script.

1. If she be disobedient to her parents-in-law.

Okiku looked thoughtful.

"Suppose they should beat me! That would be hard to bear," she said.

2. If she be childless.

"Children will come, alas!" sighed little Okiku wisely.

3. If she be untrue.

Kiku frowned.

4. If she be jealous.

"Not I," said Okiku, scornfully.

5. If she steal.

"Impossible."

6. If she talk too much.

A dimple stole into either round cheek of little Kiku Taguchi.

"Well, I can *talk!*" said she.

A few days later she sat in a room in which were assembled the various members of the Taguchi and Hakemoto families. They sat in a semi-circle, drinking tea and eating. Great quantities of *sake* were also consumed, and of this beverage Kiku herself was permitted to drink for the first time. She ought to have felt quite a personage. The assemblage was in her honor, hers and the boy's she had not yet even condescended to look at.

The *sake* brightened up her eyes and cheeks. Her ears tingled. She wanted to talk. Also she had an inclination to cry. She wished ardently all the time that she were dead. Suddenly there flashed into her tangled mind the comforting words of the divorce authority: "If she talk too much!" Little Kiku's lips curled up. She astonished the assemblage by an unexpected, eerie little laugh. Next moment she sneezed.

Later she found herself sitting opposite to a person, who by his attire and manner she recognized as a tyrannical and odious man. She looked up and said quickly, so that she might not be interrupted by her officious father:

"It is better you should know the truth. I talk all the time!"

Now when a pair of newly affianced people are thus for the first time brought together, a somewhat gentle conversation is expected to ensue. Sometimes where the twain have met before, sentimental passages occur; but in any event it is seldom that hostile words are spoken. Therefore, it is not to be wondered at that the prospective bridegroom, when he heard the words of Okiku, so far forgot himself as to leap up like a rubber ball bouncing.

Kiku saw that his face was red, that his eyes were round, that his mouth fell agape. She inwardly described him as: "A beast! Stupid and ugly, too!"—which was not a fair or true description of the boy at all.

Before an open shoji in the Sakura Hotel, Okiku stood looking out at the scenery surrounding the place. She appeared to be waiting or listening, for her attitude was very alert, though she stood perfectly still, one little hand pressed against her lips. Suddenly her brows drew together. An expression, half frown, half smile, swept her lips and remained in her eyes, giving them a curiously defiant, almost aggressive aspect.

Just then the doors were pushed apart and a young man came into the room. Apparently he had been walking quickly, for his face was very rosy and he wiped the perspiration from his brow.

Kiku turned about.

"Oh, here you are at last," said she in a complaining voice. "Did you meet with an accident?"

Before the half reproachful, half puzzled expression of his eyes her own fell down. Without answering her question, her husband, kneeling, opened one of his packages. The wrappings were of fragrant tissue paper, and his clumsy fingers attempted to undo them with care. At the sharp voice of the girl, however, he stood up, looking at the package uncertainly; then went to her and put it, without speaking, into her hands.

But she only said:

"Most exalted lord, would the condescension be too great for you to answer my humble and servile question?"

Carelessly tearing away the paper covering, she revealed the single rose he had brought her—an American Beauty, a costly thing in Japan.

Kiku colored, turned away.

"Oh, Kiku!" said her husband, seizing her by the sleeve. "Just turn around here. Was ever such a sunset before? Why, what—?"

She was looking at him, and something in her face held his tongue tied for a moment. Then he stammered:

"How lovely you look to-night, Kiku-no!"

She smiled brilliantly.

"Oh," said she, "but I talk all the time. You'd much better divorce me."

"Well, sit down here for the present anyhow," he urged, pulling her down beside him. A bit timidly his arm stole out, then settled confidently about her shoulders. She held back, but his arm was strong and presently her head rested under his chin. Reaching down, his lips found their way to hers. At least he knew a few of the modern tricks.

"I suppose," said Okiku, intent on talking, "that that is a—kiss?"

"Yes," said he.

Then said little Okiku, who had determined upon a divorce:

"It is good!"

They had been married exactly one day. A sentimental uncle had managed to separate them from the too closely pressed relations. They were enjoying a modern novelty—a honeymoon alone together and in the mountains.

"Oh!" said Jihei, laughing loudly, "how perfectly enchanting you appear when you blush, O-Kiku-no!"

"But I thought," said Kiku, pouting and drawing away a bit, "that men despised a mere female. Men are all tyrants—beasts. We are merely their prey—their playthings. I wont be a plaything! No, indeed!"

Jihei growled fiercely.

"Whoo!" said he savagely. "We are horrible women-eaters. Look out, mere female creature, I intend to gobble you up."

Whereupon he kissed her violently.

After she had extricated herself, and breathlessly at that:

"Well but—you have got to find out about me. I t-talk all—"

"And so do I. Keep still—just for a moment. I am going to whisper something in your ear. Don't tell anybody, because these are terrible words for a Japanese to say, but Oho! I'm something of a modern myself too, you know. Now pay heed!"

He whispered into her little ear.

"Did you hear?"

She had turned actually pale.

"That is an improper word!" said she in a faint, very frightened voice.

Jihei threw back his head. He laughed joyfully, like a mischievous boy, rejoicing in his tricks.

"Is it? 'Love' an improper word! Oh, well, I'll explain to you some day what I mean."

He knew a few of the modern tricks

"Explain to me now."

"Oh, no, because you are way behind the times, Okiku-san. Fancy a modern woman of Japan calling 'love' an improper word! Fie!"

She was much offended, and forced herself free, sitting poutingly apart from him to the extent of three or four inches of distance.

Jihei promptly reduced this considerably:

"Very well, I will tell you then. Now the foreigners — the westerners, you know—think they have a patent upon the word. They say, to us, it has no meaning, or if one, an improper one. But we know better, don't we, Kiku-san? It's the feeling—the—the—greatest impulse in us. I adore you, reverently, ideally. That's what I wanted to tell you, Kikuno."

"When did you first?" she stammered breathlessly.

"At once—at the look-at meeting. I had been preparing for it, you see—preparing for you. I intended to love you, and I did. It was just as it should be."

"It was all quite wrong," she sobbed. "Such a—a—marriage is — against nature." The words of Miss Simpson came to her awkwardly.

Jihei was silent a moment, but regarded her, smiling confidently.

"By and by we shall know," he said, softly.

The following day, seated, seated by the self-same shoji where she had waited for her husband, Okiku sat reading a letter:

> My Poor Little Kiku-san:
>
> By all means be firm. Bear in mind all I have taught you. That you, my most hopeful and best beloved pupil, should be ablutely forced into an odious union, at the very height of your mental development, seems horrible to me. I can only strenuously urge you not to succumb. If you do so, believe me, you will sink into that helpless, hopeless crushed condition so pathetically common to your countrywomen. If you, who have been made to see the glorious possibilities of our sex, should succumb and go back to that obsolete position of Japanese women, slaves, not wives or true mates of their lords—not husbands—then, indeed, I will say my work has failed.
>
> Dear child, keep up a brave spirit. Though I smiled at the thought of your pathetic ruse to obtain your freedom, I also applaud it. By all means, if it will serve your purpose (Remember the end justifies the means)—Talk!

The sound of a splash was heard.

"Okiku!" called a cheery voice. "More towels, please!"

She crushed the letter in her hand, then drew herself up stiffly.

"Call a servant, please!"

"A servant! I want my wife to wait upon me! Hi! there, wifey! Get me a towel—and hurry, please!"

Her answer was to clap her hands loudly. To her summons swiftly came a serving-maid who brought the desired towels and took them to the commanding one within.

A few moments later Jihei appeared. His shining round face bore evidence of his recent bath. He was in excellent humor. Pinching his wife's ear, he threw his arms carelessly about her shoulders and drew her up against him, cheek to cheek.

"What do you think, O-Kiku-san, we've got to cut our beautiful honeymoon in two."

She turned about uneasily.

"You see," he went on, "my mother needs us at home. She's getting pretty old, and really some one ought to look after her. What a godsend you will be to her!"

Okiku's form had stiffened to a rigidity so repelling that even the arm of the affectionate Jihei loosened. Now one of the chief things against which Miss Simpson had preached was the domination of the Japanese mother-in-law.

As all the world knows, a daughter-in-law in Japan, is a very inferior person in the household of her husband's mother. She can even be divorced by that lady, in the absence of the husband. Her chief ambition is to please and propitiate the dread lady, and to become later herself a mother, when she will have her own household.

In what glowing terms had not Miss Simpson painted the position of the daughter-in-law in America. There things were reversed. At the wish of the wife, the woman who has borne the husband may be peremptorily ejected from his house—so said Miss Simpson. If she remained, her position was far below that

"That is a very improper word," said she in a frightened voice

of the wife in authority. In fact, her authority was quite nil after the advent of the wife. She must take a "back seat," be careful of her speech, be meek, conciliating—often serve the wife.

"Why, what is the matter, Okiku? Did something bite you? Let me—"

He was quite ready to scratch her, declaring that the mosquitoes were becoming unbearable.

Okiku pushed his hand aside.

"I want my own home!" she cried.

"Your own home! Well, but where do you think I am taking you to, then? Certainly you are to be one of us. My little brothers and sisters will adore you, I am sure, and as for my mother—"

"You expect me to be her servant!"

"Why, no, we keep servants—several."

"Oh, yes, I know quite all about it. A daughter-in-law is just another servant. I wont bear it, indeed."

"O—Kiku! You must love my mother, and wish to do services for her."

"You mean I am to wait upon her wishes?"

"Why, certainly. That is a daughter's duty. It is proper. She is an old woman."

"Don't touch me!" said Okiku in a suffocating voice. "Let me pass, please," and she rushed into her room, snapping the doors tightly behind her.

He did not follow her.

So this was what she had come to! She, who was to be an example to all her sex —*she* was to do the humble daughter-in-law's service in the ancient way.

"Never! Never! Never!" she cried, pacing up and down, and spasmodically clapping her little hands together.

By and by her anger passed away. She stood, as if listening for some sound from the adjoining room. Up to the present he had met all her rebellious outbursts with embraces, rude, but also to the unconscious Kiku, desirable. Now all was silence. What was he doing? Okuki hesitated a minute, then silently she stepped over to the shoji. Moistening her finger, she made a considerable hole in the fusuma. To this she applied her eye. Whatever she saw within apparently was not what she expected, for with a little petulant sound she opened the sliding doors and went into the other room. Nobody at all was there. She looked about her. The frown left her face. An anxious look came into her eyes. Suddenly she ran across the room, and opened wide the shoji on to the veranda.

It was growing dark outside. She leaned forward, peering about her. Then she sat still, waiting, growing steadily more uneasy and agitated. When it was quite dark, she still remained by the opened doors, and only when a maid came to the rooms bearing lighted andons, did she move from her position. Too proud to question the servants, she could not forbear speaking of what engaged her so utterly:

"My husband—took letters to the village. It is quite a walk, is it not? I trust a very good and safe road?"

"Yes, mistress. But the young master has dropped one of his letters, I fear. I picked it up on the threshold of your room."

"Indeed. Well, give it to me."

When the servant was gone, she turned the letter over in her hand and looked at the address. It was to his mother. Okiku's hands began to tremble. Slowly her little finger slipped under the flap of the envelope. It was very carelessly closed and yielded at once to her pressure. She took the note out. A moment she hesitated, and then:

"No—no—I can't do it!"

She was putting it back hastily, when her eye fell upon these words — they were written very clearly and in exceptionally large type:

SHE TALKS ALL THE TIME!

Her heart suddenly ceased beating. She felt as if about to faint. Her hand sought her throat.

Her ruse then had succeeded after all! He was writing home to his parents. "She talks all the time!" So she was to be divorced!

Slowly, her fingers shaking, she straightened out the crumpled letter. Her eyes widened. She stared—a stifled sound, half laugh, half sob, escaped her. The entire sheet was covered with the one sentence: "She talks all the time!"

Gods! How he wished to make his case clear to his parents! Oh—!

She was about to tear the letter across, when a new terror assailed her. Perhaps he had already divorced her—left her here alone in the mountains!

She tried to comfort herself with the thought of her "dear teacher," to whom she would go at once; but Miss Simpson's face became fainter with every moment, until it seemed extinguished altogether from her mind. In its place appeared instead the round, boyish, cheerful countenance of Jihei!

Suddenly she thought: "I have *driven* him away!"

There was nothing particularly handsome or attractive about her husband's face except its natural good humor and affectionate expression, but to the mind-eyes of little Okiku now it appeared surrounded with a pale, golden halo.

She flew across the room, blindly calling him by name:

"Jihei! Jihei!"

A number of maids came running in at her summons.

"My husband?" she cried shrilly.

She appeared distraught.

Just then some one came from out the shadow on the veranda.

"Why, hello!" said he. "What is the trouble?"

"Madame was anxious," said a smiling maid. "She feared harm had come to you on your trip to the village."

"But I have not been to the village," said he.

They withdrew discreetly, leaving the pair alone.

Okiku had picked up her sleeve, and pressing it to her eyes, she stood in the attitude of a child crying.

"What is it, Okiku?"

He was smiling as he stood behind her.

"D-don't speak to me," she said, "I—I know—know you wish to divorce me, and—"

"What made you think that?"

"I s-saw your letter to your mother."

"You did! Well! Let me see it, please."

He undid the little fingers curled about it, smoothed out, and read through the epistle.

"Why look, Okiku, did you notice what is written on the flap of the envelope? Here, take your sleeve down."

She turned a little tear-stained face around, and, as his arm closed about her, she read the writing on the envelope, as he held it before her eyes:

"This letter is for my little foolish wife only."

She turned bodily about in his arms.

"Oh, Jihei!"

"Let me hug you now, and then we'll both forget all about it.

A few moments later:

"And now tell me, where did you get all your curious notions about men and marriage?"

"You see, uncle and teacher do not believe in marriages such as we have in Japan, and they think an intellectual woman should not marry, but have a career. I—I—really I did hope to emancipate my sex in Japan."

"By divorcing me?"

"But I didn't know—"

"Well?"

"That I loved you, and you see my life had been so cramped at home I simply thought marriage would prove another cage into which I would be shut."

"It will not be," said he fervently, "for you see we are starting right—with just one thing all unions ought to have—love!"

"Miss Simpson thought that unnecessary."

"Did she? Now look here. This came a little while ago."

It was a telegram from Tokyo. Okiku's eyes were wide as she read:

"Married to-day at five P. M."

It was signed by both "teacher" and "uncle."

The Shipbuilders

BY THOMAS SAMSON MILLER

ILLUSTRATED BY OLIVER KEMP

THE Niger delta lay in the smoky rays of a low sun that was playing blood-red tints with mystical effect on the jungle vapors, as the big freighter slowly and cautiously nosed through the glassy waters to a makeshift wharf. Over the taffrail hung a short, square man, whose grayish blue eyes, set in an alert capable face, searched with intense interest a little shipyard and its corrugated-iron sheds and dwellings, until they lighted on a figure, in a dilapidated pith helmet and iron-molded dirty ducks, which lounged on the jetty and watched the ship with an air of lazy proprietorship.

The brows shading the grayish blue eyes above the taffrail suddenly contracted and the head turned to a man standing under the double awnings of the boat-deck.

"Say, purser, that would be Carter, the superintendent of the carpenters' department?"

"That's the gentleman, Mr. Ingram. Hope you'll get along with him, though it's a bad case of swelled head there. He has been the Nemesis of three superintendent engineers; two of them he worried into a jungle grave and the last man he worried into resignation. You see, Mr. Ingram, he was elevated out of the rough-and-tumble of a day-laborer's job in a Clyde shipyard to his present dignity; so he is armor-plated in a brute insensibility that beats a finer man. To meet him, one must be able to give curse for curse, assurance for assurance, oath for oath. But your predecessors were gentlemen—and they succumbed. Hope you'll have better luck, Mr. Ingram," the purser sympathetically remarked and added, "The trouble is divided authority—a boss over each department."

"Well, there is only one boss now that I'm here. My appointment's superintendent of the shipyard, and superintendent I am going to be."

Ingram's mouth clammed obstinately.

The purser whistled and remarked *sotto voce,* "I see the finish of Mr. Carter, cock-o'-the-walk."

At that moment the freighter crunched the dock piling. The purser flung a rope to the wharf, slid down the plates and crossed to Carter.

"Here's the manifest of the *N'Tyanga* machinery—that stern-wheeler you have on the slips, I s'pose—and we've brought your new boss."

Carter corrected him: "You mean the new superintendent engineer."

The purser chuckled.

"Maybe. He's an American. Was down in the stokehold all the journey showing the boys how to—"

Carter cut in with a sniff.

"An Hamerican!" contemptuously. "A bloomin' Hamerican showing a Britisher anything in marine machinery. I'd like to see."

"I guess you will see. He is first cousin to Satan when it comes to tricks. Go aboard and ask our chief; he'll tell you a story of a broken tail-shaft—and Yankee ingenuity. Or get Ingram to talk of his stokehold days—But here he is."

Ingram had also slipped down the rope.

He came directly for Carter and the purser introduced them. Carter held out a cold, clammy hand that told a story of evil-living and a bossism too important for actual toil, and his green eyes shiftily ran over the other's figure.

A quick, instinctive antagonism was born that moment, the subtle hostility of clashing temperaments. Their hands dropped away without warmth and they

If Carter had seen Ingram's face he might have desisted in his spite-work

started off down the yard, Carter explaining things as they went with the superior touch of one introducing a novice.

They passed through a planing mill, where three whites superintended a dozen naked, ebony giants, whom Carter, in unconscious humor, referred to as "apprentices." Then they went through a small foundry, which the boss carpenter punctiliously announced as, "Your department, Mr. Ingram."

Ingram made no comment.

They came to a large sheet-iron building of stores and offices with living rooms above, and climbed a wide gangway to an ample balcony, where squatted and quarreled native girls of impudent manners.

"Are these the colored quarters?" Ingram questioned.

"Gad! no; these are our rooms. They aint much, but—"

"Then what are these negresses doing here?" Ingram cut in sharply.

He listened with passive features and

noncommittal tongue until he came to his own quarters, where Carter left him, to return and superintend the unloading of the machinery for the new stern-wheeler. Then Ingram wrote his first order.

He hunted up a piece of cardboard, and patiently painted with pen point this notice:

COLORED PERSONS MUST USE THE BACK-STAIRS AND MUST NOT LOITER ON THE BALCONY.

He tacked the board at the foot of the gangway and went over to the ship to see to the transferring of his trunk. There he found Carter at the dock in the midst of a vociferously gesticulating gang of muscular Kroomen.

"What's the trouble?" Ingram asked innocently.

"That there crank shaft slipped her ropes and knocked a nigger senseless into the river. Now they've struck work, saying the machinery is ju-jued, which means that the devil has cast his evil spell on it."

"Who is their head man?" Ingram asked briefly.

"The witch-doctor—that feller over there in paint and feathers."

"Does he understand English?"

"He came to the company through the mission school, but quit us for this better paying job of wizard," Carter replied with the same brevity as the American.

Ingram went over to the wizard and bribed him into construing the accident as a propitiating sacrifice to ju-ju.

Thereupon the semi-savages fell to their work again in childlike irresponsibility and Ingram went on to the ship, leaving Carter in raging astonishment at his effective interference. Carter suddenly swung on his heels with a savage frown and hurried toward the shops.

Presently Ingram returned with a seaman shouldering his trunk. As he passed through the yard the evening whistle shrieked and loosed the laborers in noisy frolicsomeness to their huts.

At the foot of the gangway he found the Europeans clustered round the notice he had just posted.

Carter's voice in high-pitched anger cut the quiet evening:

"Who does he think he is? What's he giving us? I'd like to see him stopping 'em from using this way—I'd like to see him, that's all."

Ingram's voice startled them. He asked innocently,

"What's the matter?"

"Matter?" the carpenter glared. "We wants to know who put up that there notice?"

"Why, I, of course; there is only one man here to give orders."

"You'll have to show me," scoffed Carter, looking around to the rest for moral support.

Ingram, with a quiet smile, produced his commission.

Carter read slowly and aloud.

He then folded the paper and handed it back with an ironical bow:

"Very good, Your Royal Highness; what your Lordship says goes."

Ingram came back sharply, "None of that nonsense, Carter. Let us start fair and square; it is merely a case of the impossibility of two bosses. I want your good-will and coöperation — the good-will of you all—but I am not going to purchase it at the expense of my comfort, which I should do if I tolerated noisy negroes around my quarters."

He preferred to put it this way than to utter the disgust he felt. He wound up with a bury-the-hatchet invitation:

"Boys, will you come to my rooms and join me in a cocktail?"

Carter flew into ungovernable rage, determined to force a show-down. He raised his voice to a group of native women, who were keenly interested in the quarrel from safe distance, and called,

"Attalia! Oh, Attalia! Come here."

A buoyant, sun-coppered girl broke from the group and cake-walked on the balls of her feet to his side.

Ingram stepped quietly before them, admonishing,

"You must not use these stairs."

The girl hesitated.

Carter ordered her on.

Ingram faced him:

"Carter, if you send that girl up these

steps, I shall ask the Agent General for your resignation, or I tender mine."

Carter spluttered half-choked, unintelligible nothings. He glared at the man who so coolly and positively threatened. Thus they stood, when the girl suddenly relieved the deadlock by running back to the distant group of women. The issue was but postponed.

Carter went to his room in a weak, sullen sulk and schemed annoyances against the American.

Ingram found a deadly tarantula between his blanket folds the next evening. He cornered the gargoyled Jekri who valeted him, but was quickly convinced of his innocence. He ordered the boy to keep his door locked. But the very next day he returned from the shops to discover his rooms littered with fragments of letters and photos. A hasty inspection disclosed a partly-tamed baboon hiding under the bed with guilty consciousness of wrong-doing. A survey showed that it had been dropped in over the transom.

If Carter had seen Ingram's face as he carefully pasted the torn pieces of a prized photo, he might have desisted in his foolish spite-work; but as it was he plunged on to his undoing. His petty conspiracies savored more of a girls'-school tricks than of man's work. He taught a jungle parrot to shriek incessantly, "Stokehold Yankee! Stokehold Yankee!" judging, in his day-laborer way, that the superintendent would be ashamed of his stokehold training. He even carried his spite system to the workshops, until the harried superintendent was stung to alert watchfulness for the opportunity which would give him excuse to rid the yards of the carpenter. Meanwhile the building of the *N'Tyanga* was retarded by the friction between the men of the two departments and the Agent General was constantly sending down crisp comments on the weekly report of work sent up to him by native runner.

Thus were the decks laid, and the deck-house went up to the ring of hammer, the metallic clink-clink of caulking irons, rasp of saw and soft curl of white pine shavings — the turpentine sweetness of that white pine, wafted on the gentle jungle breeze across to Ingram in the foundry, evoking quick heart-spasms for the winter snows of Michigan and a curse on the exotic jungle. But the momentary weakness was quickly forgotten in the work in hand.

"All right, boys," he shouted to two "apprentices," "we'll braze that copper flange."

He caught up a box of borax, rattled the powder into a heap in the corner, shook his head over the quantity, then wrote an order and sent a "boy" to the store.

The irresponsible child of nature swung off in a lolloping, dancing gait with the mysterious paper held at arm's length—in his fear of its magic properties and in proud vaunt to the toiling gangs he passed. His passage was trailed with a glorious envy.

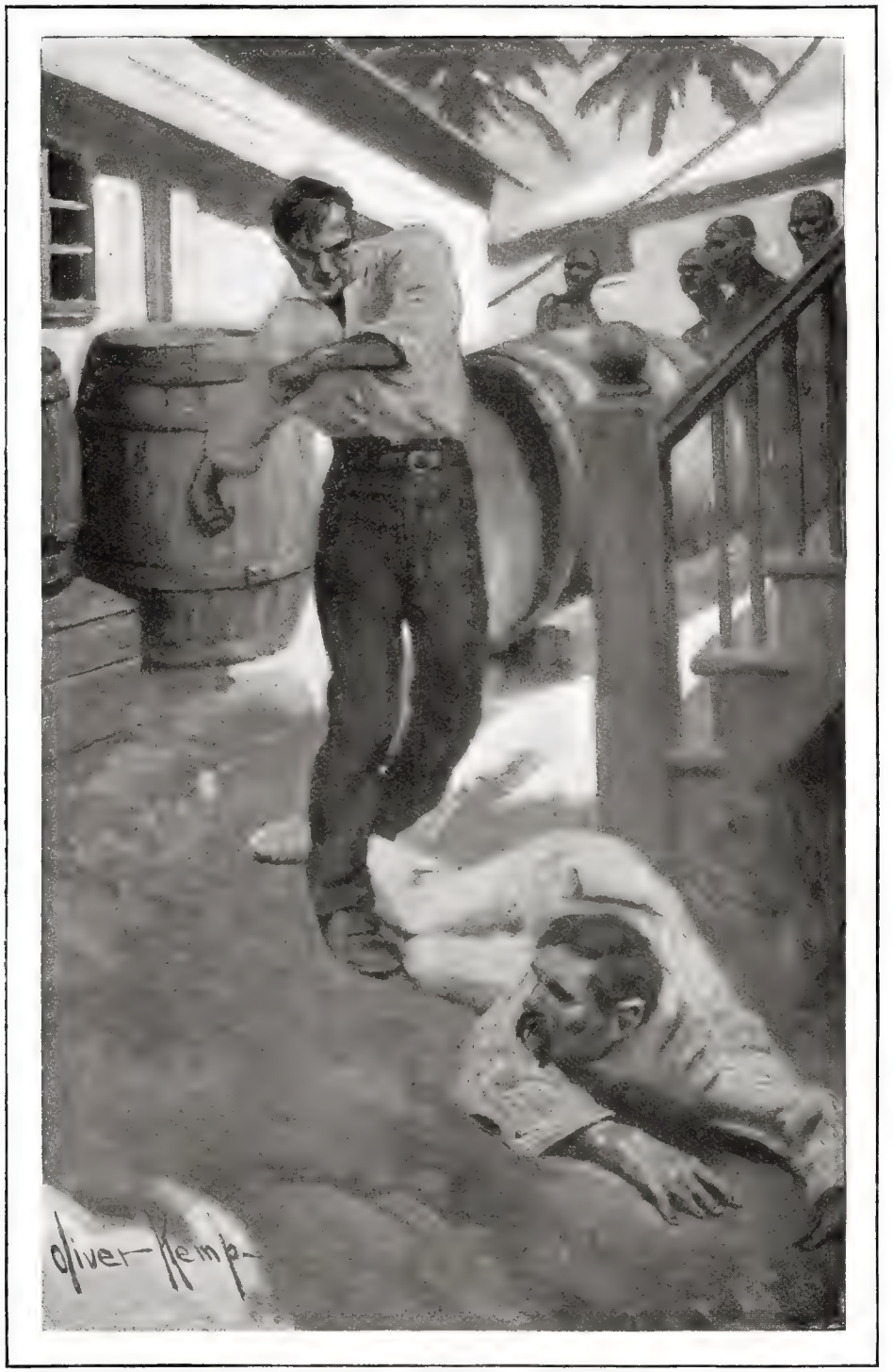
At the store was Carter, waiting whilst the colored clerk hunted up some spike-nails. In the mean inquisitiveness in which he was checking up the doings of Ingram, in the hope of piling up a record of miscalculations and errors against the day when their quarrel should come to the Agent General for adjustment, he took the paper from the boy and, glancing at the clerk to see that he was unobserved, perused it, ruminating the possibilities for mischief in it. His face lit up with malicious joy. He shot a look at the clerk's back, slipped his hand into a cask labeled "Saltpeter," dished up a scoop and, emptying it into the messenger's box, quickly spiked the order on the clerk's desk file.

The savage cake-walked back to the foundry. Carter received his spike-nails and went off to the building slip, inwardly chuckling satisfaction.

Ingram snatched the box from the boy.

Two blacks caught up blow-lamps and flamed the flange into white heat whilst Ingram sprinkled the powder. But the metals failed to "sweat." He kept at it stubbornly, puzzled by the persistence of the failure. Suddenly he sprang into the light of the doorway, and, dipping his forefinger into the crystals, tasted.

He flung the box into a corner and



"Stand up to it! Stand up to it" Ingram yelled

rushed away to the store in a sudden flush of rage that had been inexplicably weak in him but for the life of high, humid temperatures, unnatural diet, and fever. Reaching the store, he headed directly for the slab-footed, sprawling-limbed clerk. He was not reasoning or qualifying things just then; he was simply voltage in short-circuited explosion. His head and foot rammed the feather-puffed stomach of the lazy-living clerk. The wretch dropped to the floor writhing and shrieking, and his facial contortion was like the agonized mystification of a beaten prize-fighter.

Ingram scooped out a saucer of borax and started back to the foundry. On his way his attention was caught by sounds of extraordinary activity from the direction of the *N'Tyanga*. He walked round by the planing mill to discover the reason of the sudden spurt. Directly his eyes fell on the nearly completed deck-house, he recognized another wily plot of Carter's, who was himself working with an energy wholly foreign to his indolent nature.

Ingram took the ladder up the *N'Tyanga's* side three rungs at a time.

"What the devil are you doing? How are we to get the boiler in?" he demanded of Carter.

Carter looked up from the line he was chalking and, with the galling grin of the victor, referred Ingram to the counterfoils of his issued orders.

Ingram stormed back:

"I told you to go ahead with the woodwork as far as you could; but I didn't think you were such a fool as to go and build out the boilers. You've hustled three days in one because you knew I was engaged in the foundry. You'll have to cut the starboard out of your deck-house."

Carter got to his feet in righteous dignity:

"Mr. Ingram, I wont be called a fool by you nor nobody. You likes to do the ordering and you can do it. Now I wants an order to cut out the starboard side of the deck-house."

Ingram's muscles trembled to take it out of the man's grinning face. For one tense moment his reputation stood in the balance. By sheer will effort he controlled himself and flung away to write the order, which he foresaw would be coupled with his previous order and laid on the Agent General's desk when the quarrel came there. He crossed over to the office and scribbled out the order and sent it to Carter. He also detailed a clerk from the general offices to relieve the store-clerk until he had recovered from his mauling. Then he returned to the foundry.

Carter spent two devilishly delightful hours itemizing the bill for the rebuilding of the deck-house.

The totals were left to the more able clerks of the London office.

Carter cheekily passed the bill to the engineering department to be O.K'd. and Ingram found it awaiting his signature when he came in from strenuous hours in the hold of the *N'Tyanga*, where every unit of his department had been working determinedly in an endeavor to get the engines connected up before the Saturday noon whistle holidayed the force until Monday morning.

He was not in good humor. In his pocket crinkled a cuttingly sarcastic enquiry from the Agent General as to whether the Company would be able to count on the services of the *N'Tyanga* before the dry season shallowed the river to unnavigableness, and Ingram had expended much useless persuasion and argument in trying to get his European assistants to forego their Saturday half-holiday in view of the urgency of the occasion. But there was a sulky determination not to lighten the American's troubles. So was the *N'Tyanga* stayed from her usefulness by one afternoon's effort of the engineering department.

Ingram viciously jabbed his signature to the bill. As he turned to leave the office he was confronted by the store-clerk who, just recovered from his stomach pains and injured-feelings' sulk, was artfully reporting for duty on the eve of the week-end gin-and-dance fun. His features were of bland innocence.

Ingram cautioned the clerk to be more careful in the future in distinguishing between saltpeter and borax.

The clerk vociferously denied having served out saltpeter, or having even seen the order. But Ingram took no stock in the denial; it was just habit with his colored help to deny any and everything that called for censure. The clerk, however, persisted and hurried away to find the messenger who had carried the order. He shortly returned with the foundry boy, who informed Ingram that Carter had served up the saltpeter. Ingram saw the trick at once.

Again that quick anger. His muscles tightened and his eyes narrowed in tense fighting strain as he dashed from the office and up the stairway to Carter's room.

He surprised the carpenter in week-end self-indulgence; his whiskey bottle stood conveniently at his elbow, and he was drunkenly enjoying the shriekings of his parrot.

Carter stood up groggily, in flustered defense, as he recognized the drama overtured in Ingram's livid features.

"Come down to the yard, you dirty hound," yelled the maddened American; "come down, and we'll see who's the better man."

He gripped Carter by the collar.

"Come on—and I'll give you saltpeter—I'll rub your nose in saltpeter—"

The rest was lost in gurgling, gasping, choking embrace of fighting men. They stumbled across the balcony, tumbled down the gangway and rolled—Ingram viciously clutching his squirming victim in iron-sinewed fingers—into a clump of prickly pear and aloes.

The American was on his feet in a flash, but Carter hugged the ground.

"Stand up to it! Stand up to it!" Ingram yelled.

Suddenly he became aware of a hundred tensely interested black faces peering from behind lumber pile, scrap iron, shrub, and barrel, and the white man in him livened to a sense of shame in the exhibition of the coward on the ground.

He shouted his last word.

"Don't you show your nose in the shops or slips again. Go back to your hog-pen until the Agent General returns you to the slums and the day-labor you came from."

He strode over to the store and got a candle, saying, "If I'm wanted I am over to the *N'Tyanga*—down in the engine-room."

Thereupon he crossed to the stern-wheeler to have a final inspection before connecting-up.

Carter climbed stiffly to his room, poured out a heavy draught of whiskey and tossed it down his throat. Then he dropped to a split-cane chair, his chin on his palms and, staring at the floor, nursed his shame and hate to murder. For an hour he sat thus, moving only now and again to reach the whiskey bottle. Suddenly he stood up, paused a moment, then dashed out on the balcony and looked to see if anyone were around.

The place was quiet and deserted; the whites were in their rooms sleeping off the afternoon heat, and the negroes, over against the jungle's edge, were madly chasing a football, like a flock of black crows.

He glided back to his room, took a revolver out of his trunk, slipped it into his hip-pocket, and coming down again went over to the slip, muttering, "I'd like to see him stop me; he'll get all that's coming to him if he tries."

He sneaked up the ladder to the *N'Tyanga* deck, listened cautiously to a muffled tap, tap, tapping, then stealthily crept down the hold. In less than a minute he sneaked back again, looking guiltily from side to side, and thus returned to his room, where he applied himself to his whiskey like a man drowning conscience.

The head waiting-boy's forehead wrinkled ape-like in anxiety; the nocturne of the bull-frogs and the tom-tom dance had monotoned a full hour, and still Massa Ingram was not there to give the order, "Pass chop," which is to say, "serve dinner."

The boy took the problem to Carter, he being the next in authority. Carter looked at him stupidly through bloodshot eyes, cursed him for "a black-faced limb of Satan," and hurled an empty bottle at his head.

The boy dodged nimbly and escaped to the balcony, where he scratched his

Carter, superintendent of the carpenters' department

woolly head, thinking out the next in seniority, for the men had become so quarrelsomely nice on such points that it behooved a boy to be cautious, if he would escape a brutal boot. He decided on the second engineer and knocked at that gentleman's door.

To "come in," he opened the door and stood ready for a quick retreat.

"What I go to do, sah? Massa Ingram no live."

"What you mean by 'No live?' "

"I look 'm, I look 'm, I look 'm; I no see 'm."

"Nonsense; he's around somewhere. Try the shops."

"All boy look 'm eberywhere, 'm no live."

"Then he must have gone shooting in the jungle—But he should be back," the engineer mused seriously.

"'M no take 'm gun," the boy objected.

The second engineer went to Ingram's gun-rack. Both rifle and shotgun rested in their slips. He sought out Carter then, and with a serious face announced:

"Say, Carter, Ingram hasn't been seen since noon."

"Well, d'ye think I'm hiding him under my bed?"

"Don't be an idiot—something has

happened; he has gone to the jungle unarmed."

"What of it, I says; I aint 'is bloomin' nurse. 'Ave a drink, and let 'im go to blazes."

For a few moments the second engineer itched to take the drink-sodden wretch by the throat, and try to penetrate the man's sniggering bravado and shifty fear. But, instead, he snapped his fingers, swung on his heels, and went off to rouse the others to the mishap.

Nothing could be done that night. They collected on the balcony and stared at the black wall of the jungle vegetation, offering absurdly futile suggestions, even recognizing their futility as they made them. Then they filed away to "chop" in the long, bare dining room, and talked in tragic undertones of the horrors of the jungle and buoyed their spirits with the contents of the whiskey bottle. None of them cared for bed that night, but instead they talked of the American—rendering him the posthumous homage they had denied him living—a rude epic of his clever makeshifts, ingenuity, his readiness to throw muscle as well as brains into his work, and his way of securing results. So, the first streaks of gray dawn found them.

The second engineer sprang to his feet at last.

"We will organize and search the jungle—we are on an island which we ought to cover in a couple of hours."

He mustered the whole force of the yards and lined the negroes in a wide-reaching parallel, which he officered with whites at every twentieth man. Thus they entered the gloom of the giant-columned jungle. Like pygmies they crept along, negotiating fallen trees, already disintegrating under the honeycombing activity of myriads of strange creatures of insect life, wallowing slimy creeks where torpid crocodiles slunk from under their feet, jumping back from convoluting pythons, halting as huge shadows of mammalians lurched across their path, until they reached the other shore. Then they retraced their steps, without sighting a vestige of the superintendent.

The whites collected in a subdued group against the planing mill, whilst the irresponsible negroes scooted away joyously to their Sunday frolic.

The second wiped the sweat from his forehead. "Yesterday he made a bet with me that the *N'Tyanga* would do her twelve knots and a quarter—he always knew to a decimal—" He gulped in his throat.

Suddenly he threw up his head and flung out a fist towards Carter's room: "I'm going up to have it out with that devil."

He dashed for the dwelling-house and ran up the steps to the carpenter's door and pushed in without knocking.

Carter was not there, nor was the large brass-bound trunk he had made on the company's time and with the company's material. A piece of paper pinned to the mosquito curtains caught the second's eyes. He tore it down and read:

> You will find that Yankee in the *N'Tyanga* boiler. I screwed the drum-head cap on him whilst he was inspecting the inside. Hurrah for home!

He rushed out to the balcony and down the yard towards the slip, shouting,

"Come on! Ingram is shut in the *N'Tyanga* boiler."

There was a wild dash up the ship's side and a pell-mell tumble down into the engine-rooms. The second called for a light. Someone twisted a torch of pine shavings saturated with distillate, applied a match, and handed it to him just as he got the cap unscrewed and wriggled through the hole.

The flare showed Ingram's unconscious body sprawling on the bottom of the boiler; his shirt was torn off and stuffed into the feed-pipe; his knuckles were raw and bleeding from their frantic pounding on the iron, and his features were agonized with the strain of those blackened hours.

The second detected the fluttering pulse and cried joyfully:

"He lives. Give him brandy."

Someone had thoughtfully brought a flask of the Alpha and Omega of their pharmacopœia. The second pinched Ingram's nose and forced a copious draught

down his throat. Two more whites squirmed through the hole and between them they raised the limp body to hands above, that stretched it out on the sunlit deck. A ring of savage faces closed around.

In the fresh, wholesome air of the noonday sea breeze, the superintendent's eyes slowly opened, blinked in the strong light, then rested vacantly on the faces bent about him.

"Why aren't the boys working?" were his first words.

"It's Sunday," the second engineer told him.

He frowningly tried to grasp the answer. His eyes roved over the deck-house.

"What have they been doing all the week?" he asked, as he noticed everything as he had last seen it. "The A. G. will eat his head off."

"All the week?" the second repeated. Then he understood.

"You have only been in there since yesterday."

Ingram looked incredulous. He swept his hand across his forehead, leaving a streak of blood.

"God! I thought I had been days in that cursed, black silence—dozed off into blanks—woke after long whiles. I feared you would connect-up—stuffed my shirt into the feed pipe. Took it out at times for air—It was hell!"

His eyes smiled up at the blue sky above. Suddenly he burst out, with something of his old vitality,

"Who screwed on that drum-head? Must have been that nigger clerk—thought to get back on me for the licking I gave him."

He struggled to his feet, as if to have it out with the clerk, but would have fallen back if the second engineer and another had not caught their arms about him.

"Carter has gone home," the second announced quietly.

"Home? Why?"

Ingram stared. Then suddenly he understood.

"Do—you—mean that he—a white man—Do the niggers know it? He was wise to go—yes, he was wise—I would have killed him—killed him for those black hours."

He turned to the white at his left. "Jenkins, you will take his place, at least until the A. G. decides. Get your department to tallow the ways to-morrow early; we launch at flood."

The Ambition of Samke Rodinsky

BY LEO LEBOWICH

DROWSILY Class "Russian II" faltered through the simple, sing-song passages of the Second Reader. In the rear of the classroom, Boris Primoff, aged sixty-two, slumbering heavily and audibly with his massive, gray head buried in the book, awoke suddenly in response to a vigorous thump in the ribs from his son, Nachman, who sat beside him; and having been shown which sentence to read, the old man wheezed: "I see de sheeps." The class guffawed in chorus; that sentence had been going the rounds when Boris was dozing off.

"I think you had better move forward nearer the light," said Mr. Thorpe, the instructor, indicating the electric bulbs. Again the class exploded with appreciation of the joke. Boris extricated himself and his precious fur-lined greatcoat from the narrow combination desk and seat, designed for the less bulky occupants of the day school, and lumbered forward to the second row of seats, followed presently by the faithful Nachman on tiptoe.

The drone resumed. Presently, the door was opened cautiously and noiselessly, just wide enough to admit the

figure of a man, and Samke Rodinsky pushed himself sidewise through the opening, and stood shrinking apologetically before the class. Mr. Thorpe motioned him to a seat near the door, beside two other new pupils whose names had not yet been entered in the register. The newcomer took the seat indicated and grinned; Mr. Thorpe had not recognized him, though Samke had been a member of "Russian II" for two seasons past.

If Samke had sought any reason for Mr. Thorpe's failure to recall his old pupil, he might readily have found it; but a tragic meekness was the badge of all his tribe; he took the seat, and asked no questions; whatever of the proud spirit had surged in his Biblical forbears had long since crumbled before the Cossack's knout, or had stifled in the dank humors of the Siberian sulphur mine. To Mr. Thorpe, the young man was only another of the endless stream of his kind that found its way from the immigration office to the school. They came in droves and in swarms, fathers with their sons. And there were some, though they were few, who came only to warm themselves for an evening by the hissing steam radiators, allowing their names and pedigrees to be entered in the class register, and then departing at the end of the session, not to put in an appearance again until another chill wind should drive them to the cozy shelter of the school building. Others, who were registered, attended a few sessions, but were forced to abandon for the nonce their educational ambitions for the more pressing need of making the most of a rush season in the sweat-shops by working long hours "overtime."

Ambition! That was the life of every persecuted son of them. Behind the shifty, hunted look, behind the obedient, almost cringing attitude, there seethed in the breast of each one of them an indomitable ambition to rise from the slough of poverty and fear of the "boss." And accompanying this was a great eagerness to remove the bar to industrial and social progress—ignorance of the language of their adopted country. For each one of them the immediate acquisition of the ability to read, write and speak English was a matter of dollars and cents. Here was old man Primoff, fighting off, night after night, an overpowering sleep that claimed him after a fourteen-hour day in his ice, coal, and wood cellar, grappling with the illusive inconsistencies of what to him was a barbaric tongue, in order that he might be able to move his establishment to a more favorable location where prices were higher, but where, alas, an English-speaking clientele sometimes wrote its orders on a pad or slate when the proprietor was absent from his place on a delivery trip. Behind him sat Ivan Gabrilowitch, who had seen service at Port Arthur on the unfortunate side of the besieged walls. From the day that he had seen the glittering, tempting posters of the United States Recruiting Office, it had been his ambition to wear one of the natty khaki uniforms of the regular army; but for this a knowledge of English was indispensable. There was poor Schmul O'Brien—"O'Brien" because hurried immigration officers at Ellis Island had not had the time to construct a euphonic orthographical combination for the guttural jumble of a surname which Schmul had given—who was wrestling mightily with the Second Reader in order that some day he might successfully compete with the City Hall newsboys who made capital out of the scarelines of their newspapers—which Schmul could not read. And here was Samke with *his* special ambition like a pillar of fire before him.

When the gong clanged the close of the evening's instruction, there was a tumult of slapping of books shut, a clatter of pens being passed hurriedly, and the men, stretching themselves fearfully after the two hours' cramped confinement in the low seats, passed out, each one bidding the teacher a courteous good-night. The three new pupils remained to have their names registered, Samke the last of the three. The first two understood no English at all, and it took much manipulation of the teacher's fingers and bodily contortions to get the necessary information from them.

"Your name?" asked Mr. Thorpe finally of Samke.

Samke had been on familiar enough terms with his teacher to permit a little joke with him; he would pretend he was fresh from the steerage.

"Hundert-six Medison Strit," replied Samke.

Mr. Thorpe looked up from his book to confront a pair of twinkling, black eyes, and a toothless grin; a closer scrutiny, an instant's reflection, and recognition dawned upon him.

"Well, well, Samke, you back again? How are you?" he said laughing.

"Tank you; I not very healty, but can vorkin'; de *English* is no good."

"Sh! don't insinuate. Remember you were my pupil last year."

Samke grinned.

"Sure; but I got it such a veak skull. Can't learn. I don't know what's smare," said Samke sadly.

"But you were in Russian II last year," said Mr. Thorpe; "you don't want to go over the same work again. Did the Principal send you back to Russian II?"

"I didn't go by de Principal," replied Samke. "I come it here mineself. I learn good last year; I learn good dis year."

"Thank you; but why don't you go on with the advance work in Russian III?"

"Mr. T'orp, you are a good titcher, and I only want it you should learn me, s'pose, enough I should make it de application by de car company."

"Oho! Going into the railroad business, eh? What's the trouble with the cloak line?"

"Trouble? A black year on de bosses! Sittin' all day in de shop vorkin' like a horse for a few pennies. Vorkin' twelve hours a day. It kills me. De Board of Healt' doctor say I should go out from de sweatshop; I should vorkin' in de air."

"But will the railroad company take you on?"

"Sure; Benny Rosenzweig is here only two years; is vorkin' conductor on Delancey Strit. He is a gentlemans. I could do it de same. I was already by de company dis morning, and de boss he give me to write de application. And I take him and start to read him. Mr. T'orp! I so ashamed of mineself! I can not understand de application what he say! De boss say, 'What's smare, can't you read?' I tell him I gone it two vinters in night school by a A No. 1 titcher, and I could read fine in de Second Reader, but I never learn it such hard vords. I say I got off my titcher, hangin' in mine bedroom, a stiffaticket what say I'm a good scholar in de night school, and I could bring it him by de company. De boss say, 'De hell vit your stiffaticket, could you make it out a report? Go back and learn how to read and write.'"

The janitor bustled in with his brushes and pans.

"Well, Samke," said the teacher, donning his overcoat, "we must clear out now, but you come here every evening half-an-hour before the others, and we'll see what we can do with a little private coaching."

Samke looked his gratitude, if he could not sufficiently express it. With Mr. Thorpe's special instruction, another six months would see him attired in the blue uniform of the railroad company. If Benny Rosenzweig could be a conductor, why not he? True, Benny had a head on him, and, to Samke, the English did not come so readily. But if determination counted for anything, he would this winter make up for what he had not gained in the two winters previous. Not that he had not attended school regularly, or had not studied with as much energy as was left in him each evening after the long day in the sweatshop, but then he had come to school mechanically, because Benny and others did so. Now, he was fired by an *ambition*. For two years he had slaved in the shop, content to eke out a bare existence. And then one day he had awakened, or rather Sarah Ostrinsky had awakened him to the fact that he was—a nothing, a mere driven animal, toiling for food.

With an unconscious sigh Samke recalled a summer's afternoon when he had prevailed upon Sarah to forsake the redolent atmosphere of her father's Delancey Street grocery-store for the more healthful breezes of the Central Park lakes, lavishly investing a day's wages in a couple of hours' sport. In the lee of a shadowy nook, Samke had laid his throb-

bing heart before the olive-skinned Sarah, and had been rewarded with as masterful a practical talk as ever flowed from the mouth of a woman unaffected by romantic surroundings.

"Samke," she had said gently in the tongue of their fathers, "believe me, I have compassion for you. But you are not an old man, and I am very young yet. You are only a presser, enslaved for barely enough to keep *your* soul within *your* body. Would that be enough *for two* of us? Do you not see the misery all around you? Do you want to add to that as well as to your own?"

Bravely Samke had outlined for her a roseate future. He would not always slave in the shop. In a year or two he would scrape together enough capital to start a little pressing and repairing shop. If the Holy-One-Blessed-Be-He should help, in time he would extend his business to the manufacture of ladies' garments.

"And yes," Sarah had interrupted, reverting to English for the emphatic effect of the change, "you will have, maybe, a good season, and everything will be lovely. Then will come it a slack, and we can sittin' wit' de hands folded togeder waitin'. No, Samke, a business it don't buy me."

In vain had Samke endeavored to win over the obdurate girl to an acceptance of his gilded view of the future. She was not in any desperate hurry to get married she told him; she was content just to be friendly with the young men of her acquaintance; moreover, the passing moments were eating up his blood money, so hadn't they better get back to the landing?

Samke had not spoken a word on their way home, but the ambition to throw off his shackles had agitated his blood to a restless fever. Sarah had made it painfully plain that she was not beguiled by the glamor of such economic independence as was to be wrung from one of the innumerable little "stores" in the ghetto. That, till then, had been the pinnacle of Samke's desire; but with her merciless exposition of the miserable and precarious existence it afforded, the burden of his dreams had melted into nothing. However, she had not flatly refused him, and so long as he could draw breath he would not rest until he had emancipated himself, and established himself in a position which would not be open to her objection. If she would only wait for him!

Since that bad quarter of an hour on the lake three weary months had gone by, and Samke had not seen her. He had changed his accustomed route to his place of employment, avoiding Delancey Street, on which Sarah lived in two rooms behind the paternal grocery store. The numbing grind in the dust-laden steam from the cloaks was robbing of their color what once were purple-red cheeks, and Samke, stupefied under the strain, had not yet found a way to break his bonds. He had planned and planned until his tired brain throbbed. He was chained to his job, even as the galley-slave is chained to his oar.

Then, suddenly, there had come to him the Great Idea. Some beneficent fate, reflected Samke, had guided his shuffling steps into Delancey Street on his way to work to-day. The fact that passing over certain sacred ground as he neared the corner of Ludlow Street produced a feeling of delicious exhilaration tempered by a heart-clutching yearning did not seem to him to have influenced his choice of that route; he had heroically put thoughts of *her* from him three months ago. Be that as it may, he had already passed the Ludlow Street crossing when one of the cross-town cars had passed him, and upon the back platform, visored cap hard down upon his nose, one hand sunk deep in a leather-lined pocket full with a fortune in nickels he had seen Benny Rosenzweig, leaning lazily against the brake-handle.

The psychologists say that every idea eventually finds expression in some motor activity. Accepting this hypothesis, a veritable riot of ideas must have suddenly taken possession of Samke Rodinsky's mind.

As the car rumbled by, he had unconsciously quickened his pace; but finding it distancing him, he had broken into a run. It was his wont to turn north at the Bowery, but he kept on following the

car like a hound across town. Scarcely had the car stopped at the barns at the terminus, when Samke, breathless and perspiring, had come up after it. In dismay he had learned from Benny that applicants for positions on the road must present themselves at the company's offices, which were not at the barns, but on Broadway. It had taken him another ten minutes to tear over to the address Benny had given him, and he had arrived two hours before the offices opened; and then, after an interminable wait, in a brief minute, a gruff superintendent had plunged him, at the white heat of his hope, into the cold of despair.

Samke shuddered as he thought of the cruel shock his experience of the morning had given him. Dismayed, but not subdued, he had trudged up Broadway to his hated job. He had been compelled to work "overtime" until eight o'clock, so he had hurried supperless to the school to seek the advice of his good friend, Mr. Thorpe. And Mr. Thorpe had promised his *personal* help! If Samke should be made a conductor on the Delancey Street Crosstown Line, Mr. Thorpe would ride free on his car! No, on second thought, no. That would be a breach of the company's rules, and Samke was determined to make of himself a model conductor; but Mr. Thorpe would receive some suitable present.

It was in this exuberant state of mind that Samke headed for Sarah's grocery-store home. He was now in a fair way to gain a position of responsibility and trust, a position that commanded the lucrative salary of fifteen dollars per week, in season and out of season. There *was* frequently "overtime," he had heard; but the company paid double salary for extra trips. Then there was the incomparable dignity of the position. A cloak-presser was an abject laborer; a conductor was invested with authority. Such brilliant prospects should be revealed to the practical-minded Sarah with as little delay as possible, so that the full effulgence of their effect upon her might be noted.

The scene that greeted Samke, however, as he entered the Ostrinsky grocery-store was far from reassuring. Sarah, radiant, plump, and bubbling with laughter, was behind the counter; and before it, leaning on his elbows and devouring a monstrous bologna sandwich, was Benny Rosenzweig! He was in full, official regalia, and the visored cap was hard down upon his nose. Samke had not looked for the presence of a third party, and his good spirits changed quickly to a feeling of embarrassment. He was curious to know how intimate were the relations between Benny and Sarah; he had presumed there was only an acquaintance.

"Oh, just look who's here," greeted Benny, who had so far advanced in his mastery of the language that the slang of the day constituted the bulk of his speech, though he retained all his errors of enunciation.

"Good-evening, Sarah," said Samke, disregarding the other's greeting.

"You are certainly a stranger, Samke," said she, proffering her hand.

"Well, you know we vork overtime a lot," said Samke, conscious that there was no excess of warmth in the reception accorded him.

"I'll bet he's visin' up to some skirt," put in Benny with a grin. "No time for dead vuns like you, Sarah."

"Benny, don't get fresh," admonished Sarah. "We can't all be lady-killers."

Samke perceived the easy familiarity betwen the two, and he concurrently was aware of a peculiar sensation at the pit of his stomach. During his three month period of renunciation it had not once entered his mind that Sarah might have reversed her decision with regard to matrimony. But here was Benny, already entrenched in a well-paying position, and possessing that which to Samke was still only a dream of the future. Among the girls, Benny was something of a cock in the matrimonial market; still, had not Sarah given Samke to understand that she did not allow sentimentalities to sway her judgment in practical matters. Indeed, the only sentiment she had expressed to him was one of pity; there was no reason for him to believe that she entertained for him anything more than a friend's interest.

"Benny say you gone to gettin' it a

conductor job?" said Sarah with something of doubt in her voice.

"Maybe," said Samke meekly.

It had been his intention to impart his purpose with all the enthusiasm he had felt, but the unlooked-for presence of Benny and the incredulous tone of inquiry dampened his zeal.

"How did you make out over at de big show?" asked Benny.

Samke hesitated for a moment. Had Sarah been alone, he would not have hesitated to tell her the real reason for his failure to secure immediate employment; but before one who had obtruded himself in his path, Samke did not propose to make any disclosures that might prove damaging to himself. So he prevaricated glibly to the effect that the railroad company was not, at the moment, in need of additional men.

"Go on, dey were stringin' you," said Benny. "De company is goin' to put 'lectric cars on Delancey Strit pretty soon, and dey vant a bunch of new nickel-snatchers."

Sarah knew Benny's assertion to be correct, and rightly divined the real cause of Samke's failure to be taken on; but to spare him embarrassment she changed the subject of conversation.

"Well, what's de difference," she interposed. "You'll get de job sooner or later, Samke. Have some candy?" She pushed forward a huge, gaudy box of sweets. "Somevun is awful good to me."

"Stop t'rowin' bokays," said Benny facetiously, "or you don't get no more."

"If dat will stop you sendin' any more presents like dis, I'll t'row it a few more," she rejoined with a laugh, lifting from beneath the counter a mammoth, imitation alligator hand-bag.

Samke wondered how Benny could afford such expensive gifts out of his fifteen dollar salary. Cheap as was the quality of the bag, it could not have cost less than three dollars; moreover, it was obvious that Sarah was not unaccustomed to Benny's gifts.

The entrance of a number of customers took the girl abruptly back to business, and Samke seized the opportunity to remove himself from a disagreeable situation.

"W'at's de hurry, Samke?" said Sarah. "You only been here a minute. Is dat de way you treat a friend dat you aint see in —how long is it, Samke, dat you wasn't here?"

"Well, *I* don't want to bodder you, Sarah," he said, disregarding her question; "you are too busy now."

She caught the meaning in the accented pronoun, and instantly she felt sorry for him.

"Well, if you must run away," she said by way of amelioration, "come sometimes Friday night when de store is closed."

Being in that high-tension, hair-trigger state, when every phrase of the loved one takes on manifold and diverse interpretations, Samke understood her as well as if she had added, "When no one else will be here." Yet he was not sure that he would visit her very soon. There was no mistaking the *entente cordiale* that existed between Benny and Sarah. It might be better to give Benny a clear field. If Sarah thought her happiness lay with the conductor, Samke was not the one to obtrude himself. Benny had been his friend, and he held nothing against him, though he had not respected Samke's right of priority on the field. Nevertheless, he would not be discouraged; he would work just as eagerly to win his cherished struggle for advancement. Let a merciful Heaven determine whether or not Sarah was for him.

To say that Samke applied himself zealously to increasing his proficiency in letters, would be to state the facts very mildly. Of slower comprehension than the usual quick intelligence of his race, his two winters' schooling had given him no more than a child's ability to read and write. Sarah had implied in her manner that she doubted his capacity for the intellectual, and he was going to prove, at least to her, that such was not the case. So he slept with his reading book, and rose with it; he walked to work with his head buried in it; and with the book hidden, open, beside his goose, he bent low and long over his irons.

"Samke," said Barnet Levy, junior member of the firm, as he cast his eye over the pressing-room one day, "if you

scorch it for me vun more garment, I take it you, and de cloak, and de book, and fire you out de vinder."

Necessarily, surreptitious study of so dangerous a character ceased forthwith; but Samke made it up by making further inroads upon his already too scant luncheon-time.

Mr. Thorpe, accustomed to the consuming intellectual appetites of his pupils, was struck with Samke's unusual progress. In the space of a month Samke was reading a newspaper with fair understanding, and was able to write short letters of a business nature with uncommon correctness. Each evening Samke hurried straight from factory to schoolroom; stopping only to snatch a hurried supper at some viand-laden pushcart. The avidity with which he drank in every word uttered by the teacher was pathetic. Mr. Thorpe gave him fifteen new words to study each evening, and Samke had mastered their meaning and spelling by the succeeding lesson. Commensurately, Samke's speaking vocabulary blossomed and grew, and some of the atrocities of pronunciation and enunciation were being eliminated.

"Samke," said Mr. Thorpe one evening, "from the way you speak now one would judge that you had been in this country much longer than you have."

"I am glad to hear dthat, Mr. Thorpe," said Samke struggling with the "th" of "that."

"And judging from the letters you write, Secretary to the President will be about the position you will be filling soon. Tell me, when do you find time to study?"

"At night—"

"What, after you leave here?" interrupted Mr. Thorpe in surprise.

"Sure; and sometimes I get it up early in dthe morning."

Mr. Thorpe gazed at him in wonder. Samke colored a bit under the scrutiny, and then decided the time was opportune for unburdening himself of something he had had on his mind for several days.

"Mr. Thorpe," he began with great effort, "would you please write it for me a letter?"

"Why, I've just been complimenting you on your own ability in that line."

"Yes, Mr. Thorpe, but dthis is—how you say?—important?"

"Some business matter?"

"No, not a business, Mr. Thorpe; I want you should write it a letter to a—a—"

Mr. Thorpe began to understand.

"Oh, no, Samke," he put in hastily; "those letters are best when written by the writers—I mean—"

He stopped, incensed at his own confusion.

"I mean, those letters turn out best when written by the person who has the inspiration."

"'Spiration?" repeated Samke. "I want it only de writin' should be beautiful."

"Well, you certainly write well enough, Samke. Really, I haven't time."

"No, Mr. Thorpe, de writin', it is no good," replied Samke, showing a pair of calloused hands by way of proof. "Please, Mr. Thorpe?"

At which moving appeal Mr. Thorpe, who was not very old himself, consented.

Samke produced a spotless sheet of note-paper of a very hectic pink, and the teacher started to write at his dictation. He consulted Mr. Thorpe's best judgment as to the salutation, and was finally convinced that "Dear Sarah" would be neither too affectionate nor too distant. He wished to inquire about the state of her health, and she could see by this that he was making progress in his English. It was his intention soon to make another attempt to secure the position of conductor, having heard that there was now a demand for the same. Again he hoped she was well. He would say goodby, hoping to see her some afternoon from the platform of a Delancey Street crosstown car.

Mr. Thorpe handed him the finished copy for his signature, but Samke pleaded that he sign it for him, and reluctantly, the teacher complied.

Tenderly Samke took the letter, read it through lovingly once, and then slowly again. There was something lacking. There was a formula that came at the end of all the letters Samke had ever re-

ceived. He could not let this letter go unless perfect in every detail.

"Mr. Thorpe, please be so kind, put it here on de bottom: 'Please excuse bad spelling.'"

"Samke," exploded Mr. Thorpe, outwardly indignant but inwardly suffering with mirth, "if you have any more letters of that kind to write, don't come to *me* with them!"

Midwinter had cast its mantle of bacillus-ridden slush over the suffering East Side, and the night school was doing a land-office business in transients. Samke Rodinsky, after much persuasion on the part of Mr. Thorpe and much expostulation on the part of his pupil—for your American-in-the-making, however hangdog and trembling he is upon landing, is not long in acquiring the self-assertion and independence of democracy of the New York brand—had been transferred to "Russian IV." The promotion of Samke had almost brought about demoralization in Mr. Thorpe's "Russian II." If Samke Rodinsky at one leap had landed in a class *two* grades higher, then half of the class were entitled to promotion to Russian III., the next higher grade, *at least*. So more than half of the class maintained heatedly to Mr. Thorpe; and he, with that admirable tact that is given to few of us, settled the question by telling them they had all been promoted, that henceforward the class was to be known as "Russian III." Then he went on teaching from where he had left off. All of which is adduced merely to show, in passing, how quickly the dazed immigrant finds himself in this blessed land of free speech and the injunction.

And something of this independent spirit sent Samke Rodinsky over to the offices of the railroad company one morning with the apologetic inflection gone from his speech, and the whipped-cur attitude replaced by polite self-confidence. There had been an advertisement in the morning papers for men between the ages of twenty-four and thirty to be conductors on the Delancey Street Crosstown Line, which was soon to be electrified and extended. A foot-note added that the railroad company preferred married men.

Samke had pondered long over this apparent subsidizing of matrimony by the railroad company. He was not married, he reflected with a pang. Such things had been far from his thoughts for a long time. He had not been near Sarah's home since that uncomfortable evening when he had intruded upon a pleasant *tête-à-tête* over the counter. But such a minor circumstance as not being married would not deter Samke from filing his application with the company. If the application asked whether or not he were married, he would write "Yes" without any qualms of conscience, relying upon his ability to make good the requirement later. A conductor on a street railroad need not fear having any girl snap her fingers at him. And yet it would be hard to find a girl who possessed so many sterling qualities as Sarah Ostrinsky—*Sarah!*

Finding his soul crying so agonizingly, Samke promptly turned the next corner, and walked rapidly away from Delancey Street.

Samke's perplexity over the significance of the railroad company's advertised preference for married men might have been dispelled by any number of the unmarried men now in the employ of the company. For the most part, the company's cars were manned by those nondescript young men of flippant and scant capabilities, who, reaching seniority without other reliable means of making a living than their wits, eventually are cast, with other flotsam and jetsam, into the protecting haven of the street railroad company. A number of such in the employ of the Delancey Street Crosstown Line had received, with their weekly envelopes, a blue slip cautioning them to be more careful in ringing up fares. With careful business foresight the official had tabulated the names and records of the offenders, and it had been noted that all of them were unmarried, forcing the conclusion that the married men of the force were more concerned about holding on to their positions. Hence that foot-note in the advertisement.

Arrived at the offices of the railroad

company, Samke executed his application with that vigorous flourish that is significant of the consciousness of one's ability. In front of the building he had seen Benny Rosenzweig, visored cap replaced by a rakish olive-green derby, telling mutely the story of Benny's gross mistreatment and misjudgment at the hands of a soulless corporation. Samke had not stopped for Benny's own account of the misfortune that had befallen him and a score of his fellows.

"Samke," said Sarah that evening, after he had brought the conversation around to a point reminiscent of a certain summer's afternoon, "how many times you come to see me in de last six months, you always come back to de same subject."

Samke felt the reproach in her voice, but attributed it to the fact that she was grieved at his having avoided her rather than to her distaste for the topic in hand.

"You make it a mistake, Sarah," said Samke. "The last time I was here, I don't say anything."

"Oh, yes, I remember; dat loafer Benny was here. You don't get it de chance."

"Loafer?" echoed Samke innocently, "W'at'smare with Benny?"

"Don't you hear it, Samke? He losin' his job by de company."

Then pointing to the imitation alligator hand-bag, its counterfeit quality now glaringly laid bare in several spots:

"How many nickels, s'pose, cost it a present like dat?"

Then Samke grinningly feigned to see a great light.

"A girl who marry it a conductor, she be a fool," added Sarah, and Samke stopped grinning.

"No, Sarah," rejoined Samke hastily; "she be a fool when she marry it a conductor what losin' his job. The boss by the company tell me all the men who want it conductor jobs must be married—"

He paused, leaving her to draw an obvious conclusion. There was a long, long interval of silence.

"But Samke," she said finally, "I can't make so hurry-up; I must buyin' so much."

Nevertheless, it was only a week later that Mr. Thorpe received the following note from Samke Rodinsky:

> DEAR TEACHER MR. THORPE:
> I have very much sadness I can come no mor in nihgt skool. I very bizi. One present I want to give you becaus you are a good teacher, and learn me good. Please come by my wedding, and here is the ticket. Maybe you ride sometimes on Delancey Street? Conduktor No. 789 is
>
> SAMKE RODINSKY.

The ticket admitted one person to the "Avenue Assembly Rooms," and beyond the price of the ticket there was no extra charge for "hat-check."

Pemberton Garth, C. E.

BY CLARENCE HERBERT NEW

Author of "A Diplomatic Freelance," etc

ILLUSTRATED BY P. V. E. IVORY

SPEAKING technically, it was not a Directors' Meeting—though they had come together in the Board Room at the New York offices of the road because the long table was convenient for the examination of surveys and blueprints. But as far as its effect upon the policies of the company, it might have been an official meeting—for the seven men lounging in distorted attitudes around the table, each according to his habit and inclination, were its Directorate—the ones who "ran" the road and its affiliations with other systems.

President Garrison sat at the head of the table—a genial, pleasant-faced man

with hair almost white, and a manner apparently as open and trustful as that of a child. It *was,* too, in a way, until some contemporary pirate in Wall Street attempted to appropriate one of the aforesaid child's numerous sticks of stock and bond candy. Then the child displayed an understanding of the game and a foresight much in advance of tender years. The Presidency of the Pacific, Rocky Mountain & Eastern was but one of several which had fallen upon his shoulders, but in his private conversations with himself, it was the key to all the systems under his control. He never admitted this openly, but his associates in its management were sometimes favored, as they were being favored at this meeting, with a glimpse of the vital inner machinery which, under his guidance, moved with such unerring precision. After listening attentively to reports from the general manager and chief engineer, he began to talk, and what he said commanded the closest attention from the other six men, in spite of their relaxed attitudes and continual lighting of fresh cigars.

"In actual miles," he was saying, "we have just a little the shortest line from the Coast. But our loops and grades through the Rockies and Sierras compel us to reduce speed on those divisions to such an extent that upon any test run to secure a mail contract, the Atlantic Pacific could beat us an hour or two—probably several more—unless we took a chance of jumping our tracks into a three-thousand foot *cañon.*

"The mere question of a mail contract is more one of prestige than actual earnings. But a saving of five or six hours in our running time between Chicago and the Coast would amount to millions on the item of perishable freight alone, and logically, it ought to increase our passenger traffic ten or fifteen per cent. Our earnings haven't been affected by the panic as seriously as most of the other systems, so it isn't really an emergency of to-day, or to-morrow. But in the next fifteen years we shall have to compete with newer systems and keep just a little ahead of the game or lose a good deal of our business to them. That's why I brought up this discussion now. With those six hours, we would be in a position to hold our own for a long time, and, gentlemen, we've got to have them! This is the time to figure them out. You've heard Fleming's report on the present condition of the road; it's a careful one, and very creditable to our Chief Engineer. He has given us what we asked for. Now, I want just a little more from him. You have been dealing with facts, Fleming; suppose you give us a little theory as well. I've explained what we want; tell us what, in your opinion, our chances are for getting it."

Before answering, the engineer reached for the sheets upon which the survey of the western divisions had been drawn, and thoughtfully smoked as he looked them over for perhaps five minutes. Fleming was a man who dealt with exact conditions, and talked to the point when he talked at all.

"Well, sir, a five-mile tunnel through granite and trap rock on the Rocky Mountain Division would eliminate the three loops over Blizzard Pass, but the grades would be from three and a half to five per cent. With the present construction, a system of guard-rails and retaining walls on the loops might give you an additional ten miles an hour without a really prohibitive risk, and the same improvement could be made at one or two sections on the Sierra Division."

"That's something, Fleming—a gain of two or three hours, possibly. But with the necessary outlay in money, it is hardly enough to pay. Don't you think that if you took a couple of months to go over every foot of those divisions, you might work out something a little better than that?"

"Possibly, though I'm as familiar with them now as I am with Broadway. Tell you what I'd like to do, Mr. Garrison. There's a young man here in town whom I'd like to retain as Consulting Engineer on this proposition. Two heads are often better than one, and he's got a whole lot more imagination than I have —the kind of imagination that produces results."

"Who is he?"

"A five mile tunnel would eliminate the loops over Blizzard Pass"

"Pemberton Garth, the man who has just finished the Chemultegora Bridge in Nicaragua. Among engineers, that's about all I need say concerning him."

"Hm-m-m. Some of us, here, aren't exactly Engineers. Give us a few more details."

"The Chemultegora bridge, sir, crosses a rocky *cañon* on a cantilever—with a three-hundred foot span, two thousand feet above the bottom of the *cañon* and about three thousand below its top—connecting tunnels which open upon walls of precipitous rock. No chance to erect false-work under or over the span—and the further tunnel was driven from the end of the cantilever after he had pushed it across. Of course 'impossibility' is a word that engineers don't consider much, but the proposition was somewhere on the edge of that class when the preliminary surveys were made."

"I guess I catch the force of your recommendation. You say Garth is here in town, now? Somehow, that name seems familiar to me."

"He has a desk in the Mexican Development Company's offices, downstairs, when he's in New York; and I met him in the elevator about an hour ago."

"Suppose he'd be willing to come up and talk with us, Fleming? It seems to me that your suggestion is a good one; we ought to have the best brains in the market. Would you mind stepping down to see if he can spare us half an hour?"

Fleming left the room without another word, and returned in ten minutes with a bronzed, smoothly-shaven young man of perhaps thirty-two or more, who was dressed in a neatly fitting business suit of gray serge. He bowed pleasantly to the other gentlemen, and smiled a

little as he shook hands with President Garrison—who tried to remember where he had seen him before. A brief explanation put him in possession of the facts concerning the situation; then he requested permission to look over the surveys of the two mountain divisions, asking a few questions of Fleming in an undertone, while the others chatted of railroad matters in general.

Coming to the sheet upon which the Blizzard Pass loops were drawn, he asked:

"Have you a topographical survey of this country, Fleming? I know the Government hasn't issued any sheets on it, yet, but I'd like to see what the contour and formation really are out there."

Fleming shook his head.

"Don't believe it has ever been surveyed beyond our right-of-way. My boys went over it pretty carefully for a mile or two on each side, but that section is so cut up with blind *cañons* and cliffs that they didn't waste much time on anything beyond our line. I can describe it to you in a general way. That nest of mountains for a hundred and fifty miles south of Blizzard Pass is known as the 'Devil's Kitchen,' and I doubt if anyone except the Apaches knows much about it."

"What's this little spur running due west from Arroyo, where your line turns to the North?"

"That? Oh, that's twenty-five miles of single track belonging to the Red Mesa Mining Company at the edge of the hills. Arroyo's the junction with our line."

Garth laid five of the consecutive survey sheets together on the table, so as to get an idea of the divergence to the north and north-west, made necessary by impassable hills along some three hundred miles of the line.

"Well, gentlemen," waiting for a lull in the conversation, "I've learned about all I can from your surveys, here. What's your proposition?"

"Why, Fleming thought he'd like to have you on our staff as Consulting Engineer, Mr. Garth. Are you at liberty to consider it?"

"I've nothing on hand for three or four months, that I know of, but I'd like to examine your road more carefully before tying myself up in a long contract. Tell you what I'll do, if it strikes you favorably. I'll put in two or three months on a close examination of those western divisions for five thousand dollars, and in my report will make whatever suggestions occur to me as to reconstruction. If I hit upon what seems a practical solution of your problem, I guess I'll be willing to consider a three year contract at proper compensation; but until I hand in my report, I do not care to bind myself in any way beyond making such an examination for the sum I mentioned."

Garrison was impressed by the business-like way in which the young man stated his position, and a glance at the faces of his fellow officials showed that they were equally interested.

"I don't think we need much time to consider that, Mr. Garth. Go ahead with your examination and draw on the company for any advance you need for expenses. If you finally decide to join our staff, I don't think you will find us unappreciative on the salary question."

As the meeting broke up, Garrison walked over to the window with the young engineer and asked:

"Where have we met before, Mr. Garth? Your name and your face seem familiar to me."

Garth smiled, as if the question had in it something of a joke.

"About two years ago, Mr. Garrison, I had the honor of calling upon you to say that when my position warranted it I hoped to marry your daughter, Miss Beatrice."

It was now Garrison's turn to smile.

"Ah! So you did—so you did! I remember you now. And I also recall that you didn't exactly ask my permission to marry her; just sort of announced the fact that you proposed to do so when your ship came in."

"Proposed to make the attempt, Mr. Garrison. I thought it only fair that I should tell you what I hoped to accomplish before speaking to her upon the subject, and listen to whatever objections you raised."

"Hmph! Do you remember just what my objections were, at the time, young man?"

"Why, nothing insurmountable, I think. Personally, of course, there wasn't anything you could take serious exception to, because I told you all about my family. You didn't care about having your daughter marry a man whose salary and prospects were limited, but we agreed perfectly upon that point. Upon one other, as I remember, you expressed yourself liberally. I gave you a bit of gratuitous information, which your business ability turned to some profit, I suppose. It was merely an evidence of good feeling upon my part, but you called me a young fool because I hadn't taken advantage of it myself, even though it might have been at your expense. Well, it is sometimes difficult for a professional man to decide at just what point a business transaction is legitimate and permissible, rather than dishonorable. But I haven't forgotten your point of view at that time, and if a similar case should ever come up again, I might be inclined to put it upon more of a profit-sharing basis before submitting it to you. By the way, is Miss Beatrice at home, now?"

They verified their calculations by a view of the Company's track

"She is, though I don't know what her engagements are this week. Why not dine with us this evening? I suppose you will be leaving for the west very shortly?"

"To-morrow evening, if I can arrange one or two business matters. I'll be very

much pleased to come, thank you. About seven, I suppose?"

The dinner proved a lively one, Garth being the only guest. He was, ordinarily, rather quiet and reserved in company, but having a wealth of interesting experiences to draw upon, he could talk entertainingly when he cared to exert himself. He made a pleasant impression upon Mrs. Garrison and her daughters, in spite of the fact that the calculating matron would scarcely have considered him eligible for membership in the family, had she imagined any such thought in his mind.

He left about ten, and with some curiosity as to how far the matter had gone, the Magnate beckoned his youngest daughter into his study, while the other ladies were entertaining a late caller.

"Trixy," he said, perching her upon the arm of his easy chair, "how do you like that young fellow?"

"Which one, Daddy—Pem. Garth? Why, I think he's very nice, don't you? He isn't *quite* what I should call handsome, but he knows a lot. I think he's the sort of man who would carry out most anything he tried to do. He can't talk nonsense, and he'd be rather a stick in society, I suppose."

"Hmph! A man doesn't earn much of a living by talking nonsense or going to parties. What I want to know is, whether you've made up your mind to marry him?"

"Why, Daddy!" Her expression of amazement was colored by a pretty flush. "What can you possibly mean! A woman isn't supposed to jump at a man when he's never said he wanted her, is she?"

"What's that? Do you mean that Garth has never proposed to you?"

"Why, of course he hasn't! I've known him quite a while, and he's written me some awfully nice and interesting letters, but, though I've thought he liked me pretty well, he never said anything of that kind to me in his life. I don't believe he'd have the nerve. What made you ask such a question?"

"Hm-m-m—well—he held me up in my private office about two years ago and said he wanted you as soon as he had a reasonable bank-account. That's all I know about it. Seemed to have the idea that it was only square to warn me beforehand."

"Why, Daddy! I never thought he'd dare do such a thing! You—you are supposed to be rather a fierce old bear, you know, when it comes to anything concerning us girls. What did you tell him?"

"Oh, I guess it doesn't matter much what I told him; he didn't seem to scare worth a cent. Hmph! I've been watching that chin of his all the evening. Seems to me, if you think you don't care about him, you'd better sail for Europe, and lose yourself over there."

"N-n-no—I'm afraid that wouldn't be any use. If I know anything about Pem. Garth, he'd get whatever he went after, if it was in the mountains of Borneo. Do you know, I'm sort of worried about this."

Now, when a young woman receives such a communication, the Goodness only knows what her thoughts are likely to be; so much depends upon her general character and make-up. The matter is, of course, complimentary to her, in a left-handed way. And her thoughts of the man in question are necessarily focussed upon him from an entirely different point of view. She is apt to recall what he has said to her at different times; how he acted, how he looked—what his ideas of life appeared to be. And she presumably compares him, in various lights, to other men of her acquaintance. Their future acquaintance and conversations are influenced by a certain amount of definite knowledge upon her part. She knows in advance the objective point toward which he is working and, usually, is not averse to precipitating matters out of feminine curiosity as to how he will act and appear when the climax comes. Beyond that, she may not commit herself in her own thoughts, but the chances are that she will not irrevocably bind herself to anyone else until this particular man has had a reasonable time to express himself.

While he was occupying a larger proportion of her thoughts than she had

ever, consciously, given him before, Garth was racing westward upon a limited express. With him was a young graduate of the Boston "Tech." whom he had known from boyhood, whose loyalty and discretion he had confidence in. Fleming had offered him the services of two men from his own corps, but Garth had explained that the few months' engagement would be a much-needed one for a young engineer of his acquaintance, and the Chief had conceded the point with professional generosity.

At Arroyo the two procured serviceable broncos and a couple of pack-mules for their small but efficient outfit. The Mining Company made no difficulty about giving them transportation in a box-car as far as the Red Mesa Mine, which they found in charge of a genial overseer and three men—operations having been suspended indefinitely, owing to the apparent failure of the lode from which they had been obtaining a fair grade of copper. Supposing them to be connected with the Geological Survey, the overseer obligingly showed them through the various tunnels the company had driven into the bowels of Red Mesa, and casually dropped a good deal of information about the company itself and its prospects, which apparently had little interest for Garth, but which he carefully jotted down from memory the moment he was free from observation.

From the moment he had noticed the wide detour in the line of the P. R. M. & E., made necessary by the broken, formidable hill country and the traffic of half-a-dozen small towns, Garth had been convinced that the key to the saving of time on Coast freight lay in the unsurveyed cluster of mountains known as the "Devil's Kitchen," to the westward of Red Mesa. To anyone but an engineer, the twistings of the *cañons* and passes through which they were obliged to lead their horses would have been so confusing as to destroy the sense of exact location, but they finally succeeded in climbing the Mesa from its rear or western slope, and verified their calculations by an unobstructed view of the Mining Company's track, some two thousand feet below them. The rest of their observations, during a hazardous journey of a hundred and twenty miles, were a complete vindication of that intuition which made Garth's services particularly valuable. They finished their task in five weeks and returned to New York.

Upon the morning after their arrival, Garth called upon a prominent Wall Street operator, whose advice and suggestions had been of considerable value to the younger man, and made him a speculative proposition.

"Mr. Jennings," he said, "you know me pretty well by this time. Would you be willing to go into a little deal with me and content yourself with perhaps a smaller profit than you might get if you handled it in your own way?"

"I shouldn't wonder. What's your proposition, Pem.?"

"There's a little twenty-five mile spur of track out West, owned and operated by a practically defunct mining company. The original incorporators succeeded in unloading a majority of their stock upon three Eastern investors when the property appeared to be a paying one. The investors thought they had a bonanza and gradually bought up most of the outstanding stock. To-day, they've made up their minds that they're up against deadwood, and if carefully approached by someone who appears to be an easy mark, they'll tumble over themselves to sell out at twenty-five cents on the dollar. In a few days a certain trunk line system will decide upon a reconstruction of their road in that vicinity, and they're going to need that property for most any amount short of what it would cost them to build a parallel line and tunnels. I've got securities, here, for about thirty thousand dollars, and I'll put up every cent of it if you'll put in the rest and agree not to hold out for a prohibitive price. The key to the proposition lies in the fact that the Mining Company's claim, if not bought up by the railroad, will compel those people to drive at least ten miles more of tunneling through trap rock and granite than if they used the mine itself."

Jennings had followed the young man's statements closely—and nodded in thorough comprehension.

"There's just one question which occurs to me, Pem.—not for my own sake, but for yours as a professional man—are you in the employ of that railway system now?"

"I made an agreement with them to go over that section of country and report upon what I considered its possibilities, for a certain fixed sum. Beyond that, I am in no way in their employ, and they are at perfect liberty to accept or reject my suggestions as they see fit. Some time ago, the President of the road called me a fool because I gave him some gratuitous information without making any attempt to profit by it as I might easily have done, and I suppose I've chafed a little at being underrated. Perhaps 'misunderstood' would be a better word."

Jennings chuckled.

"Under the circumstances, my boy, I hardly think the proposition could be called professionally dishonorable. You are doing strictly what you agreed to do for them; you've made me promise that we sha'n't stick them for a big speculative profit, as we might easily do; and you take the risk of their throwing you down on whatever you suggest. No, I think the transaction would be considered perfectly legitimate. Go ahead and buy in that stock; I'll back you. But don't put in more than twenty thousand, yourself; you'll get that property for forty or fifty thousand, cash, and you'd better save the odd ten thousand for a rainy day."

A couple of weeks later, Garth made his report to President Garrison and the gentleman he had previously met. Laying before them hurried but perfectly intelligible drawings of the mountain sections, he pointed out a deep *cañon,* ten miles long, which cut into the western side of Red Mesa at a point almost directly opposite the Mining Company's property, and at approximately the same level. This *cañon,* precipitous upon one side, fell very slightly in terraces well above high water upon the other, and ran almost due west. At its outlet was a series of pockets, also lying east and west, with rocky barriers which could be pierced at the same approximate grade with four tunnels, the longest of which would be less than a third of a mile. And beyond these lay a stretch of river bottom and up-land which terminated in a low range of hills, upon the opposite side of which lay the little cattle town of Pepinita, where the P. R. M. & E. came down from the north-east and again resumed its general westerly course.

In conclusion, he said:

"This short cut is perfectly feasible, gentlemen. With enough men working on the different sections simultaneously, you can run trains over it in eighteen months at the outside. And, considering your grades and loops, it will mean a saving of nearer eight hours than six."

They were all experts in railroad matters, some of them engineers, and they thoroughly understood every point he made. That they were deciding the matter as he talked, was shown by the prompt questioning which followed.

"You have figured, of course, Mr. Garth, upon our buying that mining property and utilizing it; that is too obvious for discussion. Did you manage to get into their tunnels? Have you any idea how far they extend into the Mesa?"

"Went all through their workings, sir. I paced the 'Number Four Drive' almost straight west for about two thousand feet, and afterward measured the distance on top of the Mesa. There aren't more than three or four hundred feet of quartz and granite between the terminal point of that drive and the end of the blind *cañon* on the opposite side."

"Wonder what condition those people are in financially? Did you form an opinion as to how good a proposition they've got?"

"The mine is played out, sir, and I don't believe they feel like spending another dollar on it. There are indications of more copper and other ores in the Mesa, but they might spend a million before they struck another paying lode."

"Good! They'll sell out cheap, and if we don't approach them for another six months or a year, they'll take even less than they would now. We'll leave that section until we are well along on

"Trixy, I want you—bad"

the others. Now, let's see, I suppose we'll have to secure a right-of-way. But the legislatures of both states are in session, and they're pretty friendly toward us; we ought to get what we want in a few weeks at the outside. In the meantime, there's nothing to hinder our starting in from Pepinita and working east, with the surveying gang ahead of us. Fleming, what do you say to putting Mr. Garth in sole charge of the job? You've got your hands full looking after the main line."

"Just what I was going to suggest, Mr. Garrison—with a bonus for every week under the eighteen months he figures on, and as many men as he can work economically."

"Well, unless someone has an objection to raise, I guess it's up to you, Garth. What do you say?"

"I'll start in at Pepinita three weeks from to-day if Fleming can assemble the gangs and construction outfit in that time."

In the following week, Garth called upon Miss Beatrice twice, discussing a little of everything except their personal relations. Then the western country swallowed him up, and such meager details as she was able to get from occasional talks with her father indicated that he was pushing his way eastward through the bad lands in a rather phenomenal way. Toward the close of the year President Garrison determined to inspect the work as far as possible from his private car, and he readily consented that Miss Beatrice, with a small party of friends, should accompany him.

The Engineer had established his headquarters in a four-roomed shack at Section 14, which at that time was the terminus of the completed track, and Garrison had requested an interview with him there.

When the Special reached that point, it was learned that Garth had been called away on a construction engine, but would return in a few hours, and his assistant, the Boston "Tech." man, did the honors as well as he could. Considering the location and the distance from which civilized delicacies had to be transported, the meal he served them was a masterpiece.

While they were enjoying it and inspecting the quarters with much curiosity, Garrison asked what had called the Engineer away.

"Oh, just a little trouble at the entrance to the *cañon,* sir. Arizona Jake came up from the South with one or two bad men—all pretty full—and started some promiscuous shooting around the dynamite shed. Frazier and his gang could have laid them out, but someone would have been hurt, so he 'phoned for Mr. Garth and coaxed the fellows into the canteen while he was coming. The Chief likes to settle such matters himself. He'll just look at Arizona for half a minute—tell him he's a foul-mouthed, drunken hobo—and give him a choice between driving a mule team, to-morrow, or pulling out of the neighborhood in ten minutes. We've got a holy terror from Texas running a dump-car up in the *cañon* at two dollars a day, and some pretty bad citizens loading stone. Here comes the Chief now, sir; guess he didn't waste much time over Arizona."

The ladies had been drinking in every detail of Cranston's explanation, wide-eyed and with quickened pulses. As he finished, they ran to the window for a glimpse of this man who handled desperadoes without gun-play, and took in every detail of the athletic figure in khaki and mud-stained puttees, as he sprang from the cab of the little construction engine. Garth's manner, as he met them, was pleasantly conventional, if a trifle abrupt, excusing himself, once or twice, to give an order which men jumped to carry out. For an hour the conversation was general, the ladies insisting upon his eating his portion of Cranston's spread while they talked. Then, over the cigars, President Garrison began to touch upon details of the work, the young women listening with much interest.

"'Fraid we're going to have some difficulty in getting hold of the mining property, Garth. Our counsel finds that most of their stock was quietly bought up before we commenced work, before we even applied for our right-of-way,

and we're having some trouble in locating the purchasers. Of course they are on to us by this time, so I suppose we may as well make up our minds to be held up for a pretty stiff figure when we do find them."

"I don't think you need worry about that end of the proposition, Mr. Garrison. Have you figured about what it will cost to tunnel around them?"

"Oh, somewhere in the neighborhood of seven or eight hundred thousand, possibly. Perhaps more, perhaps less."

"Then—say four hundred and fifty thousand—would that seem to you an unfair price for that property—everything considered?"

"Hmph! I only wish we could get it for that! If those fellows don't hold out for a million, they're amateurs. The loss of time in tunneling around them is more serious than the cost of it."

"Well, you may have a clear title for the four hundred and fifty thousand, Mr. Garrison. I represent the purchasers, and I guess I'm about the only amateur in the game. I stipulated when the deal was made that you should be allowed to buy in at a fair and reasonable price."

Garrison looked at the younger man with a grin of mingled appreciation and disgust.

"Garth, you seem to be learning the rudiments of the game, but you're too damned conscientious to ever make a Captain of Industry. Do you mind telling us what that property cost you?"

"Forty-five thousand—cash. I put up twenty, and Mr. L. K. Jennings, the balance. At four hundred and fifty thousand, I guess we're satisfied if you are."

"Hmph! If Jennings doesn't feel that he's charging up a cool half million to charity, I don't know the man."

Later, when the moon came up, Garth invited Miss Beatrice to run up the *cañon* with him in the cab of the construction engine, he acting as his own driver and stoker. And with a brief, questioning glance at her father, she consented.

They had passed several gangs of the night shift in Section 14, busily at work under arc-lights and calciums, and, recognizing him in the cab of the engine, the men had cheered him enthusiastically for the way in which he had handled Arizona Jake a few hours earlier. They were keenly alive to the fact that had a single shot from that ruffian's Colt struck the mass of stored dynamite in the shed, several hundred men and part of the *cañon* would have been blown out of existence.

Then, with the moonlight faintly illuminating the white rapids, nine hundred feet below them, and the forges gleaming like red sparks in the Inferno, a swaying trestle made her again clutch nervously at his arm. This time, it slipped around her waist and held her close to him as, with the other hand on the throttle, he hitched the engine over the trestle, a few turns at a time.

"Trixy, I want you—bad. You're the one woman I've ever met that I care for—and I guess I began to care—to want you all for myself—the first time we met. You're an all-around good fellow, and you can't guess how lonesome I am away from you. Will you? Think you could learn to care a little, too?"

"I—I—Pem., I think you ought to be ashamed of yourself for springing this on me just when I'd made up my mind that you hadn't any more nerve than a wooden Indian, where a girl was concerned! Mercy! The engine has stopped! What's the matter? Wont the spark catch? Something gone wrong with the clutch?" Her knowledge of mechanics had been derived mainly from motor-cars.

"You haven't answered me yet. This means a lot to me, girl."

"How can I think of such matters when I don't know whether this thing is going to blow up or not! Why doesn't it move? Oh, well—if you *must* know——I—oh, Pem. I *do* care—honest, I *do!* Mm-m-m—*please!* Someone may be looking. I'm glad your face is cleaner than your clothes. *Why* doesn't this bothersome little engine go *on!*"

"Hmph! 'Cause I'm busy — that's why. I can run an engine with one hand—but it takes both arms to hold a man's future wife, properly."

The Pilgrims

BY REM A. JOHNSTON

TWO came out of the Country of Long Ago, which lies hard by the Land of Dreams. It was a "grail journey"—sort of—and undertaken in the glory of youth. The "grail" they sought, however—had they been disposed to admit that they were seeking for anything—was not a jeweled cup, nor was it honor and riches: it was only *home* and the peace of unselfish love.

This being true, it was rather strange that the pilgrims could get no further along the way than the same stuffy apartment-house and the same billowing masses of hungry, weary people that storm the elevated stations at five-thirty to six each evening. But, more unusual even than this, was the fact that although the pilgrims had always been looking just for each other and had lodged for many months in the same house (their roads criss-crossing like little paths in the wood) they never met until both saw the bird flapping brokenly on the planking near the automatic gum machine at the Madison street station.

The man reached the victim first, with leisurely curiosity. Then something of the tragedy of the moment touched his heart, that was still jangled with the day's work.

"It looks—why, it looks like a bird from—back home," he said, softly.

And although his soul must have known it before, his brain did not sense the presence of the woman till he was startled by her voice in his ear—a voice that caught him up in wonder and amazement.

"Its wing is broken!" the woman cried with a half sob.

"So it seems," the man admitted, stupidly.

And then he glanced at the possessor of the voice, and all the untunefulness of the day disappeared.

She was not a young woman, and the world would not have attributed to her any particular beauty. She was short and thin of face and figure. Yet it seemed to Fletcher as if she had the air of Our Lady of Mercy about her.

"I wonder if—it could be mended—set?" she asked, hesitatingly.

Fletcher poked the bird tenderly with his umbrella.

"It's pretty far gone," he said with a sigh. "And I see it is only one of those little chimney sparrows—very common. Odd of me—for a moment I had an idea that it was from back—"

In spite of his brutality of suggestion, which really came from the numbness of the situation, he knelt and took the palpitating bunch of feathers in his hand. His tenderness, however, was unaccustomed, and besides he was thinking of something else.

The woman watched his bungling, uneasily. She wondered whether, in his rough ministrations, he would kill the bird; and she felt a surprise that his ways were not wholly unfamiliar to her; and finally, she guessed from the stoop of his shoulders and the strong line of his jaw that she had sometimes seen him in the distance, on the stairway or in the far lower hall, or in a dream, perhaps.

Soon, however, her mind turned to a pretty misery of fear. Watching with jealous, eager eyes, she could scarcely keep from snatching the dying creature away from him. Her fingers clasped and unclasped. When the man paused in his clumsy, unavailing efforts the woman's repressed, embryonic motherhood commanded him:

"Give it to me," she said, fiercely, as if it had been her child. "You'll kill it."

And she tucked the bird, whose eyes were now dim with fright and pain, into her trifle of a hand-bag, being careful to see that plenty of air could get in to the quivering, protesting lungs.

"It will die before you can get it home," the man remarked with cruel certainty.

Then he knew that he had touched her sorely, and he was sorry.

"I'm going to give it a chance to live —anyhow," the woman insisted, savagely. "Some dying things don't get even the chance."

By intuition he knew that she meant herself—that she had spoken unconsciously of herself—and a faint question flashed through his mind, which was wonder whether she had not, in a way, spoken of him, also.

"That's so," he admitted, quietly. "I wish you may save it. And there goes my express."

"It was mine, too," said the woman.

She lifted the hand-bag up in her arms, and turning away, rocked it against her breast, as a mother rocks a sick child. And she crooned a bit of a song—a lullaby which was not out of an opera.

The man leaned against a post that furnished support to the roof of the station, and watched her, the warm content of such a moment sweeping over him. Around him the great city rose sparklingly out of the spring dusk. A million lights gleamed and dazzled across the limitless area of buildings. A pall of smoke, rising phantom-like from the factory section, seemed pinned to the western sky with a great star. There was a warm, wet tang in his nostrils as if the breath of all the homes in the city threw up common incense to God. Strange paradox—for the first time in many years, although he was alone, yet he was not lonely.

To him the woman's countenance shone like the pictured face of some Madonna—not an old face in the least, nor a very tired face, now. Her voice came through his revery with a crinkling murmur that called to memory. When had he heard that same wordless humming before?

Now, a distant light warned him that another express was on the way. He would not have ventured to speak to the woman again, though great was his desire, had he not seen that in her absorption she was likely again to miss her car. The temptation to prolong the pleasure put huskiness into his tones.

"There's our express," he announced brusquely.

The crowd rushed and scrambled by them like a splattering, angry bit of sea, locked in behind a dyke, eager to break through, and so get home. Soon Fletcher saw that he must give place to the woman, and he made a rift in the mass that she might pass on in tolerable comfort. In the pushing backward, however, he lost his chance and the gate snapped shut in his face. His Lady of Mercy had passed!

It may be that to most men all this would have been a mere incident—a bright-colored fragment of the kaleidoscopic day—something to forget at the end of a cigar. But Fletcher was not like most men. And besides the little gray woman with the bird at her bosom aroused something that had been asleep within him for years.

As he let himself into the house and stumbled up stairs an hour later than his usual time, never did hall bedroom look more lonesome and unattractive. The old rusty-brown pictures on the walls, the worn backs of his few books in a tottery case, the dusty, uncomfortable, bare rocking chairs, and the harsh unshaded, unlighted oil lamp reproached him. He felt like laughing grimly — then he stopped, for he found that some one had shoved a letter beneath his door during his absence, and that it was lying there awaiting his attention. Who, in that house, had written to him?

He unfolded the letter, which was, after all, the merest sliver of a note:

> One who loves birds begs the privilege of thanking a kind-hearted gentleman—also a courteous one.

So then!

He sat down by his open window, where the night sounds swept up to him, and a small, friendly breeze breathed coolly upon him, and slapped him playfully upon the cheek. The reek of the day was clearing out of the air, and it was taking on the freshness of the lake. This was his place to think—here by the window.

There was no signature to the letter, but it had been delivered by some one who knew where he roomed. She must be living in this very house! No wonder her voice had seemed familiar! Strange he had not been able to place it before! And he must have heard that crooning before—in his sleep, perhaps. Now he recalled the music of an occasional laugh in the corridor or on the stair. Strange that this voice had never before penetrated his consciousness as it had to-night! He reflected that people live and die in apartment houses, and know not the names nor the faces of each other!

"One who loves birds begs the privilege—"

He had been about to remove his coat and brew something restful for twisting nerves, and he had laid out his pipe and Thoreau. But now he changed his mind, took up his hat and went out again. When he returned, however, he was at peace—for he knew the name of the woman who loved birds, and he knew that her room was directly over his own, two flights up, and that her window looked upon the same shabby street with its sickly tree or so, just as his own did. And he guessed that she used an oil lamp as he did, preferring the yellow "ease of eyes" to electricity or gas—or maybe because it was cheaper. In this apartment house many things were used and done because the use or the doing meant saved money.

It was quite bed time when Fletcher remembered that he had not smoked—but that did not seem to matter. He sat thinking vaguely of the woman—how her hair seemed to flow in black waves across small pink ears, how her eyes were both blue and gray and lake-deep, how her mouth had a sweet, crooked twist to it—that look which stamped her soul as beautiful. But above all, there was her voice. He weighed the sweetness of each syllable she had uttered — there was motherhood in that voice. He fell asleep thinking of it; he awoke in the morning rested and refreshed, thinking about it still. Through a whole day and a whole week he thought of it at happy intervals.

Fletcher was not a forward sort of a man. A far from high-class practical draughtsman who has been an office underling for years is not apt to be forward. So it took a great number of days to make up his mind what to do. He didn't know anybody who could introduce them; and he wasn't the sort to crowd recognition in a dim hallway, no matter what his excuse. He longed for the old-fashioned boarding house and the small parlor with the large green parrot—only he guessed that the woman would never have gone there. He hit upon visiting Spreckles, the electrician, who had a flat on the first floor, opening into the brightest section of the lower hallway—he had done some work for Spreckles once. But Spreckles had no time to visit with him in the evening, and also he disliked keeping his hall door open—the room did not seem excessively warm to him. So Fletcher gave Spreckles up and decided to keep his own door open; but only once or twice did he see the woman's shadow flit by, and he could swear that her head was averted even then. He could not meet her at the corner news-stand, nor at the next door drug-store, nor at the elevated station. Then, too, he guessed that she was avoiding him for some woman's whim, and the hot blood went over him, increasing his unwonted timidity.

It was desperation at last that caused Fletcher to send his letter upward to this Dulcinea—only he did not send it upward, but by way of the postoffice and the superfluous city carrier. He had taken some pains with that letter, too, and he thought that it was a rather clever piece of daring—especially the last phrase.

Mr. Philip Fletcher, who has lived here for ten years, and is a draughtsman for Smithers & Co., wants to ask of Miss Morgan if the bird got well—and may he call to see it?

Had he not been in love at an age when a man should think of other things, he would have known at once that his letter was very foolish indeed. As it was, he did not much expect to get an answer, and it was several empty days before what he longed for materialized.

When the reply did come, it was decorously addressed, stamped and postmarked, showing that it was no spurious document, but had come by the same proper, conventional road along which his own inquiry had been sent.

But, after all, letters are of little help in this world. Fletcher found Miss Morgan's to be most unsatisfying—yes, tantalizing. True, she had answered him succinctly and completely, even to the bold last phrase of his own, which had seemed so pleasing when he sent it off.

> Bird well and gone, long ago. You may call at the door to inquire—when it comes back.

He counted the words—eighteen of them, and two sentences. A faint perfume exhaled from the paper. He examined the writing carefully, the odd trick of brain and memory bringing back to him the sweetness of her twisted smile. He could see her once more against the hazy twilight targe, the great smoke rolling up in the dayless dome, and the million lights dancing out over the world of hulk-like buildings and myriad shadows —could see her rocking the bird against her breast like a mother. And then hot hope rose in him, to put aside mockery of fate and dumb endurance.

"Lady, good and merciful," he said, "I've fooled away enough time wishing. I am going to meet you now—and to marry you later if I may."

The pipe and the book which he had taken out according to his evening custom, he put away. He knew that he was going to do an unpardonable thing, so far as etiquette goes—and he was glad of it. After all, his jaw was a trifle square for the jaw of a pilgrim and a sentimentalist.

The stair was dark and narrow, and the steam of the summer day—it was deep summer now—made the passage seem like gehenna. A mild wonder swept through Fletcher's mind that anybody should live on the fourth floor of an apartment house like this. Why—she could not be so very—forehanded. The last flight uncarpeted, too!

Now he recalled, upon the memorable evening of their meeting, her dress had seemed a trifle shabby, though that fact had never awakened in his consciousness till this moment.

The boards on the upper flight were loose, and protested, with many squeakings, at his uneven, heavy tread. At her threshold—the door was open—he stumbled hesitatingly. There was no sound from within. Was she not there? And what was the influence that made him pause? Where was the fine fury of courage now? When he was a great boy at home this same influence had pervaded his mother's and sister's rooms. It was a bit like going into—well, church, say!

But he did go in; now that he had come so far upon the way, there must be no turning back. He hadn't an idea what he meant to say, but he must say something neat and plausible.

She was not there! No? How homelike the room was—from the cheap white curtains to the rocking chair with cushions. Here was a tawdry floor pillow to stumble over, too. How comfortable it made things look! She was old-fashioned, also, for there was a wool tidy!

The evening was very warm, and the late edge of dusk lay sweetly but oppressively upon the empty room. Empty? His eye caught at a screen by the window. No, the room was not empty. The woman sat, her head against the edge of the sill, her face half buried in a poor little pot of flowers. She was asleep—asleep from fatigue. He had never known before how tired women get over the day's grind in down-town offices. Asleep, with everything about her speaking of longing and dejection and need. The things that were overmastering him announced themselves eloquently here in the woman, now that she was alone and off her guard.

A feeling of shame and uncertainty swept over Fletcher. He had come up to press what would doubtless be an unwelcome acquaintance, and one more load upon the shoulders of a girl already worn out by the cruelties of the day. A great pause followed—the noise of the city jeered at him mumblingly from the distance. He was there without excuse, and the bird which was his only logical salvation had been gone these many weeks.

It was then that his blundering foot aroused the woman, and she stood up at once, in pretty, uncommon fright, her eyes striking across to him, gray and clear, level with their inquiry. A long moment followed.

Fletcher was vexed that his tongue stopped against his teeth and he had nothing at once to say.

"I came"—he began at last, but got no further. There was an appeal in his face and figure that no woman could disregard.

The Lady of Mercy came forward. She did not look startled now—merely questioning. What was he there to say? She waited his words with pretty courtesy.

And then, of course, the god that helps all honest lovers came adroitly to his support. Out of the dusky night a bird —a little chimney sparrow, lone-wandering and crumb-hunting—settled on the window sill. Fletcher did not speak—he pointed silently. His glances were on the fearless bird. And of course the woman, who had had her dreams, too, understood and thought that the fire in Fletcher's eyes was something like the light that must have burned in *Parsifal's*.

"It's the same bird," the man said gently. "That is a miracle. It came back to prove that I might have my chance—to call—to inquire—"

And again she understood. Those who have sought the grail (which is home) for many years have a way of knowing when it is found at last. But she put her hands up before her smiling lips.

"You were to call at the door when it came back," said she.

Even in common conversation the man found that her voice held that supernal mothering note—that alluring accent of all good women which strengthens when they are at last ready to turn away from loneliness and to become mothers of men.

"There was no door," he told her stupidly.

They laughed together merrily. And that there might be no witness of the beginning of the end of the pilgrimage, now that the grail was in sight, the sparrow chirped, and flew away.

Shamballah

The Lodge of The Great White Brotherhood

BY HENRY C. ROWLAND

Author of "The Forest of His Fathers," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

'TIS many times ye've asked me for the tale, Docthor, and belike ye do be thinkin' me a stubborn mule av a man and ongrateful beside. But 'tis nayther kapes me silent, for have ye not saved Kathleen's life and put me in your iverlastin' debt? Nor is it Sir Jawn's advice to hold me tongue, for has not a man the right to spake av what he has seen and suffered? No sor,—'tis only that the story is not wan as I'd ask any man to belave, and faith! I find it harrud mesilf, now that 'tis all left so far behind. But since it is your wish, sor, thin here goes, and would ye mind aisin' me pillows a bit and closin' the door, lest Kathleen hear a wurrud that would bring on anither av her spells.

'Tis at Ballyshannon Hall on Lough Ree that me tale begins. A grrand ould pile av stones belongin' always to the Roscommons; not Lord Roscommon, sor, but the cadet branch. And 'tis me own paypul, the Kenneys, have always been on the place, game-keepers and the like.

Whin ould Sir Patrick died, his son, the Major, resigned his commission and come home from Injia, bringin' wid him

his bride av a month, me Lady. A soldier to the heels av him was Sir Jawn; he had the eye av an aigle and the jaw av a fightin' man, and me Lady, his Colonel's daughter as was, made a fit mate to him. A wonder av a woman, me Lady, as ye have seen yersilf, sor; so tall and straight and strong, wid hair like ripe corn and eyes as blue and flashin' as Lough Ree wid the wather ruffled be the wind.

'Twas a question which av thim two wud take command, for me Lady had both wit and will and Sir Jawn was a masterful man. But for me the burnin' question was not me Lady, but Kathleen, her maid, brought wid her from Injia, the daughter av a sergeant and turnin' up her pretty nose at all civilians. Ye've seen Kathleen, sor, worn out wid hardship and small wonder, poor lamb! But ye shud see her well, wid the roses in her cheeks and her eyes like sapphires and hair as black as the wing av a crow and the wisps av it curlin' round her saucy, taisin' face.

'Twas mad about her I was from the start, but sorr' a bit she cared for the likes av me or any other at Roscommon Hall.

Six months passed and 'twas plain to all that though the Master was foolish in love wid me Lady, and she carin' for him, there was somethin' wrong bechune thim. Many's the hot dispute they had, ridin' over the moors wid me followin' behind. But not ayvin Mister Mungon the butler cud learn what 'twas all about and him, poor man, near dead wid worry and curiosity.

"'Tis all beyant me, Michael," says he to me, flingin' his hands wid despair. "Phwat the divil 'tis all about hivin only knows! But I hov an idee 'tis some silly matter av larnin'. Me Lady is forivir readin' in thim big books she brought wid her and expoundin' to Sir Jawn and him poo-poohin' and talkin' av rubbish and gammon and sneerin' at Hindoo fakirs and all."

"Phwat is the name av this same book av me Lady's?" I asked.

"'Tis some haythin name and translated be wan Subba Rhat," says he. "I've had a peep inside but not wan wurrud av sinse cud I make av it all," says he. "But me Lady takes it for gospel and Sir Jawn does not. Belike 'tis wan av thim haythin religions."

I asked Kathleen about it all wan night, but she only shtuck up her pretty nose and towld me to go sweep out the kinnils.

Thin' wan day 'twas noised about that Sir Jawn and me Lady was lavin' for furrin parts. I asked Kathleen if 'twas so and the colleen told me that it was; and her eyes grew more tinder when she said that she was goin' too.

That ayvenin' Sir Jawn rode alone, me followin'. Comin' home he motioned me to ride be his side.

"Your misthress and I are goin' away, Michael," says he, twistin' his long mustache.

No doubt he saw be me face how the news struck me, for the piercin' eyes av him looked at me curious-like.

"What's the matter?" says he, and I felt the hot blood pourin' into me face.

"Me Lady will be takin' Kathleen, sor?" I asked, wid a dry mout'.

"Ho!" says he, "so that's where the shoe pinches! Yes, me lad, Kathleen is goin' too."

"Yer honor is goin' far away?" I made bold to ask.

He scowled and nodded. "Aye," says he, "we are goin' far—very far—" and added under his breat': "On a fool's errand to look for something that does not exist."

I tuk me courage in both hands. "Maybe ye might be naydin' a man-servant, sor," says I.

"Eh?" says he, givin' me a piercin' look. "Hm'ph!" says he, and begun to tug at his mustache.

For a mile nayther av us spoke. Then says Sir Jawn, twistin' in his saddle:

"Look here, me lad," says he, "if I take you wid me it may be that ye will nivir see Ballyshannon agen. 'Tis possible that ye may lose your life," says he.

"Sir Jawn," says I, "'Twould not be the first time that a Kenny had followed a Roscommon to his death."

Faith, this was true enough, for had not me own grandfather been killed in Injia, servin' under Sir Jawn's uncle?

'Twas plain me answer plazed him, though nivir a word he spoke until we reached the Hall. Thin, says he:

"Very good, me lad. You shall come along," says he.

Siveral days later we left for London and there we stopped a week while Sir Jawn bought all manner av truck, tints and campin' gear and the like. Whin all was ready we sailed on the P. and O., arrivin' in time at Calcutta, where we stopped for some days, and then wint be rail up counthry to Darjeeling.

"A thrip into the hills," says Sir Jawn, to all that questioned him. "Lady Roscommon was homesick for Injia and wanted a closer look at Everest and a glimpse of Thibet."

Well, sor, we set out from Darjeeling, the four av us whites on mountain ponies, wid a pack av shikarries and a dozen squat little Gourkhas paddlin' up under loads ye would not pack upon a moke. Up we went, and everlastin' up, bechune treminjous mountains, the tops av thim pokin' at the roof av hivin, solid wid snow and ice. Up we went, always higher, and a man cud not walk the trail a hundred yards without pantin' to burst his heart and ye cud drink bilin' tea and niver scald your mout'. Through the Jelapla Pass we filed, and thin along and through the Kharu Pass, wid the grrand snow mountains to right and lift, Kunchinjinga, mostly smothered in clouds, and ould Everest beyant, loomin' so high a man must dislocate his neck to see the top.

'Twas the road to Lhassa we followed, though warned to lave it at Gyangste, which we did, though not before runnin' foul av some Lamas—which same are no great matther, bein' all noise and blusther and not havin' the heart av a hare. Two hundred av thim wud not face us, but fired their ould fusees and scampered off—barrin' some two or three we left in the rocks for the snow leopards; and after that they hung about, spyin' us out but kapin' well out av range. Others more payceful we passed, tellin' their beads like Christians and whirlin' their foolish prayer-mills. "Omne mani padme hun . . . omne mani padme hun," says they, over and over and over. Twice we had a bit av a brush wid the Dakus, and they were no better fightin' men than the Lamas, nor better armed, havin' the same fusees wid two sticks on the barrel to rest it on whin they shot.

On past Gyangste we wint and still on past Shigatse, then up and over the Brahmaputra to Namling. 'Tis an awful counthry that, sor, wid the days fryin' hot and the nights stiff wid cold and the wind tearin' the skin from your face. Small good to plasther wid cold cream and the like; it cut through like a razor and 'twas only be plastherin' wid melted tallow, lavin' it to harden, that ye cud save an inch av hide.

'Twas at Namling the Gourkhas shtruck, havin' bargained to go on only to the rim av the plain. Nothin' wud kape thim, but off they wint and the shikarries wid thim, so we got Thibetan packers and a sorrier lot I niver saw, bein' black wid filth and rotten wid disayse. But 't was the best we could do, so we cut down the loads and shtarted out across the plain, holdin' due north.

From now on the travelin' was rough, sor, and no way fittin' for women, but me Lady and Kathleen nivir uttered wan complaint. In time 'twas rougher still, and to make matthers worse the farther we got from the counthry the harder it grew to hold the porters and to kape thim from skippin' out wid the packs. Most av thim was Shokas and lumps av mud they was and fearful av dacoits. But the robbers thimsilves was no braver, and siveral times whin they'd got up courage enough to attack 'twas nivir but wan shot they'd fire, and wid the echo here wud be the porters runnin' wan way and the dacoits the other, and 't would be an hour's job gittin' the porters back agin.

Thin wan night all of the porters but two deserted, takin' wid thim the packs, and 'twas a bad fix we were in, many days journey to the nort' and at the fut av a big range av snow mountains, wid the plains behind us all bare and bleak and swept be that turrible wind. Forninst us on a stape hill was the tumblin' ruins av an ould fort, and on a rock at the base, wan o' thim big carvin's in

'Twas the road to Lhassa we followed

Chinese like was sprinkled all over that haythin counthry. Sir Jawn told me 'twas the iverlastin' "omne mani padme hun" which the paypul were foriver mumblin' and meant that Buddha was born from the flower av a lotus, or some such thruck.

'Twas here I spoke my mind to the Master, which same I nivir wud have done, only for the women.

"I don't know for what we are here, sor, nor what it is that your honor and me Lady find agreeable in this horrid counthry," says I, "but 'tis plain as the nose on me face that we've rached the end av our shtring and that 'tis madness to go on. The porters have eloped—bad cess to thim—wid most av the grub and there's no fodder for the ponies. You and me are now afoot, sor, and me Lady's baste is on the last legs av him, and Kathleen's no better."

Sir Jawn looked at me and scowled.

"You are right, Michael," says he. "'Tis a foolish expedishun this, and I niver thought we'd get as far as we have. I have only held on, hopin' each hour that your misthress would come to her senses and call a halt," says he. "But she seems to be made av ice and iron."

"Whativer does me lady see in this place, sor," says I, "that she still wants to go on?"

Sir Jawn frowned. "Ye would not understand, me lad," says he, "but this much I'll tell ye! If we turn back now the wife and I must separate foriver," says he.

'Twas not for me to say more, so I touched me cap and wint about to make the camp. There was still food for some days, for wan av the men was leadin' a yak we'd bought a ways back and loaded wid food and the tint.

That night, sor, I questioned Kathleen. 'Twas a great change had come over the gurrul since we'd left the Himalayas behind us and set oursilves to walk along that wind-swipt ridge-pole of the wurruld. The poor child had softened-like, not in her spirit—which was ayqual to that of any of us—but she'd lost all of that impidence which was as much a part av her as tayth or hair. But that night I dhrew Kathleen to one side and we sat in the dark on the carved rock, she wid her head on me shoulder and her little hand clasped in mine.

"Mike," says she, wid a break to her voice, "I fear I'm losin' me courage. Whiniver are we goin' to lave this fearful place?"

"Faith, darlin'," said I, "ye know better nor me. Phwativer are we doin' here at all, at all? That same is what's worryin' me sick. The Master's a fool, and that's what!" says I, clane losin' all patience and respict.

"'Tis not the fault of the Master," says Kathleen.

"Whose else?" says I. "Why does he not act like a man and turn face about and march back the way we come? He has no more heart than we for trapsein' through this crazy counthry to satisfy the whim av a foolish woman. Is he not able to make his wife obey?"

Kathleen buried her face agin me shoulder.

"Michael," says she, "me Lady is no wife to Sir Jawn."

"Phwat?" says I.

"No, Michael," says the gurrul, and wint on to tell me an amazin' tale. It seems, sor, that whin Sir Jawn wint courtin' me Lady she was full to the brim av Hindoo taychins and was minded to be a sort av haythin nun. But Sir Jawn was pressin' and wud not be put off, and more than that, no doubt she loved him in spite av hersilf. So when ould Sir Pathrick died and Sir Jawn must go home to inherit he wint to her and said: "I cannot give you up!" says he; "only marry me and live undher me roof and I will niver ask more av ye!" says he. "Do you rayly mean that?" says me Lady. "I do," says Sir Jawn. "Better that than to part from you. I have nivir loved any woman before and nivir will again, and if your heart does not in time draw you to me to have and to hold, I will nivir reproach ye!" says he.

'Twas me Lady hersilf told this to Kathleen and whin the gurrul had told it me, many things was plain that had puzzled me. So me Lady and Sir Jawn was married and came to Ballyshannon, where me Lady kipt on wid studyin' her books and thryin' for what she called

"consciousniss;" and all the time Sir Jawn, poor man, half mad wid the want av her, but kaypin' always to his given wurrud. And at last it seemed as if me Lady was about to yield. Thin, wan morning, Kathleen found her wid flushed cheeks and eyes like stars. Whin the Master kem to see her she cried out, nivir mindin' Kathleen:

"It's come!" says she: "It's come at last!"

The Master grew pale as death. "Phwat has come?" says he.

"The astrul consciousness!" says me Lady. "I have seen it! Oh, Jawn, I have seen it!"

"Seen what?" asks the Master.

"Shamballah!" says me Lady. "The Lodge av the Great White Brotherhood!"

Wid that she told him av a dhream, though she spoke as if 'twere a rayle journey. She had been to Benares, she said, and from there clane over the Himalayas, passin' over the top av Everest and due nort' toward the Pole Star. Straight as an arrer she wint, across the Brahmaputra, across the plains, past the ice-mountains and glaciers and all, until she came at last to a lake wid a huge rampart av mountains all shtraight up and down. She had been over ponds wid the wather all a-boil and volcanoes a-blazin' agin the sky, and seen the herds av kiang and antelopes benathe; and thin on the shore av the Movin' Lake she had looked to the East and seen a great square mountain, and on the top av it was miles an' miles av palaces, all rosy-pink in the sunrise. The sight was too much for her, and she had fallen in a faint; and whin she woke she was back in her bed at Roscommon Hall.

Whin Kathleen told me all this, sor, I was that angry 'twas all I cud do to kape from swearin'.

"And all av this waste av time and money and the hardship we've suffered has kem from the dhream av a silly woman!" says I.

But Kathleen laid her hand on me lips.

"Michael," says she, "'twas more than a dhream! At the first Sir Jawn filt like yersilf, but whin me Lady began to describe, bit by bit, all that she had seen 'twas plain that she was describin' rale things. But whin she finished and said wid a sob: 'So you see, Jawn, 'tis quite impossible—quite!' the Master brought his fist down on the dhressin' table wid a bang.

"'No, by G———!' says he. 'Nivir! I'll grant ye that 'twas a rale flight,' says he, 'for 'tis plain ye have seen Benares and the Dango Pass, and the Lung Ching monastery,' says he. 'But any Hindoo fakir might do the same. As for Shamballah, 'tis mere fantasy,' says he, 'and nothin' cud iver make me belave the contrary!'

"Then says me Lady, soft and gintle:

"'Shamballah is there, Jawn. Shall we go and see with our own eyes?'

"Sir Jawn stared. Thin, 'H'mph!' says he, 'and suppose we don't find it?'

"'I can find it,' says me Lady. 'All av that counthry is stamped on me mind in lines av flame,' says she. ''Tis due nort' av Everest until we come to the glaciers, and thin 'tis a bit to the east, straight to the Gobi Desert. One can't go wrong!' says she. 'Will you go with me and be convinced, dear?'

"'And suppose we find nothin' but rocks and ice?' says Sir Jawn.

"'Thin,' says me Lady, dhroppin' her eyes. 'You have won.'"

'Twas a quare shtory, sor, now was it not? And 'twas more than quare, for Kathleen told me that me Lady, before iver we rayched the summit av the Kharu Pass, had deschribed all av the counthry layin' beyant, and sure enough, 'twas all as she had said.

Well, sor, 'twas comfortin' to know that there was some rayson for our bein' there, avin if 'twas a mad one—and more comfortin' shtill the followin' day whin the clouds lifted off the mountains beyant and me Lady cries out:

"The glaciers, Jawn! There are the glaciers ahid—and the snow peak on the lift! We are on our course!"

Onward we thraveled, sor, and I'll not be takin' the time to deschribe the route. We crossed thim turrible plains, and wan afther the other the ponies died and the wimmin wint on afoot. Thin the yak died and we cut him up and hard-

ened the mate be dippin' it in the wather av a bitter lake and dhryin' the strips in the fierce wind. Aich night it snowed and we gathered the snow in a pan and thawed it daytimes in the sun, for divil a shplinter av wood there was, nor a blade av grass. Wan mornin' I found the two porters, aich wid the throat av him cut from ear to ear, which same the poor haythin done wid their own hands, seein' naught but sufferin' and starvation ahid, so the Master and I shouldered the packs and on we wint. Sir Jawn had grown hard and silent as a rock and 'twas sildom wan av us shpoke; but me Lady thramped along wid a strength not av mortal woman, and Kathleen shtumbled afther her and aich night sobbed hersilf to slape in me arrums.

Daytimes the sun blazed down and sint the shivers t'rough us and at night the bitter frost froze thim to our bones, while the northern lights blazed over the ice-mountains and the stars shivered in the roarin' wind. Little did we ate, thim days, but little did we seem to nade; and thin the food was all gone and we might have shtarved had we not come to a shteamin' lake wid shtrange big burruds hoppin' on the brim. Some av these we killed wid a blow from a gun-barril, for the craychures wud not fly; and in the lake, which ye cud hardly set fut to be rayson av the hayte, were quare black bastes, flappin' and bilin' and blowin' froth from the mout's av thim.

Here we camped t'ree days to rist, thin on agen, along the borders av the lake to where the glaciers met it on the ither side, and the ice was rotten and twisted and full av caves. Wid me Lady pintin' out the way, we found a pass in the hills, thin down a valley full av mist, and there we found signs av human bein's. 'Twas here, wan day, while pokin' through the fog we kem on big herds av kiang and antelope, and later rayched a village where the paypul thried to turn us back, not be force, but persuadin'. They were nayther Chinese nor yet Thibetans, but tall and shtraight and fair complected as oursilves, and wid sad, mournful faces. Seein' that we wud not turn aside, they gave us flour and p'raties and a sort av turnip; but no mayte did we see. Not wan av thim would stir a fut, but they gave us a yak, and we wint away across a grassy plain—wid antelopes and big hares the size av a pointer dog.

How many days we thraveled I disremember; but the nights spun round like the hands av a clock, and 'twas then we marched the most, follyin' a star and slapin' t'rough the hayte av the day. Thin the mountains closed in agen, wid big trees growin' up bechune the stones and glaciers and waterfalls; and whin it grew dark there was red, glowin' spots agin the sky and the rain fell in torrints and was muddy and smellin' av sulphur. We came to a pass where the yak cud not go, so we killed the baste and cut him up, and went on wid as much av the mayte as we cud carry. For now there was no thought av turnin' back; 'twas like as if a curse was on us all, and we must stagger on and on until we dhropped. Sir Jawn's beard was on his chist, and me own head was a red mop, and me Lady was all tawny hair and bones and her face shinin' wid a sort av wild beauty. Kathleen, poor darlin', whimpered like a frightened pup and cript into me arrums at ivery stop.

Thin shtrange things begun to happen. Wan night—'twas on a high rocky pass, bechune two towerin' snow-peaks—I woke to hear a *thramp—thramp—thramp* of many fayte, and looked down to see an arrmy marchin' up the gorge in the stale moonlight. Their hilmets was av shimmerin' gold and the bristplates shone like red-hot metal and the spear-heads danced and flickered like tongues av flame. Up they kem, trampin' and flashin', and the waves ran t'rough the ranks like wind in a field av corn.

I shlipped me blanket over Kathleen and stole over to wake Sir Jawn, but he was watchin' thim, his chin on his fist and a frown on his face. Up and still up kem the arrmy, thramp, thrampin' along, but gettin' no nearer—and thin, as we watched, there kem a roarin' to the right and the whole side av the mountain begun to move. Faster it wint and still faster, and an avalanche kem slidin' down, rocks rollin' wid ice and snow, tumblin' and billowin' and spoutin' all

golden yellow in the moonlight. Down it sped atop the arrmy, laypin' forward like a breakin' wave, while the mountain shook and tottered and a groan wint up from the bowils av it. And thin all was silent as the grave, and av the arrmy no trace was lift; and there was the track below us just as it had been before, wid no sign av the avalanche that mortal eye cud see.

Wid me hearrt quakin' in me chist I looked at Sir Jawn. Not wan inch had he budged, but sat the same, his bearded chin on the knuckles av him.

"G'amour!" says he. "Glamour—" and twisted the blanket about his shoulders and stretched himself to slape; and I wint back to Kathleen, who was twitchin' and mumblin' like a tired little dog.

Over the pass we wint and down be a narrow windin' way, where we gripped the side av the nakid rock, wid the wathers roarin' under the mist a thousand fayte below. Thin, wan ayvenin' as the day was darkenin', we kem out onto a wind-swipt ridge—whin all to wanst the low-lyin' clouds rolled up around the edges and far in the distance we saw a solid line av white-rimmed mountains risin' shtraight and sheer, like the wall av some giant's park. So strange it was that one cud not belave 'twas nature made it; for the line av the top was square and clane, wid sharp sentinels av peaks, spaced ayvenly, aich wan a thriangle, and cut from snow and ice. Right across our thrack wint this wall, disappearin' to the eastward in the low-lyin' cloud-bank.

Me Lady gave wan luk, thin flung out her arrums wid a shriek.

"'Tis there!" cries she. "The Wall av the Devas! 'Tis there, undher the clouds lies the Movin' Lake—and beyond the lake, the Table Mountain; and on its crest—*Shamballah!*"

Soon the clouds came down agin, hidin' the wall, and the big, gray billows rolled off away from us, dhriven by the devastatin' wind, and we made our camp in the shelter av wan o' thim big rocks cut wid the iverlastin' *"Omne mani padme hun."*

Down from the heights we clum and into the warrum plain, filled wid mist, and the big hares lol-lollupin' to right and lift. Thicker grew the fog and not over a hunder' yards cud wan see, and that not worth the seein'. For a wonder the wind was shtill, and all the mornin' we bhlundered through the mist, the turf springy and warrum under our fayte, wid little mushrooms sproutin' here and there and a pervadin' smell like the mold av a room long closed.

'Twas while we were movin' on, that all to wanst we saw a movin' objec' through the murk; and here was a man, down on all fours on the sod. We shtopped and hailed him, but divil a wan did he notice at all. Walkin' closer, we saw that he was eatin' av the little mushrooms—not as a man wud do, by pluckin' thim and puttin' them to his mout'—but muzzlin' like a baste. Close to, he turned and shtared at us undher his arrum and the face av him was bleak and bony, wid shaggy hair, all matted wid dirt and filt'.

Sir Jawn poked the crachure wid his fut, but it only moved away, hobblin' like a lame sheep. *"Mani—mani—mani—mani—"* says he, and tuk to croppin' at the sod agin.

Ayvin me Lady shuddered, and we went on, layvin' the thing in the fog. Before long, here was anithir av the bastes loomin' forninst us, and this time 'twas a man on his fayte a-walkin' 'round and 'round a stone. No sound did he make nor did he notice us, but kept on walkin' 'round and 'round. A big tall man it was, wid gaunt bones; and what face showed t'rough his hair was like the face av wan long dead; and the finger nails was long and curved; and we saw how he walked in a groove, worn a fut deep in the steamin' eart'; and on the stone was the iverlastin' sign: *"Omne mani padme hun."*

The first mayte we'd had for long was in the valley, and small nade to shoot a gun—for the big hares came lollopin' up and stood starin' and twitchin' wid the noses av thim, and batin' their hocks on the turf—while we clipped thim on the head wid a gun-barril. Wood there was, the same, scatthered here and beyant like as if lift be a flood, and the ground was soggy and warm to the touch—wid the

rotten, moldy smell av an ice-house in the summer, wid all the ice melted be the hayte.

As we dhrew away from the high ground, the mist and fog thinned, and the gale blew at our backs, piercin' cold be rayson av the snow mountains, whence it came. Wan night we shlept in the open plain, and late the nixt day we come out av the murk into thin, cold daylight agin — and there ahid was the mountain wall, shtraight and frozen as a block av ice, and at the fayte av us a great, marshy lake, stretchin' away to the eastward 'til lost in the low-lyin' clouds. Me Lady shtared out across it and the face of her quivered like the wather under the wind.

"'Tis there!" says she, pointin' to the east. "Whin the clouds lift, you will see. 'Twas here I stud that night. I think that we have come to our journey's end," says she.

But Sir Jawn turned to her wid a scowl.

"No! by Hivins!" cries he. "We have not come this far only to look! If your palace is there, then we walk up to the very gates! Aye, and through them!"

Me Lady's face grew white as the dhriven snow.

"Jawn!" she cries, "Jawn—you don't know what it is you say!"

But nivir a wurrud answered the Master. He turned and shook his fist at the clouds in the east—whin me Lady rushed to him and flung the arrums av her 'round his nick.

"Jawn—!" she cries. "Don't let us wait! Perhaps it may not be there. Let us go back. Let us go back!"

But the divil a step would the Master shtir. 'Twas a shtrange sight—she pleadin' and beggin', her arrums round his nick, and the tawny hair tumbled at the sides av her beautiful face, and the black rings benathe her flashin' blue eyes; she beggin' and persuadin', that had always been so cold and proud—while the Master stud shtraight and rigid, nivir moindin' her the least, but scowlin' across the dirthy gray wather av the Lake.

'Twas a swampy place av mud and slimy grass, dark and pizenous-lookin', wid yellow steam oozin' from holes in the black mud. All about had the luk as if the wather had dhropped suddin, layvin' bare most of what was covered befure. The wather itself was clear, but not clane, and had the taste of fungus. Only for the hares there was no baste or burrud in sight.

We slipt the night on the wather's edge, and befoor the dawn the wind began to blow a gale, while the sky got hard and glitterin'. Colder it grew and shtill colder, and the white steam whirlin' along the top av the wather and swirlin' over the sod. But where we lay the grround itsilf was sickly warrum, ayvin wid the rime av frost on top like the icin' av a cake.

Then here kem the dawn, lightin' up the sky and blazin' on the big banks av clouds at the far end av the Lake, which same were whirlin' 'round and 'round, like the vapor over a bilin' pot. Hivins, sor, but 'twas cold, and the wind searchin' out iviry inch av ye and blowin' that harrud ye could lane yer weight agin it, like 'twas a solid wall! The Lake was white as a whipped egg and the wather's edge had moved siveral yards away from us—and thin, all to wanst, I undherstood what it was made all the plain we'd thravelled so wet and warm and spongy-like. For the wather itsilf was warrum, no doubt be rayson av hot springs benathe; and 'twas shaller, wid no rayle banks, but shpread-out-like in the middle av the flat plain. So that whin the fearful wind begun to blow, it shifted the whole av the Lake, dhrivin' it on before, to this side and that and up and down. We had kem there wid the wind behind the backs av us, and the wather on the far side—and thin I thought of what wud happen if the wind shifted, sor; and the hackles stood up on the back o' me head!

'Twas an awesome thing, that, but soon there was a worse. For we were down be the west ind av the Lake and wid the growin' light I saw hundreds av grey objic's movin' switly to the south and lookin' for all the wurruld like flyin' tufts av grey wool. Upon me sowl, sor, 'twas the hares, fleein' for the lives av thim! The bastes knew the thricks av the place and soon as ivir the wind hauled to the east they was off for the higher grround, and that near thirty miles away!

The whole top av the table mountain was wan tremenjous palace

Already the wather was craypin' across the plain to the west, while to the eastward the swimmin' clouds still spun and swirled over the spot where, said me Lady, lay Shamballah. But the Lake was movin'—and thin, I rimembered that she had spoken av it hersilf as "The Movin' Lake." But there was no time for marvelin'. Sir Jawn had seen it all like mesilf, and the face he turned to me was the face of an ould man.

"Shud the wind haul, we're gone, Michael!" says he. "We must make for the high land."

Oh, the awful day, staggerin' and plungin' back across that quakin', stinkin' waste. Nivir a wurrud shpoke wan av us, but Kathleen was sobbin' for breat', draggin' along by me arrum. Tin miles she done, thin dhropped, beggin' us to lave her to die. Me Lady, shtrong woman that she was, stud fit as us men and I prayed her and Sir Jawn to kape on, leavin' me to meet the will av God wid the gurrul I loved. But this they wud not hearken to.

"We'll rest an hour or two," says Sir Jawn. "The wind is shtill on our shoulders."

We ate some food and Kathleen slipt, wrapped in the blankets and sheltered by me body from the crool wind. Thin up and on for anither five mile, or maybe more, and Kathleen gave out agin.

"'Tis all av tin miles to the high ground," says Sir Jawn. "Do you shlape, Michael, and I'll wake ye."

I thried to protist and fell ashleep doin' it, what wid the load I was packin' and dhraggin' the gurrul be the hand. An hour I slipt, though it seemed like I'd scarce closed me eyes; then here was the Master shakin' me be the shoulder.

"Up, me lad!" says he, and his voice was hoarse. "The wind has hauled."

So up we shtaggered, Kathleen giddy wid shlape. Sir Jawn tuk from his pocket a little box.

"Ate!" says he. "'Tis opium and will give us strin'th for the final pull."

Two pills aich we ate, thin off agin. But now the bitter wind was shriekin' dead behind us, pushin' us wid the force av tin men. Almost wud it lift us from our thracks. And soon the drug began to work and the weariness dhropped from our limbs and we seemd to drift like feathers in the gale. But iver I looked behind, and there was the Movin' Lake, white as snow, a mile or two behind, and ayven at that distance the spray fell on us like dhrivin' rain, freezin' to our backs in solid sheets av ice and the water spoutin' and whirlin' like soap suds and the roar av it like the growl av a baste.

I wud not dare to tell ye, sor, how long it tuk to make the miles that was lift, but we rayched the risin' ground and none too soon—for whin we schrambled up the rock slope the flood was foamin' benathe. Shilter we found in a bit av a cave, and there we huddled undher the blankets and slipt the clock arround.

Whin we woke 'twas all togither, for the frost had welded us in wan solid mass. 'Twas gray dawn and shtill the wind whistled and the Movin' Lake roared on the stones below. Stiff wid frost and heads swimmin' we crawled up and looked over a slab av stone. 'Twas a harrd gray mornin', but clear, and the mountain wall rose stiff and shtraight and grim, towerin' to the dome of the dhirty sky.

Wid the wan thought we looked to the east, but the clouds were all swimmin' and spoutin' high in the hivins in a twistin' cone. Brighter and brighter grew the day and wid the light the wind blew harder, if 'twere possible, and the water howled like divils in the pit.

And thin, sor, as we shtared, here came the sun, lickin' through the mist. Pale and sickly it was, but fast growin' in force 'til it clove through the swimmin' clouds and set thim all ablaze. Higher it clum, and a ray shtruck through and sucked the top off the whirlin' cone av vapor and the stuff begun to melt in the gleamin' light. Higher and higher rose the sun, lickin' up the froth as a cat licks beaten crame, and all to wanst we saw, juttin' sharp and clear through the haze, the clane-cut edges av a great mountain towerin' thousands av fayte above the mountain wall. Only the outlines cud we see, the summit bein' flat agin the blindin' glare. And then the sun got over it—and suddinly we saw a glorious and turrible sight.

Ye may not belave it, sor, but the whole top av the table mountain, miles and miles in length, was wan tremenjous palace. Ayven at the distance av maybe forty miles ye cud see the great columns risin' shtraight and slim, bearin' huge parapets—thim broken into more columns to hold the wans above. And so it mounted for sivin great terraces, highest in the middle and shtraight to the towerin' cintral dome. On ayther side was three other domes, small on the ends and risin' in height toward the middle, sivin domes in all. Benathe were timples widout number and miles on end av colonnades, and the whole a-glow wid the color av a rose. A rosy-pink it was, barrin' only the domes, which same were yellow as a ripe banana; not the yellow av gold, but soft and rich wid the brightness av a lamp's flame.

I do not know how long we shtared, no wan spakin' a wurrud; but as we looked the sun mounted higher and the mists crept afther it, boilin' and eddyin', hidin' the mountain benathe—and so risin' that soon naught but the cintral dome was lift. Thin that too was gone; and the haze hid the light av the sun; and all the wurruld was gray agin, and all a-trimble in the rushin' wind.

"Shamballah!" gasped me Lady, and fell back, moanin', her eyes covered wid her hands. But Sir Jawn growled like a baste and shprang forward as if to push back the clouds wid the two fists av him.

"'Tis glamour!" cries he. "'Tis all glamour!" and he swore a horrid oat'.

Me Lady stepped to his side and laid her hand upon his mout'.

"Hush, darlin'—hush!" says she. "Mind your wurruds. 'Tis the Lodge av the Great White Brotherhood!"

But the Master pushed her away. "'Tis pure glamour!" says he. "And we will prove that same! Come!"

Me Lady shook her head.

"Then 'tis not proven!" cries Sir Jawn, in a shtranglin' voice.

Wid her blue eyes soft and tinder as an April sky, and shinin' wid a look as was niver there befoor, me Lady stepped to the Master and laid the two hands av her upon his chist. Her lips was smilin' and there was a break to her voice.

"Wud you shtorm the very gates av Shamballah to win me, husband mine?" says she.

A flame shone from the face av Sir Jawn; thin his arrums was 'round her, dhrawin' her to him, and he kissed her full on the lips.

"Aye!" he answers. "Aye, swateheart—that I wud!"

"Thin there is no nade," says she, and hid her face on his shoulder, the shtrong body av her shaken wid sobs. "Come, my oft-loved—" says she, "let us go."

Back we wint, sor, over the high pass wid the volcanoes red agin the sky and the blue ice a-glitter thousands av fayte above our heads. Back over the pass and through the deep valley beyant, the Master and me Lady, hand in hand. Back over the plains, and 'twas mesilf that saved us from starvation and walked up to an antelope and shot him through the heart, him shtarin' the while wid his soft, brown eyes.

For me Lady and the Master walked like paypul in a drame and cud see naught but aich other. Back we wint to the village undher the glacier and the folk kem out and fell down and worshipped us. Not wan step wud they shtir, but gave us food and yaks, and pointed to the southeast. So southeast we wint and shtruck the thrack av a caravin; and here we fell in wid a band av Mongolian thraders and went wid thim to Lan-Chau.

So there is me story, sor, and not a wurrud if you plaze to Sir Jawn nor me Lady, nor ayven to Kathleen, me wife. For there do be some things, sor, that a man shud not see and live—and belike this same Shamballah may be wan av thim.

"You don't remember me, do you?"

Under Duress

Dorothy Dacres Becomes A Good Fairy in Disguise

BY WILLIAM HAMILTON OSBORNE

Author of "The Bankrupt," "A Sudden Jolt," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY JAY HAMBIDGE

FOR the fortieth time at least, Mrs. Lilligore drew aside the curtains and glanced with anxiety down the street. She had been married now for full six weeks, and this was the first time that Alfred had been late. She rushed from window to window, mentally wringing her hands. At times, to an observer, she would have seemed like some caged wild beast, forever restless, her nerves twitching, her eyesight strained.

"Why doesn't he come?" she said aloud, again and again, varying it with but one other utterance: "Something must have happened to him—something must."

It was a new experience for her. Not once, for more than forty years, had she watched and waited at the window for a man. She sighed as she shivered; there

was a sort of ecstasy in the very fear that now possessed her.

"Run down by a trolley car," she exclaimed to herself, "hurt—dying—no, no!" Suddenly she gasped, "Here—here he comes."

She was quite right—for into the circle of bright light at the corner, Alfred T. Lilligore suddenly projected himself, and as he came, he glanced up at the windows of the tidy little house. But—he was not alone. Three other men were with him, one of them clasping his arm as might an almost too affectionate friend. Mrs. Lilligore watched them, curiously.

"Who can they be?" she asked herself, as she left the window and tripped lightly down the stairs. At the front door she paused, listening. It seemed to her as if some sort of consultation were being held on the front steps; the sound of low toned voices filtered in to her. Suddenly the door-bell clanged—and she jumped like a startled hare; toward the door, however, and not away from it. She opened it, and in they came—four men, her husband first. She greeted him with a smile, then suddenly retreated.

"Alfred!" she cried in a hoarse whisper.

Yes, it was Alfred. There was no doubt about that. But quite a different Alfred from the Alfred of the last six weeks. He was pale—so very pale; tired—so very tired; deep lines marked his face. He barely looked at her, then turned and waved his arms to his three friends.

"Come into the parlor," he exclaimed, hoarsely. He preceded them into the cosy little room, and sank upon the sofa, as one overcome with exhaustion.

His wife felt like kneeling at his side, but restrained herself.

"Wont—you—sit down?" she said to the three, and they complied.

"Alfred," she cried, again; "what's the matter, Alfred?"

He covered his face with his hands.

"Matter enough," he declared.

For a long time he held his hands over his face. Then he straightened up, and gestured roughly toward the three.

"You tell her," he urged.

A black-bearded man stepped forward.

"Mrs. Lilligore," he said, gently, "my name is Rudolph. You may have heard of me—"

She started.

"Not Mr. Rudolph, of Rudolph & Crane?" she asked. The bearded man nodded.

"This," he said, waving his hand, "is Mr. Crane."

She shook hands with both of them; they seemed quite like old friends to her.

"The—the firm," she smiled.

They were her husband's employers—stockbrokers from New York—and he was their righthand man. She inclined her head toward the third man. "And—this gentleman?" she asked.

The four exchanged glances—significant glances.

"Mr. Brown'll do for him," suggested Mr. Rudolph.

Alfred groaned.

"He's a plain-clothesman," he explained.

Mrs. Lilligore stared.

"Plain-clothesman?" she repeated.

Where had she heard that phrase before? Alfred leaned his head once more upon his hand.

"You tell her, Mr. Rudolph," he pleaded.

Rudolph cleared his throat.

"Well, you see, Mrs. Lilligore," he began, "it's just this way—" He stopped, and flushed.

"You tell her, Crane," he said.

Crane coughed and started in, and made a fizzle of it; whereupon he coughed and started in again.

"I—I can't tell her," he confessed at length.

Alfred suddenly leaped to his feet and stood in the center of the room. "Mr. Brown" watched him as a cat watches a mouse.

"Look here," blurted out Alfred, half-swaying as he turned toward his wife. "I'll tell her myself. Daisy," he went on, with grim fierceness, "I'm a thief. That's what's the matter. I've done them—my employers—for months. Embezzled—stolen, filched—what you will—you understand? I'm in custody. This man is an officer. They're going to lock

me up. I've confessed. I've worked a system for months, I tell you. I thought some day I could pay it back—it got the better of me, understand? I'm down and out—"

"Alfred!" cried his wife, her face as ashen as his, "a—a thief!"

For one instant the practical in her nature came to her aid.

"How much did he steal?" she asked of Mr. Rudolph.

"Fifteen thousand odd," said Crane.

Then for the first time embarrassment seemed to drop from Messrs. Rudolph & Crane. Now that she knew, she could see the stern lines deepen in the face of each. Her husband saw it, too.

"They're going to jug me, Daisy," he cried, "they're going to lock me up."

She shivered.

"Are—are you?" she asked of Rudolph and of Crane.

They nodded.

"Why shouldn't we?" they replied.

Their voices were hard, cold, flinty.

"There's nothing else to do," said Crane, "unless—"

His glance seemed to eat into her husband, and Alfred turned once more to her.

"I told 'em I'd work my fingers to the bone to pay it back," he said, "if they'd only give me time. But they wouldn't. They wouldn't give me—not an hour, not a minute, to pay it back. Only this, Daisy," he went on, and there was a world of pleading in his tone, "they'll take my note—my promissory note—"

Crane laughed aloud—a harsh, metallic laugh.

"With a good endorser on the back," he added.

There was silence, tense, deep. Daisy Lilligore pressed her clenched hand against her head; she felt as if she were the center of a whirling maelstrom.

"Well?" she returned at length.

Alfred held out his hand.

"They wanted—me—to get—you—to endorse my note," he whispered; "it's the only thing that will keep me out of jail—"

Rudolph nodded.

"We want you to endorse his note. Is yours any good, Mrs. Lilligore?" he said. "He says it is. Maybe it is, and maybe it's not. We've got to be shown—"

"And mighty quick," supplemented Crane; "just now we can't afford to lose fifteen thousand, cold."

Mrs. Lilligore sat down and thought hard.

"You mean," she asked, "that if I go his security for fifteen thousand dollars, you wont put him in jail — and if I don't, you will?"

"Exactly," said Rudolph, "if you're good for the amount."

"It would take almost everything I've got," she pleaded.

Rudolph exchanged glances of significance with Crane, and Alfred stared sullenly at both.

"Everything I've got," she repeated, as if to herself.

"No—no," cried her husband, "I tell you I'll work my fingers to the bone. You wont lose a dollar, Daisy—not a cent. They'll keep me there in their employ so I can work it out, and I will work—work. Oh," he cried, suddenly weakening, "don't—don't let them send me up—don't—don't."

His wife darted into the dining-room, and returned with a tin box. She opened it, and passed a document or two to the men before her.

"My house," she said, "the deeds. And one or two mortgages I have—you may look them over—please."

They looked them over carefully. And then Crane nodded.

"We'll take your endorsement," he announced.

Accordingly, they did. Rudolph produced a blank promissory note and Alfred filled it in with trembling hand, signed it, and then passed it to her.

"This will surely keep him out of jail?" she asked.

Rudolph grunted. "It's the only thing that will keep him out," he declared.

So she endorsed it—the promissory note for fifteen thousand, made to the order of Rudolph & Crane. They took it, Rudolph placing it carefully in his wallet among a mass of other papers. Then they nodded to Mr. Brown, the plain-clothes-man.

"You can go," they said.

Whereupon Brown went. They stood for one instant, looking down upon Alfred T. Lilligore, their right-hand man.

"This ought to be a lesson to you, young man," Crane said.

Then they, too, passed out, leaving Alfred and his wife alone.

Rudolph & Crane walked slowly, moodily from the house, walked slowly, moodily down the street, and turned the first corner. In a dark shadow, a third man was standing — Brown of the plain-clothes.

"Gee," he exclaimed, as he seized them by their arms, "all she had, by gum. Al just about guessed right."

Rudolph & Crane laughed.

"Al always was a blamed good guesser," opined Crane.

Suddenly she gasped, "Here—here he comes!"

Three months later Mrs. Daisy Lilligore was looking into the face of Dorothy Dacres, Attorney-at-law.

"You don't remember me, Miss Dacres, do you?" she asked.

"Perfectly," said Dorothy; "you used to make me fifty-dollar hats in my palmy days—you are Mlle. Marguerite, the milliner."

"I am not," replied her visitor, "I am a fool. I am Mrs. Lilligore—oh, don't congratulate me, Miss Dacres. I've got to confess it all. I waited over forty years for some man to propose and none did. And then—" her face turned scarlet, "I—I employed a matrimonial agency—"

Dorothy held out her hand.

"Good for you," she cried, "that's as well as any other way. Surely, you don't want a divorce?"

The erstwhile milliner shook her head.

"Not I," she answered, "my trouble's worse. I've been sued. Look here."

She passed over a summons and complaint. Dorothy perused them with considerable interest.

"Henry Flomerfelt against Marguerite Lilligore," she said at length, "on promissory note—fifteen thousand, interest and costs. Who," she asked suddenly, "is Henry Flomerfelt?"

"I don't know," responded her visitor; "I've never heard of him."

Dorothy rapidly scanned the names of the endorsers as they appeared on the copy of the note: Marguerite Lilligore, Rudolph & Crane, Warren T. Smythe,

McGuire Realty Co.—and, Henry Flomerfelt.

"Passed through a good many hands," she said length; "and Flomerfelt, the latest holder, sues you. Well what of it, Mrs. Lilligore?"

The client shivered.

"Fifteen thousand is—is all I've got," she said, "do you understand me? It is all I have—my nest egg—what I've saved up all my life. And they're trying to take it from me, don't you see? Can't you stop them, Miss Dacres, can't you stop them? Please?"

Dorothy nodded.

"Don't you owe the money?" she inquired.

"I—I don't know," faltered her client.

"You got fifteen thousand for the note?" asked the lawyer.

"No."

"How much did you borrow?"

"Nothing."

Dorthy raised her eyebrows.

"You endorsed accommodation paper then. You—who used to sell me fifty-dollar hats. Fie for shame—you, a business woman—"

Mrs. Lilligore thrust forth a protesting hand.

"You don't understand," she said at length, her face paling, "I signed that note to save my husband from going to State's Prison; don't you see?"

Dorothy raised her eyebrows once more.

"Say that again," she suddenly exclaimed. Her client repeated it—she did more—she told the whole story just as it had happened, in all its details.

"Why," said Dorothy, when she had finished, "you mean to say you never would have signed this note, save for this threat—to send this person—this husband of yours, to jail?"

"Never," responded her client, firmly.

"Then," replied Dorothy, "the note was obtained—and your endorsement to it was obtained—under duress. Under duress, you see? You didn't make it of your own free will—"

Mrs. Lilligore leaned forward in excitement.

"Then," she gasped, "I'll never have to pay it—I can refuse—"

Dorothy held up her hand.

"Wait," she cried, "let's go a little slow. If this note was obtained by Rudolph & Crane under duress, it wasn't worth the paper it was written on—not in their hands—"

"In whose hands, then?" cried the milliner.

"The note is as good as gold," said Dorothy, her words striking hard and cold upon her hearer's ear, "in the hands of any holder who took it for value, before maturity, and without notice of the fact that it was so obtained. The question is, is this plaintiff, Henry Flomerfelt, who sues you, an innocent purchaser for value? If he is, he's got you dead to rights, that's all. A note is like money."

She drew a five dollar bill from her purse.

"That may have been stolen, Mrs. Lilligore," she said, "but if it was, I don't know it, and when I got it for drawing a deed, it belonged to me; it's the same way with this note, unless this Flomerfelt—who is he, anyway?" she wondered.

"Never heard of him," declared her client again.

Suddenly Dorothy Dacres puckered her lips and emitted a long drawn whistle.

"Wait a bit, Mrs. Lilligore," she said, "I have noticed for the first time the name of the attorney for the plaintiff, Llewellyn Llandgraff, here in town—"

"A big lawyer," murmured her client.

"Something more than a big lawyer," went on Dorothy; "and maybe his client Flomerfelt is an innocent holder for value of this note. If he is," she continued, "it's the first time Llewellyn Llandgraff has ever had anything to do with anything that's innocent; I can tell you that. Mrs. Lilligore," she added, "I'll take this case. Whenever I see this Llandgraff head I feel like hitting it—maybe I can put a hole in it this time. By the way," she asked, suddenly, "is there any way that I can see your husband, Mr. Lilligore?"

Again the crimson crept up into the countenance of the visitor.

"You may if I get hold of him," she answered, sheepishly, "but he usually

comes around when he needs money. He was going to work his fingers to the bone three months ago, to pay up what he'd stolen, but he's only worked me since. Miss Dacres," she exclaimed, leaning forward with a plea for sympathy in her eyes, "there's one thing I want to tell you. I may be a fool and all that, but for six weeks after I married him. Al was just the nicest kind of man; after that —"

Dorothy nervously tapped her desk. She sniffed with excitement.

"It was just six weeks after you were married, that you learned about the theft?" she asked, never once taking her eyes from the woman's face, "six weeks after you were married that you made this note?"

"Yes," sighed her client, "why do you ask?"

"Never mind," snapped Dorothy, "just let me see him, please."

She saw him, and within the next three days. And when she saw him, a mighty hope for her client rose in her bosom. For it was just as she had suspected Alfred T. Lilligore, in the lines of his face, the expression of his eyes, the droop of his mustache, bore indelibly stamped upon him the mark of the swindler. An amateur swindler he may have been, but at any rate a swindler—a handsome swindler, a somewhat natty swindler.

"But," Dorothy reminded herself, "this doesn't help us with Flomerfelt. Who *is* this Flomerfelt?"

She inquired and found Flomerfelt to be a New York man—a note-shaver, a bargain hunter in commercial paper. "It looks bad," Dorothy confessed to her client, "because, no matter about your husband or his employers, or what they did, or what they knew—if this Flomerfelt paid, even a hundred dollars for this note, and if he's innocent, he wins, that's all. And if he swears he paid cash for it —and if he swears he's innocent, how are we going to defend this suit?"

"We must win," was all Mrs. Lilligore could say.

Next day Dorothy went to New York, and secured a mercantile report on Flomerfelt, the holder of the note— a far from flattering report. He had been on the verge of bankruptcy for years. The mercantile agency apparently, wouldn't loan him a five-cent piece.

"And yet," Dorothy reminded herself, "suppose he swears he paid something for the note; how can we disprove it?"

She spent half a day, nosing around in the vicinity of Flomerfelt, but she did not call upon him. In the third office she entered, a fat man welcomed her.

"Henry Flomerfelt," he exclaimed, "we don't want to hear his name. We've got a judgment for five hundred against him. If you've come to pay it, why fork over. If you haven't, why —" He shrugged.

That night Dorothy sat next to Chandler Lefferts, her brother-in-the-law, at "The Bigamist," one of Sidney Brock's successes. And it was at the end of the third act that she suddenly grasped Chandler Lefferts by the arm.

"I've got it, Chandler," she exclaimed.

"What?" he asked.

"I beg your pardon," she returned; "something you don't know about— Flomerfelt *versus* Lilligore—I've solved it, after all."

Chandler jerked his head toward the stage.

"Great play," he whispered.

"Great," she responded.

She hadn't heard a word.

"Mr. Flomerfelt," said Dorothy Dacres, glibly, "where do I come in?"

Flomerfelt shrugged his shoulders.

"How?" he asked.

"How much," persisted the woman, "is there in this thing for me?"

"Why should there be anything in it for you?" asked Flomerfelt, in surprise.

Dorothy bared her white teeth. They were good strong teeth. They seemed capable of biting deep and hard.

"If there isn't anything in it for me," went on Dorothy, "you're going to have a hard row to hoe in this case. And," she added, leaning suddenly across the table, "you know it, too."

"I know nothing," protested Flomerfelt, "beside, why do you not go to my lawyer, Mr. Llandgraff?"

Dorothy smiled.

"Because," she answered, "your lawyer, Mr. Llandgraff, is a lawyer of reputation here in town, who would not win a case the way you're going to win it—by going into a deal with me—that's why."

Flomerfelt showed *his* teeth.

"You are a pretty girl," he said, "and you think you are smart — but you are all wrong—"

Dorothy brought her open palm down upon her desk.

"Mr. Flomerfelt," she said suddenly, "there'll be a jury in this case. They're going to hear this story—the story of a trick practiced on a defenseless woman by a couple of bucket-shop sharps, and their tool, her husband. They're going to think a long time before they give you a cent."

Flomerfelt laughed.

"The court will direct a verdict for me," he declared; "what foolishness!"

Dorothy looked him in the eye.

"You're a good grafter, girl"

"And you're sure they'll believe you an innocent holder for value?" she inquired. "Oh, Mr. Flomerfelt," she murmured, drawing forth a small looking-glass from her desk, "look at yourself, —how could anybody think you innocent? That's what I want to know."

Never once, be it understood, did she remove her eyes from his face, and she was glad to note that his glance faltered and that his certainty of demeanor modified itself.

"What do you want to do?" he asked, almost in a whisper.

He rose and peered into the inner room, and then came back to the desk.

"I'll tell you what I want to do, Mr. Flomerfelt," said the woman. "I want to throw this case your way. I'm for the defendant and I can do it. I want to give you judgment for the full amount. And I want a thousand dollars to do it. Understand? Is it a go?"

Flomerfelt spread his hands.

"And if I do not pay?" he queried.

"Then," answered Dorothy, "this will happen. My client will retain Chandler Lefferts, he most energetic young attorney in this town — and Chandler Lefferts will never stop until somebody gets hurt, that's all. Let's understand each other, Mr. Flomerfelt," she went on in a sudden burst of confidence, "I know as well as you do, that if you take the stand and swear to your innocence and to the fact that you paid for this note, my client cannot disprove it—"

"You admit that?" gasped Flomerfelt.

"Why of course," returned Dorothy, "why not? But, here's the point. I don't believe, and you don't believe, that you are the innocent holder for value—and there's the rub. Something might happen. I can swing this thing for you. It's worth

a thousand to you to avoid the rub. Am I right?"

Flomerfelt gazed at her long and admiringly. "You are a good grafter, girl. By Jove, but I made some mistake when I married the present Mrs. Flomerfelt. I should have met you first. Eh?"

Dorothy held out her hand.

"Is it a go?" she asked.

"It is," he added.

She nodded swiftly.

"I want that thousand an hour before the trial," she said, "you understand. Good day, Mr. Flomerfelt."

"Is it a go?" she asked

Dorothy's client watched the coils settling about her, with growing apprehension. Furthermore, it seemed to her as if Dorothy Dacres were not the lawyer she was said to be. For Dorothy was proceeding in a listless, perfunctory manner at this trial that meant so much to her woman client.

Llandgraff, on the other hand, was radiant.

"It's my case," he exclaimed jubilantly, as though he were saying, instead, "it's my fifteen thousand dollars."

Dorothy, in fact, had not even cross-examined Flomerfelt. That gentleman had testified to the paying of a sum of money for the note, to its purchase in the open market, and to his innocence of its history. That was all. Everybody in the courtroom knew that Dorothy was doomed.

"I'll call Alfred T. Lilligore," she said.

She proved by him the story of the threat. She called Rudolph & Crane. They testified quite willingly to the story of the threat—to the fact that they had taken the note in order to keep Al out of State's Prison. They made no bones about it. And yet—time after time, the eye of Al would seek the eye of Flomerfelt, the eye of Flomerfelt would seek the eyes of Rudolph & Crane, and strange wireless flashes would leap from each to each.

"What a cinch," these messsages seemed to spell, "what an easy proposition."

The Court yawned.

"There's nothing for the jury," drawled His Honor; "judgment for the plaintiff Flomerfelt, against the defendant Mrs.—er—Lilligore, for the full amount."

On the way out, Dorothy whispered in the ear of Flomerfelt, "Did I play square?" she asked.

"By Jove, you did," he answered, "you're straight goods, all right."

It is one thing to get a judgment—it seems, and quite another to collect it. Llandgraff, who had confidently assumed that the defendant Marguerite Lilligore was good for the sum of $15,000, interest and costs, soon found to his dismay, that she had transferred her property.

"Who'd she convey it to?" he asked his clerk.

"Dorothy Dacres," answered the clerk, "her lawyer, so it seems."

Llandgraff smiled.

"A woman lawyer is still a woman," he mused; "the transfer is in fraud of creditors, as plain as the nose on your face. Why didn't she transfer it to some one else?"

The clerk grinned.

"Maybe Dorothy Dacres knows that better than we do, Chief," he chanced.

"But what can be her reason?" the attorney persisted, as if the clerk were possessed of clairvoyant powers. "Don't she know anything? You can do a lot of things with the law; if you know how—but—"

He screwed up his eyes.

"I wonder if Flomerfelt can give us any idea—but he don't know; he don't know anything."

The clerk gnawed a pen-holder and, being a wise clerk, kept silence while his chief blew off steam.

"Well, send for Flomerfelt," he said.

Flomerfelt was a long time coming; he hadn't been in his "office," all morning, they said, but at last he appeared. He was a very much excited client and the equal excitement of Llandgraff exerted no calming effect.

"Well," Llandgraff began, when he had taken Flomerfelt into the private office and closed the door, for, sometimes even clerks' ears may be too acute—altogether acute. "Well here's a fine mess!"

"What mess?" exclaimed Flomerfelt.

"This transfer — in fraud," Llandgraff replied.

"Look here," the other warned, running a finger around inside his collar, "if you've got bad news, spring it—tell me—what's all the row?"

He told Flomerfelt about it, and Flomerfelt raged and swore and tore his hair.

"Don't worry," said Llandgraff, "we can set aside this conveyance in six months. I'll bring suit at once."

He did bring suit, and no sooner had he brought the suit than Dorothy Dacres weakened.

That is to say she appeared to weaken.

She got Llandgraff on the 'phone at once. As it happened Flomerfelt was in the lawyer's office when she called up. Llandgraff covered the receiver with his hand and winked at his client.

"It's her," he whispered.

Then he went on talking over the wire.

To Flomerfelt, who heard but one end of the conversation, his lawyer seemed to be having things all his own way.

"In fifteen minutes," he heard Llandgraff say, and reached for his hat.

Llandgraff rang off.

"We've got her going," he explained, clipping the end of a cigar. "She's scared—tell it by her voice. Women are all alike. She's coming over here now—get out. She mustn't see you here."

Flomerfelt got; and it was a calm and suave Llandgraff whom Dorothy Dacres met in the former's office ten minutes later.

"What did you start suit for?" was her first question.

"What was the object of that transfer?" was the reply.

"Well—I—"

Dorothy paused, stumbled, and blushed—actually blushed.

"I should think you would," Llandgraff chided. "Did you really think you could work a skin-game like that—as badly as that?"

"My client—" Dorothy began.

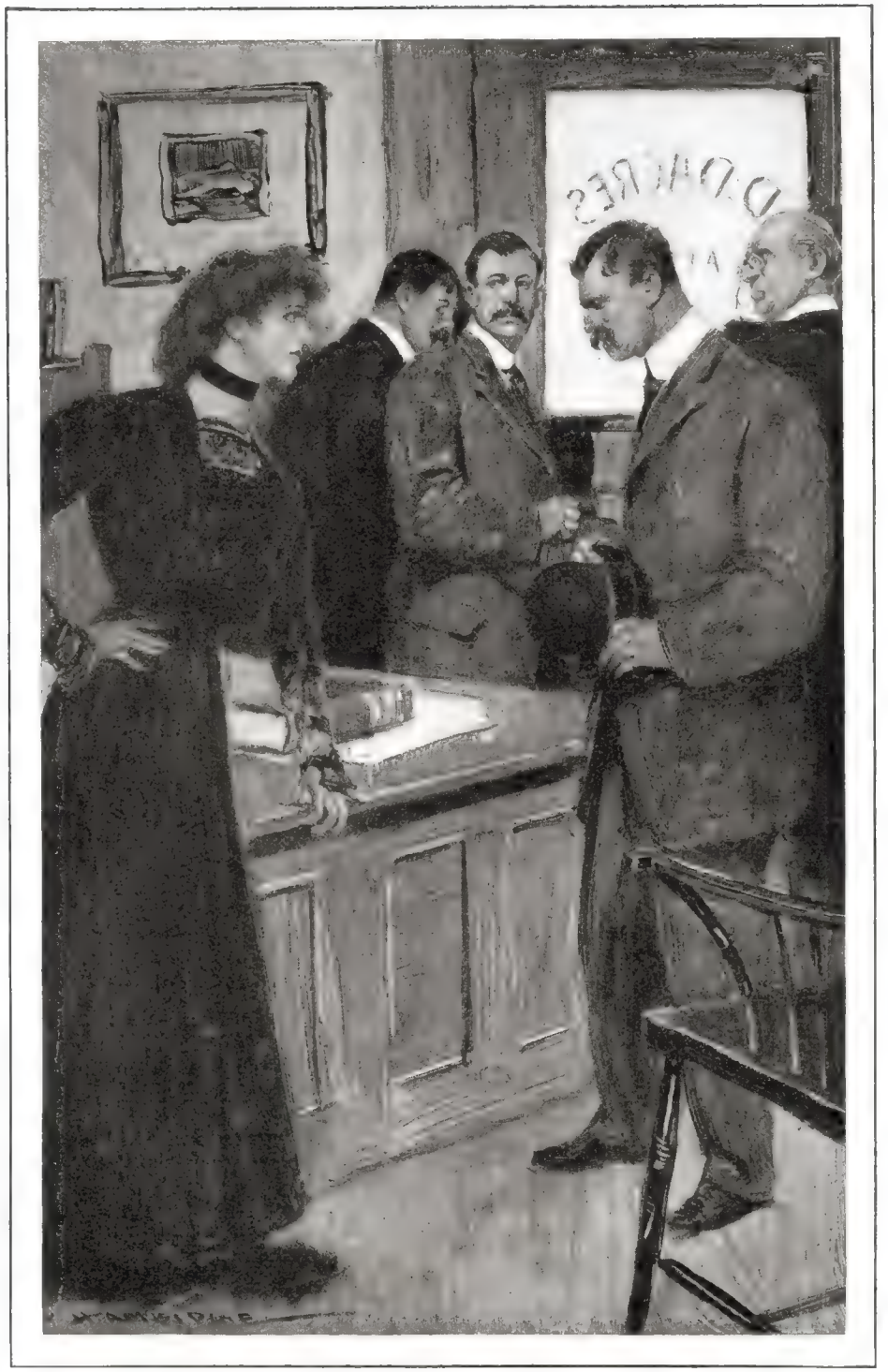
"Sure—your client," her *vis-a-vis* repeated with perhaps the ghost of a sneer in his voice, that, however, was belied by the look of admiration in his eyes. For none could have recognized more keenly than he that the trick she had sought to work was precisely such an one as he would have attempted if he had been in her position.

"That's the trouble with women lawyers," he went on, "they carry all their woman's sentiment into the game. And if there's a place on earth where sentiment doesn't fit it's the law. Now what are you going to do about it?" he added.

"This judgment will be paid," she promised.

"When?" he asked.

"Thursday morning, eleven o'clock, my office. It will be paid," she added, "but upon one condition only. You must be there; Flomerfelt must be there; Al Lilligore must be there; Rudolph & Crane must be there; plain-clothesman Brown must be there—everybody must be there."



"You admitted under oath that you embezzled fifteen thousand dollars"

"Why?" Llandgraff inquired, puzzled.

"Because," murmured Dorothy, "if everybody is not there the judgment will not be paid."

At the hour appointed, they were all there—and so was the much abused Marguerite Lilligore — looking more abused than ever.

Dorothy inclined her head toward Llewellyn Llandgraff.

"Counselor," she said, "what's the total of your judgment?"

"Fifteen thousand, two hundred, sixty-five," he announced briskly.

"All right," returned Dorothy, fumbling in her desk.

She produced some fifteen documents fastened together with an elastic.

"I have here," she said, "seventeen thousand five hundred dollars, so you owe me about twenty-two hundred and thirty-five dollars change. There you are. Count it and see."

Llandgraff pushed them back.

"That's not money," he exclaimed.

"Who said it was?" drawled Dorothy, "of course it isn't money, but it's just the same thing. Mr. Flomerfelt has this judgment against my client, hasn't he? And for over fifteen thousand dollars. Well, my client has got over seventeen thousand dollars of judgments that she owns, all against Flomerfelt. We'll trade. That's all."

"How—how did you get those?" stammered Llandgraff.

Dorothy blandly regarded Flomerfelt.

"Oh," she replied, "Mr. Flomerfelt handed me a thousand on the day of the trial, and I bought a bushel of New York judgments against him; I could have bought a barrel if I'd wanted them."

Silence? Why, the silence was so thick you could cut it with a knife.

"I'm waiting," finally said Dorothy, "and I want to know what you've got to say? Do we call it quits?"

The men in the room looked one another in the eye.

"We do," they replied in unison.

"You have nothing to say?" asked Dorothy.

"No."

Dorothy rose.

"Then," she cried, "I have the floor. Mr. Llandgraff, you can go. One of these days I'll get the goods on you instead of on your clients. Flomerfelt, you're out a thousand and you've lost enough. You can go, too. But there are four men that I want to talk to, and want to talk to hard."

She swung upon Al Lilligore.

"Lilligore," she said, "you admitted under oath at the trial the other day that you embezzled fifteen thousand dollars. I don't believe you did, but you swore you did. You're liable to be indicted by the grand jury at any moment now. You understand? I'll see to that. Rudolph—Crane—you admitted on the stand that you compounded a felony—you agreed not to prosecute a criminal if you received this note. You're ripe for the grand jury, too. Brown, either you're a licensed detective or you are not. If you are, then you stood by, and heard one man confess to a felony, and saw two others compound a felony, and you never made a move. If you're *not* an officer then you're personating one."

She strode suddenly upon them.

"Which is it going to be—the grand jury, or—vamose?"

They stiffened in positive fright.

"Vamose—we'll shake the town," they said.

Thereupon she turned to Lilligore.

"Al," she said, "just sign that acknowledgement of service of papers in your wife's divorce suit. That'll be about all for you."

It was enough for all of them. When they had gone, her client blinked with admiration.

"I don't see how you do things," she exclaimed.

"Easy when you know how," said Dorothy, "only I'm sorry that you answered that matrimonial ad."

Her client shook her head.

"I'm not," she answered positively, "for I've been through it, and I'd never have been satisfied otherwise. For six weeks that Al was just the nicest man to me—"

She laughed.

"I'd rather be a grass widow than an old maid any day," she confessed.

The Diary

BY
BARR MOSES

ILLUSTRATED BY B. CORY KILVERT

"I expect some day to be a great author"

THE diary was not undertaken as the diaries of most boys are—at the instigation of adults; indeed, the diary was a profound secret, a secret which Rufus cherished in the depths of his heart with reverence and awe. Doubtless it was because he read so many books, books beyond his years, many of them, that he first imbibed the ambition to be a great man; and doubtless it was from the same source that the notion came to him that it was the habit of great men to keep diaries, and that these diaries were always highly esteemed by posterity after the great men were dead. But, to tell the truth, I fancy I am wrong in saying that Rufus imbibed the ambition to be a great man from much reading; it would be more exact to use the word conviction, rather than ambition, the conviction that he was going to be a great man; for in his ideas on the subject there was always an element of destiny, not so much a consciousness of striving as of being impelled. It would have been impossible for the boy to tell when he first became aware of this conviction that he was destined to future greatness; perhaps it was derived from books, perhaps only nourished by them; for in after years it seemed to him that it had been born with him, was one of the first things which he could remember; that when he first became aware of himself as a being distinct from others and from the world about him, he became aware of himself as a boy different from other boys, and one who was, in due season, to attain eminence and renown.

In just what way he was to become distinguished he had not determined, or rather on this point he had received no revelation. Strangely enough at a very early age, before books had entered largely into his life, he had wished to be wealthy, the richest man in the world. He thought then, too, that he knew in just what manner he could attain to this

position; was so confident that he once dared to boast to a boy friend, somewhat younger than himself.

"When I grow up I'm going to be the richest man in the world, Tommy," he confided.

Tommy, skeptical representative of the world of commonsense and the prose of every-day life, had his doubts.

"Your folks aint as rich as lots of other folks," he argued. "How are you going to be the richest man—in the world?"

"Don't you remember our geography lesson to-day?" asked Rufus.

"Not—not very well," said Tommy, scratching his head, "I was thinking about something else when she read it to us."

For, it may be observed, they were not then old enough to study geography out of text books for themselves.

"It was about South America," said Rufus dreamily. "Down there, there are all kinds of trees, logwood and mahogany, and lots more that grow just as thick as oaks and popples do here, but each one is worth as much money as would fill the drawer in papa's safe in the store. When I get grown up, I'm going to go down there in a ship and cut down lots and lots and lots of those trees and fill the ship full and come back and sell them, and get more ships with the money, and go and get more trees, and so on until I am the richest man in the world."

"But how'll you get the first ship?"

"If I don't have money enough to get a ship with at first," replied Rufus with solemn conviction, "I'll just take my papa's axe and I'll walk down and cut down just a few trees, not so very large, then I'll roll them, first one and then another, for a ways and so bring them all home that way and when I get them here then I'll sell them and buy a ship. See! I'll roll them with my foot like that."

There was a bit of a tree stem, about a foot in diameter and ten or twelve feet long, lying near on level ground. Rufus gave it a push with his foot and rolled it over with no great difficulty.

Tommy could not see the weak points of the argument, but he was still skeptical.

"I don't believe you could do it," he said doubtfully.

The heart of Rufus grew bitter with anger. It was always that way. Whenever he told others about what he was going to do, they were utterly incredulous or they laughed at him outright. It had been that way when he said he was going to be a poet, to grown folks that time; they had laughed and had told him that poets were born and not made. In some way not very clear to his mind, this saying had seemed to forbid forever this form of ambition. Poets were born and not made, therefore he could be no poet.

But it was not always the incredulity or the amusement of others which troubled him; sometimes it was a consciousness of his own weaknesses and deficiencies which embittered his life. Not long after he entertained the ambition of being the richest man in the world he began to think that he would like to be a great artist. Enamored of natural beauty, of birds and trees, of flowers and clouds and nodding grasses, shining stones, water-weeds lithely awave in the current of the river—of the blue water itself—of sunsets and sunrises, and the silver moonlight; of distant woodlands, ferny glades, sweeping expanses of open land; of the misty rain which drove across the landscape, of the whirling storms of snow, of all things indeed in which beauty is hidden or revealed, he had recognized the fact that pictures, in a measure, not only reproduce but fix and preserve the delightful and fleeting enchantment of that beauty which in nature so quickly dies; and, for a time, it seemed to him that the greatest possible happiness would be his if he could attain the art of making pictures of all the beautiful things which made his heart thrill when he beheld them. He tried with stubs of pencil and odd bits of paper; but his drawings were cruder than those of most children and filled him with despair and bitter conviction of impotence.

But this, too, was before the books entered so largely into his life. With the coming of the books came various ambitions which they aroused, such as that of

being a mighty king and conquerer. He once devised a plan for learning all necessary trades, such as gun-making, and so on, settling himself in some remote part of Africa, civilizing the natives, teaching them what he had learned, drilling and arming a mighty force in secret, and going forth with millions of black soldiers at his back to make himself master of the world. Sometimes he wished to be an alchemist such as he read of, a man with subtle and mysterious powers, who lived in humble fashion—but, in secret, controlled the destinies of nations and of princes. He had, too, from time to time the commoner ambitions, to be a mighty hunter, a ferocious pirate, a blood-thirsty road-agent, this, that and the other professor of daring and ruthless destruction. But as the books became more and more numerous and as he began to read those which were more decidedly the books of grown folks rather than children, his ambitions or his anticipations began to narrow until he had pretty well settled it in his own mind that he would one day be a great author.

—GLORY KILVERT—

He tried with stubs of pencil and old bits of paper

He had no intention, however, of confining himself to one form of literary production; he planned to write novels, poems, histories, scientific works, school-books, essays, treatises on philosophy, biographies, books of all sorts, and all in vast numbers. Sometimes he drew up lists of the books he was going to write, a dozen novels in the style of Scott, as many more each in the styles of Dickens, Cooper, Hawthorne and Thackeray, together with volume upon volume of poems and essays; and histories, in from ten to twenty volumes each, of all the countries mentioned in the geography—some of which, by the way, had apparently been neglected by historians so far.

But, although this ambition now occupied a large part of his waking thoughts, he was by no means free to acknowledge it to his friends and acquaintances. By the boys with whom he was associated in school and with whom he played more or less, such plans would have been held up to derision, laughed to scorn with all the bitter wit of the uncivilized boy—that wit with which Rufus himself, had always been unable to compete. And the grown folks of his acquaintance would have laughed and mocked also, not so wittily, but with an irritating assumption of superiority which maddened him. Hence it came about that when he was asked what he expected to be when he grew up, he always said, not that he would be an author, but that he would be a doctor. This, in view of his obvious bookish inclinations, was deemed a highly satisfactory reply.

Rufus had very little intention of becoming a physician, but he felt that it would be necessary for him to go through high school and to college, and that unless he pretended an intention to pursue some one of the locally recognized learned professions, such privileges might be withheld. To a few friends among the grown-up people—a few who were somewhat inclined towards books themselves, and could sympathize—he went so far as to assert that he would be a naturalist; but to no one did he venture to confide fully his highest ambition—to no one, that is, save his precious diary.

The very first entry in the diary gave the key to the whole thing. He began it, very fittingly, one New Year's Day, and after giving a conscientious and detailed account of the weather and of the trivial happenings of the day, and after a sketch of himself, he wrote as follows:

As I expect some day to be a great author, I have resolved to keep a diary. I am going to write in it every thing that I do every day and about the weather, so that after I am dead folks will know about me. I intend to tell everything in it that is of importance and I will put down the things I plan to do so that I can remember what they are and not forget. So far all my life I have been very bad about forgetting to do the things I planned so that so far I haven't done much. But it is time I was getting over childish folly and this year I have resolved to do a great deal. These are the things which I must do this year.

I must write V volumes of Essays and Sketches making Sixty Essays. A novel entitled The Princess of Babylon and fifty-two or more letters to Mrs. B— and also 365 days of this diary and accumulate material and write Vol. I, II, and III of English History.

The Diary was intended for the eyes of posterity

I must make a kennel for Jack, a Cabinet, a set of Naturalist's requisites, three cabinet boxes.

I must make and take care of the Garden and do part of the Barn Chores.

I must get certificates in History of Greece and Rome, Book-keeping, Latin, Grammar, English Literature, Botany, English History and Physical Geography.

I must read through Wood's Natural History, Friends Worth Knowing, In Nesting Time, A Pair of Blue Eyes, all of Scott's Novels not already read, Abbott's Histories of Russia, Austria and Prussia, Guizzott's History of France, Hume's History of England, A History of Germany, Lives of Washington, Lafayette and Franklin, Macaulay's and Irving's Essays, and Shakespeare's Poems. Prescott's Histories, Land of the Midnight Sun, Kane's Voyages, Artic Voyages, Seven Great Monarchies, eight volumes of English History, 6 of Dicken's Novels and four of Hawthorne's.

I must make an excursion to every place intended and give a full description in this diary of everything seen and collected.

This is an example of the tremendous seriousness of the diary, and indicates the outlook which Rufus had on life. But, unfit for the sight of scornful adult or uncomprehending juvenile eyes as these things were, there were later entries of a still more intimate and private nature. About the tenth day of the new year Rufus spent some few minutes in trivial conversation with a blue-eyed little girl in the class next below his. It was by no means the first time he had talked with her and the entry concerning her in the diary that evening did not have to do with a newly discovered fact in the least. It was merely a fact which he had not had occasion to record before, and which he expressed in the following fashion:

> This afternoon I was talking to Mary Smith for a while. She is the prettiest girl in the world and the nicest and I have loved her with terrible passion for a long time. When I am grown up I intend to make her my wife and I swear a holy vow that she shall be.

Later on there were other fervent entries concerning Mary, and some, of almost equal intensity, concerning the future greatness which Rufus anticipated.

The diary was intended for the eyes of posterity, of course, but not for those of his contemporaries. He therefore indulged in greater freedom than he would otherwise have thought it wise to do; and for the sake of greater safety, carried the flat blank book about with him—hidden under his vest, secured by a suspender—every morning until his bed was made; and then tucked it between the mattress and the springs before he went off to school.

This precaution may seem somewhat extraordinary to one who has not been fully informed of the circumstances, but to Rufus it did not seem so at all. In the household there was a young imp of a girl, some years his senior, but more like

a cousin than an aunt, although she was in reality his mother's sister. Elizabeth was her name and Rufus called her Bess for short, and liked her well enough as long as she did not tease him—which wasn't so very long at a time, to be sure.

He knew that Bess would not scruple in the least to read the diary if she came across it, and he knew that if she did read it she would make life unbearable for him. He was aware also that she suspected its existence and was on the watch to discover its hiding place.

What incomparable folly or absent-mindedness led him one morning to forget the precious book and leave it lying in plain sight on top of his table, he could never understand. But that was just what he did—one Saturday morning, when he was anxious to get out to play with a number of other boys—having for the time forgotten his cherished ambitions and resolves, and yielded with a delicious consciousness of reckless wickedness to the enticements of coasting.

It was nearly noon when, with about a dozen of his unintellectual mates, he returned to his own yard on his way to another hill. He went into the house to get a drink and the others waited for him in a group near the door. While he was in the kitchen he became aware of suspicious sounds from his own room upstairs—half smothered exclamations and suppressed giggles. Bess was in his room and there was another girl with her. Bess was reading something out-loud.

Rufus sprang up the stairs in three great bounds, flung open the door of his room and rushed in, angry and confused. The two girls were sitting on his bed and Bess had the diary in her hands and wide open.

"—and I have loved her with terrible passion for a long time," Bess was reading as he entered, and she looked up in mocking glee.

The other girl blushed but at the same time smiled.

"Bess!" cried Rufus furiously, and sprang at her.

But she jumped up from the bed, ran into a corner, and held the precious book clutched in both hands tightly to her breast. Reckless of chivalry and with the strength of anger, he caught her and pushed her to her knees. But she crouched over and sheltered the book with her body and arms. Then suddenly as he struggled, the other girl reached in between, and snatched the book and ran out of the door. Rufus let Bess go and sprang after, screaming: "Here, you give me that book, or I'll fix you!"

But the other girl ran down stairs and out the front door where the boy's friends were idly waiting for him. Rufus followed her and Bess followed Rufus.

"I've got Rufus' diary," shrieked the girl to the boys. "Listen! I'll read it to you! Catch him and hold him, Bess."

Bess grabbed Rufus from behind and one of the larger boys accommodatingly tripped him up, so that he fell face down on the snow. There Bess, with the assitance of one or two of the other boys, held him, struggling like a madman, while the girl, with shouts of laughter,

—GLORY KILVERT—

Reckless of chivalry he pushed her to her knees

"Mary, come here; I want to read something to you"

read the most delectable passages from the diary—all those which began "I resolve," or "I must write," and all those about Mary Smith, and all those telling what great things Rufus expected to do when he became a man.

In anger and chagrin Rufus was sobbing and struggling. He felt a mad desire to throttle the girl who was reading the solemn sentences that would forever disgrace him in the eyes of his fellows; and he felt an almost equal desire to kill all those who heard what she had read. But desperate and reckless as he was, face down and half buried in the snow, with Bess on his back and the boys on his arms and legs, he could do nothing save struggle and sob in frenzy.

Blinded with tears and snow, he could not see, but suddenly he became aware that something had produced a sensation in the crowd about him. There was a hush and a keeping-still of those who were struggling with him.

Then came the voice of the reader in an altered tone.

"Hello, Mary! Come here! I want to read something to you!"

Rufus buried his face in the snow. He no longer struggled. He wished that they would push him down, deep, deep, in the feathery stuff and bury him forever from sight.

"What is it?" asked Mary Smith's voice, quite close now.

There was a deeper hush, everybody waited in suspense; the girl's voice quavered a little as she answered:

"We've got a diary Rufus has been keeping ever since New Year's day and there's lots in it about you. Just listen! 'This afternoon I was talking to Mary Smith for a while. She is the prettiest girl in the world and the nicest, and I have loved her with terrible passion for a long time. When I grow up I intend to make her my wife and I swear a holy vow that she shall be!"

Whether it was the expression of Mary's face, or something else which restrained them, Rufus could not determine—but at any rate every one kept

perfectly still, there was not a whisper, not the least chuckle or hint of laughter. Two of the boys who had been holding him, slipped off and rose to their feet.

"Give me that book!" said Mary's voice, imperatively, but in tones which suggested restrained tears. "You have no right to read it and you are as mean as you can be. Rufus is worth the whole lot of you, boys and girls too, and he's the only one in town that is smart enough to keep a diary, and you know it, and you are all jealous of him. Give me that book!"

Mary evidently snatched the diary out of the other girl's hands.

The other boys and Bess slipped from Rufus' back and he rolled over and sat up, abashed and conscious of his tear-stained face, but feeling a certain comforting warmth about his heart. Mary was standing there, her cheeks aflame and her eyes blazing, the diary in her hands. She stepped over beside Rufus and he struggled to his feet.

Bess and the other girl began to titter. The boys grinned sheepishly. They did not just fancy taking sides in a girls' quarrel.

"Here, Rufus, is your book," said Mary, gently, handing it to him.

Then she turned to the others. "Your're as mean, as mean can be, and I hate you all!" she declared passionately.

Then to Rufus again in subdued tones.

"Come; let's go an' leave 'em."

Mechanically he turned and walked away by her side.

The boys began to whisper and chuckle. Bess and the other girl called after them quotations and parodies of quotations from the diary. But Mary and Rufus walked on in silence, the boy bewildered, abashed but happy, the girl both enraged and pitiful.

"Never mind what they say," she whispered when they had gone some little distance. "It was an awful mean thing to do. And you have a perfect right to keep a diary and to put what you please in it. They are all jealous because you are so much better than they are—and smarter."

"I—I never intended anybody to see it, not—not until after I was dead," muttered Rufus apologetically."

"It doesn't matter," said Mary firmly. "And what's in it about me doesn't matter—and—and I love you, too, Rufus—and when we get grown up I will marry you—and so let them laugh. You and I don't care."

They walked on in silence.

The boy's heart was full of strange new rapture, but he could not think of a word to say.

"It doesn't matter," said Mary firmly

Standing at the gate as the company marched away

Sergeant Keeny's Romance

A Story for Memorial Day

BY HUGH PENDEXTER

ILLUSTRATED BY HANSON BOOTH

THE disastrous assault on Fredericksburg was two weeks old, yet the men were ever reverting to it in their gloomy questioning of the future. Burnside's attempt to take the city in the face of Lee's ninety thousand strongly entrenched veterans had cost the North thirteen thousand lives—making it one of the most useless slaughters, with the possible exception of Cold Harbor, of the entire war.

McClellan, grumbled the men, had been removed from command when on the point of completing a decisively

successful campaign on the east side of the Blue Ridge. And sorrow and disappointment on the part of the rank and file, as well as officers, were now succeeded by despair.

But for the time being Sergeant Elisha Keeny forgot the fearful sacrifices made along the banks of the Rappahannock. His thoughts were pleasant ones and roamed far afield, as he tore another sheet from his notebook and carefully economized the space; for while much paper was wasted in sending dispatches from Washington to the front, the sergeant had found paper was sometimes difficult to obtain in Virginia. And his thoughts: he could see her standing at the gate as the company marched away in answer to Lincoln's call to arms, nearly two years before. That was in the Spring, Spring in old New England, where a fence and a tangle of vines and a grave-eyed maid furnished Sergeant Keeny with all his ideas of bliss.

For nearly an hour his task and its mental accompaniment had intoxicated him. Then, as one emerging from a happy dream, his eyes opened and his forehead developed new lines; developed them much as the rebs had quickly extended a triple line of works along Mary's Heights back of the debatable city. The rough side of life had dulled his deftness in striking a delicate balance. He found it necessary to tell himself all he knew about his chances and to act his own messenger when bearing ill tidings. Absence from her had made him over-optimistic, he suddenly feared; and he proceeded to inventory fact after fact with one finger on his tough palm. As he reviewed the sum total with his inner vision, he shook his head dubiously; and, gazing wistfully towards the North, he muttered half aloud:

"I've been down here nearly two years. A year ago I wrote and asked her to give me my answer. She stunned me by writing she didn't know her mind. Then I got afraid of losing her and wrote her to take her time—to take a year—not to write me till she could say 'yes.' I did that, so's I'd know she was mine the minute I got a letter from her. To-morrow's New Year's day. Lawd! this is my last day. Why! this is my last chance. She'd not forgit I'm waiting; she aint that kind. What if she's written so's I'll git it to-day—as sort of a New Year's gift. Well, it aint no use to send this—the game is played out, one way or the other."

And his lean, brown fingers paused their checking up of *pro* and *con* and nervously tore up the letter.

Then in a panic he murmured: "What if she should say 'no'—eh? Well, what could I do?" And his voice was impatient as if answering a foolish query. "We may win this derned war, but we can't win women unless they be willing. I could go in for a bullet, but would that help? Wouldn't I keep on thinking about her—forever and ever—"

He came to an abrupt halt in his mumbling as a private lounged up and half whispered, half grinned, "Say, Lishe; did ye know Jasper Dorn's skipped?"

Keeny's face flushed with anger. His informant came from a neighboring town, a rival town, and obviously took delight in imparting the news. "He's one of the heroes your village sent down here, eh?" he added.

"I can't believe it," cried Keeny, ignoring the taunt and rising briskly. "He's only been down here six months, but he's a whole team in a fight—a reg'lar devil. If I did believe it, I'd—"

"Wal, what, Lishe?"

"By heavens! I'd go after him and fetch him back."

"Intimate friend of yours, aint he?" drawled the other.

"Hardly that. He moved to our town about a year after I enlisted. I never saw him till he came down here and he aint one to git confidential with a body. What sores me is the disgrace his skipping out'll mean to the home-folks. Just our derned luck to have some fool newcomer to the village throw down the whole community. When did he light out?"

"Early this morning, I guess. One of the fellers said he heard him bleating and whimpering in the night."

"Homesick," murmured Keeny, his eyes growing sympathetic. "Either that

or crazy. I've seen him work when kingdom-come was awful near. That's what's the matter—homesick. I guess we all git that way sometimes, but—"

"But that aint no excuse for our skedaddling, eh?" chuckled the private. Then more generously, "Wal, that game we played in trying to buck against them two stone walls and the canal—with the rebs flingin' pot-shots at us—was enough to take the ginger out of any man. But I'm awful glad none of *our* boys has skipped. Of course it hurts your pride—"

"Shut up! Stow that talk," growled Keeny, turning away. "Trying to make out all the men from my town are quitters?"

The private winced, for Sergeant Keeny's gray eyes were not good to gaze into when his emotions reached a certain point.

Left alone, Keeny's thoughts jumped back to the old trend, hope fighting in the last ditch. "To-day's the last day I could expect to hear," he mumbled, as if memorizing something. "Of course, she might forgit about the time it would take a letter to find me—No! no! she aint that kind. She'd never forgit. I almost wish I'd asked her to write me if she meant 'no.' Lawd! if I could have her! If a feller only could know his chances ahead and keep himself from falling in love when the woman is against him! And still, who could keep from falling in love with her, do what he could, know what he might!"

As he meditated, he turned mechanically from his path so as to avoid an idle group about the mess-tent, which was but one of many illustrations of the lax discipline in the army at that particular time. He wanted no company; he did not wish to learn about any letters. If there were a letter he would know it later; if there were none, he would at least enjoy the doubtful respite of ignorance until evening.

"Hi! Sergeant Keeny!" bawled one of the men. "You're wanted."

"A-a letter for me?" he faltered, approaching the group with unsteady steps. Then more loudly, "Did you say I had some mail? Papers? Some letters—a letter?" And his eyes burned, just as they had seen men's eyes burn in the hospital tent.

"No, there aint no mail. The leftenant wants to see you."

For some foolish reason he had believed the letter from her had come. When the loud voiced private cried out to him his heart beat a more tremulous quick-step than ever it had when he was going into action with the odds against him. The revulsion now left him weak and stupid. He could never tell how he came to confront his superior, and he heard his orders as one in a trance.

Subconsciously he absorbed all—the explicit commands, the forceful language as to the morale of the army, the veiled, expressed hope for a Hooker. Objectively he caught only the lieutenant's earnest, boyish appeal in conclusion: "It's a hard job, Sergeant, and one you don't like, but you must do your duty. Scour the Morgansburg pike on both sides. How many men do you want?"

"I'll take two," moodily replied Keeny, turning to go.

His new task, however, could not crowd thought of the expected letter from his mind. There was even a chance now that it might arrive. Such things were possible. When one came in, some one would announce the fact, as the boys from his town were hungry for home news. Yes, they would guard his letter very jealously. Some one of them might even have it now; but he dared not ask. He looked at the sun to learn how much time he had in which to expect a parcel of mail to arrive.

Then the cold sweat beaded his forehead and face, despite the sharp tang of the December day. After one glance at the western sun he surrendered. Before he could fully realize it he had capitulated. He made no defense whatever to the host of heart-sickening convictions. In a mighty white light he read the truth and sought to cheat himself no longer. She could never love him. Had she loved him she would have written before this. If a letter had gone astray she would have written another and another until she had poured out her heart

to him in a perfect flood of letters. Once her love burst forth for a man it would sweep on, an irresistible force, seeking him out, be he hidden where he would. He had hoped with optimism, he had hoped with doubt, then, in gnawing fear. Now he flew the white flag and hoped no longer.

As he stumbled over a peg-rope and blindly sought his two men, his face was older than could usually be found, even in that army of weather-worn, battle-scarred men. It was old with sorrow, beside which the age of mere years is as eternal youth.

"Wish you'd got some one else," complained the man who had informed him of Dorn's desertion. "Didn't you know a general order has just been given to shoot all men that is brought in?"

"Keep shut! Get the horses! Right about face, double quick!" roared the sergeant, his voice hoarse with simulated passion as he sought to mask his great sorrow.

Had he but received a letter, *her* letter, how charitable he would have felt towards all, how merciful. Now his thin jaw was set, his eyes were ugly.

"Right wheel, trot," he growled, settling his worn cap low over his eyes and spurring north toward the Morgansburg pike.

All night Keeny and his two followers hung at the heels of a squad of fleeing men. The lust of the hunt was in the sergeant, and throughout the night he cursed his companions for laggards and threatened them until they snarled back. But they obeyed his orders and, by fair means or foul, obtained new mounts, as the exigencies of the task required.

Sun-up found them lurching in their saddles like drunken men.

"Ye kin shoot me, but I can't go no farther," groaned one, slipping from his saddle and throwing himself exhausted on the frost-speckled ground.

The sergeant toyed with his revolver thoughtfully, his blood-shot eyes keenly measuring up the man's powers of endurance. The latter, however, as if to prove the sincerity of his mutiny, promptly became unconscious.

"Drag him into the bushes and hitch the nags and go to sleep with him," Keeny ordered.

Granting this boon, he reined his own jaded steed into a by-path and plunged on.

This was his New Year's day. Up North it was quiet and peaceful, except as ill news crept home over the wires and through the post; along the Rappahannock it was hell. The night's exertion, coupled with the death of his cherished hopes, aroused the cruel instincts of the hunter. At first it developed a fiery determination; now it had evolved into a grim, set purpose, machine-like in its nature, as if he were some agency, inexorable, yet irresponsible for his acts.

The lust of his gaze softened a bit as it perceived the condition of his horse. Dismounting and taking some hardtack from the saddlebag he tied the animal to a sapling and continued his quest afoot.

His quarry could not be far ahead, as the chase had been hotly pressed throughout the night, and he listened keenly as he stole along. Where the frost had pricked the ground he occasionally picked up the trail.

Thus, for nearly half-a-mile, he proceeded afoot and then was faced with an enigma; the trail split. One man had left the road to take to the underbrush. The sergeant's quick eyes easily found where he had stumbled in surmounting the white-rimmed bank. All traces gave evidence that he was exhausted.

The sergeant cautiously climbed the bank and almost instantly heard a faint, crackling sound ahead. He was very warm on the trail, more so, even, than he had dared hope; and his nostrils dilated and his breath came with a hissing sound as, bent double, he stalked his prey.

He now was close to a solid fringe of bushes encircling a clump of dwarf-pines. A slight rustle emanated from this natural hiding-place and the sergeant knew he would find his man inside, stretched out on the pine needles. Cautiously he peered through; then he gasped: "Dorn! It's you?"

With a cry of fear and rage, the deserter half rose, at the same time reach-

ing for his rifle. He was about Keeny's age, but much larger in build. Physically he was a giant, yet his face was extremely young.

"What d'ye want, Lishe?" he choked.

"You! You're going back with me."

"Why, it would mean death to go back, Lishe," faltered the deserter. "It might mean the rank killing of me. It might mean I'd be shot."

"Probably," Keeny sullenly agreed.

"I come from your town. I know I'm new there, but still we ought to feel like neighbors towards each other," reminded Dorn, his gaze wandering, in desperation, about his narrow hiding place.

"Yep."

"I aint no coward," screamed Dorn, as if reading the other's thoughts. "I aint no coward. We don't grow 'em in our family. I 'nlisted because I wanted to. I've fit like a devil. All up and down this derned Peninsular I've fit like hell. All up and down this yere valley I've fit for every ounce there was in me. I was willing to go plumb through with it. It aint the fighting what makes me quit—it's something else."

Keeny squatted on his haunches, revolver ready, and stared curiously at his prisoner. He even nodded his head by way of encouragement, and Dorn continued:

"I was homesick. I helped shove them bridges across—it was hell. I was soaked and freezing for three days—then to jump against the game old Lee had ready for us! General Hooker kicked about going in; I didn't even murmur. Well, you know how everything has gone since. Then, to top it all, there come her letter."

"Her letter?" queried Keeny sharply. "You got a girl?"

"Yes." The man's voice trembled. "And she writ, saying—"

"Saying she had no use for ye," obtruded Keeny, pityingly. "You poor, weak devil!"

"Not by a danged sight! God bless her, she writ, saying she loved me, and I was sick—sick for her."

"What!" roared Keeny, springing to his feet. "You dare tell me you quit when you know'd your girl loves ye? Why, you coward! I was a-pitying of ye. I allowed you'd been jilted. Up with them hands! Up!"

"I aint a coward," persisted Dorn in a whisper, rising to his knees and slowly elevating his hands. "I aint a coward, I tell ye. I aint afeared to die. But after dreaming of her and a-wanting her, and bein' put off till she finds out her own mind for sure, and then to discover she's loved me for nearly a year without knowing it herself, and now *does* love me for sure—I say, I wont pass out without seeing her."

"On your feet. Keep your hands up, or I'll plug ye."

"Plug and be derned!" cried Dorn, ducking and kicking at the same time.

Disconcerted for the instant by this unexpected show of resistance, Keeny failed to dodge Dorn's heavy boot, and as a consequence was knocked backward into the bushes. Dorn, without wasting a motion, seized his rifle and threw it forward. But before he could pull the trigger, Keeny fired. His man dropped with a groan.

"Plugged through the shoulder," mused Keeny, methodically preparing a bandage.

"Then I've got to go with ye," moaned Dorn, white-lipped and staring.

"No dodging it," Keeny declared. "And just remember this; your girl ought never to look at ye."

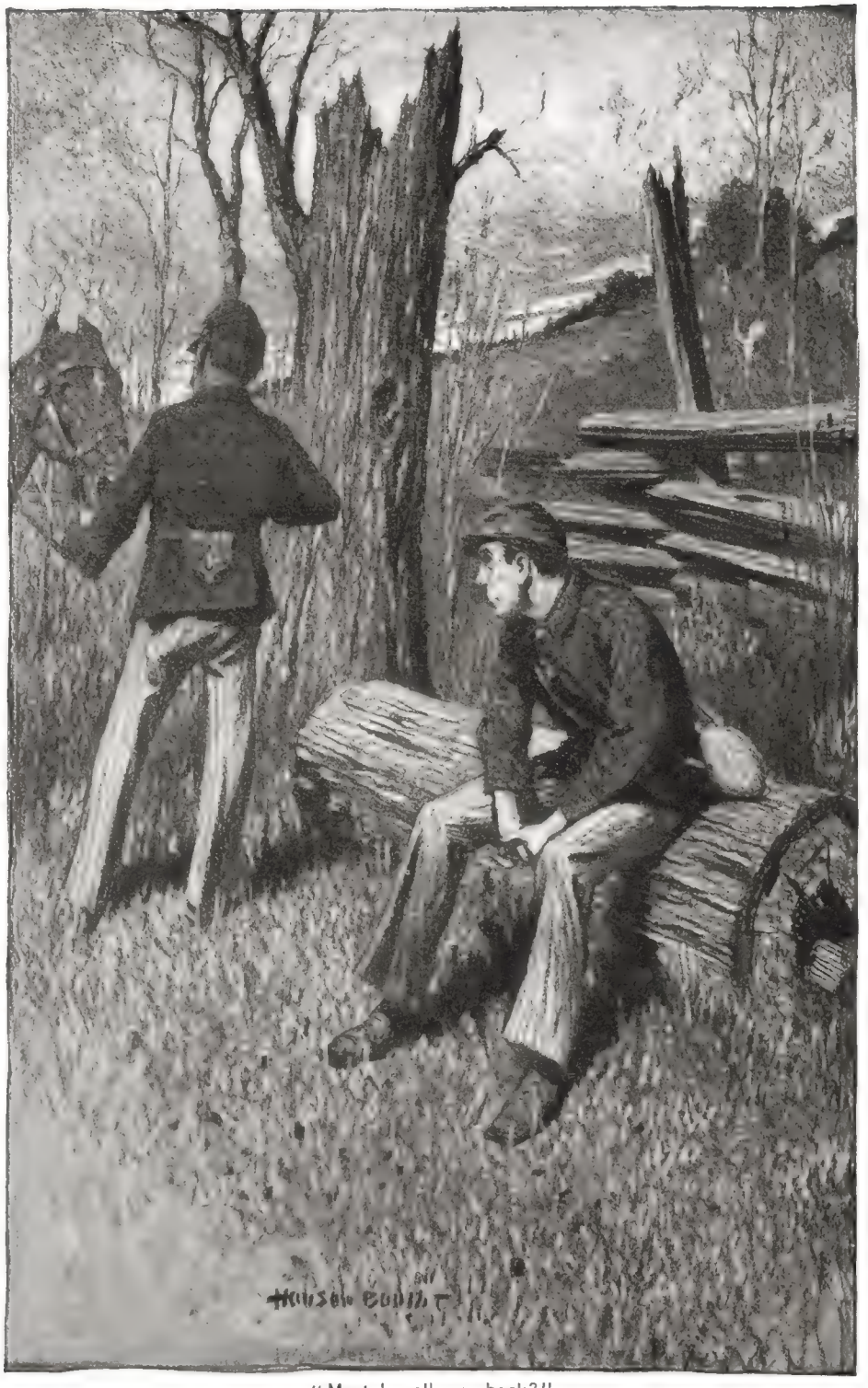
"I—I can't see why," mumbled Dorn.

"Of course not. But I'm older'n you be in experience. I've had my troubles. You're only a younker alongside of me. I'll be gray as a rat mighty soon. So, remember this—a woman worth having, sonny, always insists on her man being pretty decent."

"My girl's the best girl what ever lived," groaned the wounded man. "She'd stick to me through everything." And as Keeny washed the wound with water from his canteen, and skillfully applied the bandage, he repeated, "She's the best girl what ever lived."

"Quit that," growled the sergeant at last, giving the shoulder a sudden wrench. "There's only one woman in that class."

"Ye're a liar!" Dorn cried, his face



"Must I really go back?"

red with rage and his eyes no longer those of a youth; and despite his hurt he sought to attack his captor. "Ye lie! There's no woman on earth that ranks with Clarindy Curtis."

He could have escaped, had he so desired, as he finished speaking, for Keeny crouched on his heels, his mouth agape and his eyes blind to all about him. Dorn, still flushed with passion, towered unsteadily above him, oblivious to the revolver and the rifle near the tree.

"You dare say—" He was choking; rage forced the tears to his eyes.

"Wait a minute," whispered Keeny, "for God's sake, wait! You say your girl is Clarindy Curtis of our town, and you say she has writ you?"

Dorn nodded, still gritting his teeth and entirely blind to Keeny's emotion.

The sergeant slowly straightened, still ignoring his prisoner, and for several moments gazed off toward the Blue Ridge. Finally he turned and said, "Mister Dorn, we'll go back now. The young woman you mention is all you say. I was mistook, entirely mistook."

Dorn's rage slowly died out, and as the two stumbled through the undergrowth to the road, he babbled: "I had only been in the town two months before I fell in love with her. She seemed sort of sad and uncertain at first—"

"Shut up!" commanded Keeny.

The prisoner would have wheeled to remonstrate, only he caught a glimpse of the sergeant's horse, and sinking down on a log he cried, "Must I really go back?"

"Yes, you must go back," said Keeny harshly. "You can ride."

"Lawd!" cried Dorn, stretching his free arm high above his head and clinching his fist, "to think it has come to this! It's death to go back."

The sergeant eyed him curiously. "You're afraid?" he asked.

"No!" the other denied fiercely, staggering forward. "I'm not afraid of a honest death. But it's—it's so bad for her!"

"She wrote that she liked ye," murmured Keeny.

"Guess ye'd better read it—seeing as how ye may have to take care of my things when it's all over," muttered the deserter, pulling forth a crumpled letter.

Keeny hesitated, Dorn nodding for him to proceed, but he did not see him. He saw only her, as her honest brown eyes searched his gaze fearlessly. Her visioned face seemed to urge him to read the letter, and forgetting his prisoner he turned the pages. It was the simple surrender of a simple maid, whose diffident heart had been incited almost to boldness by the times and their daily vicissitudes. To hesitate might find him dead. The exigencies of the times demanded that one be frank. Dorn could not fully appraise the import of these vital lines, but Keeny did:

> You must always be my ideal. To be so you must measure high. There was a time before you came to our town when I thought much of another soldier. I think much about him now. She whom he fancied he preferred, could not return his love. At first she thought she might. She may have wronged him in giving him hope. In my eyes that soldier is worthy of the love of the best of women. You may meet him and never know it. So look keenly for manly men, noble men, men who have been disappointed. And in meeting such you may meet him who fared ill where you feel you have fared well. And when you do meet such men, boy, you will find kindly, grave men; men who are considerate of other men's faults. When I remember the sincere and manly nature of—

"Shows she loves me?" eagerly pleaded Dorn, moving toward the horse.

"Why—why didn't you try to escape while I was reading it?" asked Keeny, wiping the sweat from his face.

"I wanted to see what you thought of her and her letter," the other gravely replied. "Would you have let me go?"

"No—yes—no. I don't know," Keeny floundered, his hands twitching as he returned the letter. Should Dorn escape he would lose his sweetheart. Keeny could imagine the girl's sorrow, her growing conviction she had loved unworthily. Then, like a wave of fire, there swept over him the thought: Would she ultimately come to love the man who could go through the grind with never a fault?

"Can I duck out?" Dorn urged.

Keeny eyed him meditatively. The man was honest, and in a time when nearly eighty-two thousand men and nearly three thousand officers were entered as absent on the rolls of the Army of the Potomac, his desertion need not necessarily be set down to cowardice. He had the fresh heart of a boy; he was homesick. His simple mind had caused him to forget how the girl would view his dereliction. By allowing him to carry out his original intention Keeny might gain that, beside which all other prizes were as nothing.

"Can I duck—"

"Git onto that hoss. Make a move to escape and I'll kill you. Can't you understand this girl don't want no man coming to her unless he has an honorable discharge?"

"Lawd! I forgot," cried Dorn. "No, it wouldn't do. I must go back and face the music. You see, I was homesick and crazy-like. I aint no coward. No, siree! If they'd have a rip-snorting battle I'd show 'em what mettle I was made of. But I got soaked and nearly friz. There oughter be a law against making a man fight in ice-watery clothes and on a empty stomach. My idea is to have—"

But all this was lost on the sergeant, who walked with bowed head beside his prisoner.

"Year ago to-day I was back home," Dorn ran on, a little feverish from his wound. "How afraid I was of her! Folks joked about me standing no show. I just paid no attention, and at last got up enough courage to call on her. Guess the war will be a mighty good thing if it gives her to me—Lawd!" he broke off; "I forgot—I plumb forgot."

The sun was well up as Keeny turned the horse so as to avoid his two men asleep by the roadside. The temperature had lost much of its tang and to the sergeant it seemed like late October, up North.

"There's lots of snow and good sleighing," he muttered. "But there aint much merry-making. No, sir! Every one is down to the store, or postoffice, waiting for papers and letters. Guess she's there, too, awaiting to hear from him—Dern ye! hold on, or I'll tie ye on." The last to Dorn, who half fell from the saddle.

When they reached the outpost, Dorn was delirious.

She stood at the flap of the hospital tent and saw him as he passed—and called to him:

"Going by without speaking, Elisha?" she reproached.

His tanned face burned to a deeper hue as he approached.

"I—I was in a hurry, Clarindy," he shammed. "We march soon, you know."

"I know," she murmured, "and before you do I want to ask you something. I want you to tell me you forgive me—"

"Don't!" he choked, raising a hand. "Lawd! to think of me forgivin' a angel. Just you kindly forgive me instead."

"Elisha," she continued, more firmly; "I want you to forgive me for not knowing my own mind. I want you to tell me that my mistake wont make an awful lot of difference to you."

"Don't you bother your pretty head a second about me," he protested. "I sorter felt, more'n a year ago, I didn't stand no show. So, I've kind of had time to kick out of it."

"Oh, thank you!" she rejoiced, clasping his right hand in both of hers. "I am so glad. I sometimes felt a foolish fear—"

"Tut! tut!" he obtruded, releasing his hand and patting her shoulder. "Forgit all about it, little woman." Before she could continue he inquired, "And how's the patient?"

"Elisha," she said, in a half-whisper, "if it hadn't been for you, Jasper would have been dead by now. I shall never forget, Elisha. But do you know, during all his delirium he has been talking about his deserting—such fearful vagaries."

"It's the way they're always took, Clarindy," he soothed. "And as a rule a man, who's been through the suffering that boy has, even after he has fully recovered, will always believe he's been cutting up nasty—like Jasper may always believe he'd tried to desert; ye can't tell. However, now that he's going home on a furlough and will have you to care for him, he'll pick up mighty fast.

"Why, you aint got any idea how often it happens like that. Only jest las' month a feller of another company got kicked by a mule, and it kind o' went to his head. He thought, when he came out of it, that he was a general, and he give all sorts of commands to the fellers in the hospital. War does funny things, sometimes. Yet that feller was a fighter—the best kind of a fighter—like Jasper."

He paused and looked away, then turned again to her with a smile, saying, with all the earnestness that he could put into his husky voice:

"Yes, he's as good a young man as ever got hurt in battle and then wandered away and got crazy-like. I sent for you the first thing, as I knew you could cure him of his crazy notions. Poor boy; wounded on the field of battle, he was, and just wandered away and got crazy-like. Well, Clarindy, guess I'll have to say 'good-by;' I hear the bugle callin'."

"Good-by, Elisha," she whispered.

He nodded bravely.

And as she stood there, wide of eye and pale of face, the regimental band struck up "The Girl I Left Behind Me," and Sergeant Keeny swept by, saluting her, stiffly.

"Good-by, Elisha," she whispered

The Maneuvering of Minerva

BY MRS. LUTHER HARRIS

"A CATBOAT," said Minerva, her hand on the tiller, "has more tricks than a circus mule. Now why should the boom go scudding up in the air like that, as if it were aspiring to be an air-ship? Is that what you call 'jibing?' "

"I fancy it's doing that with an evident intention to 'goose neck,' " explained young Carington, his eyes on the little crisp curls the wind whipped out about Minerva's neck.

"But why in the name of reason should anything that is named after a *cat* aspire to goose-neck?" she demanded with feminine logic. "There! the hateful thing is doing it again!"

Young Carington looked a bit perturbed. "Hadn't I better take the tiller?" he asked.

"Most certainly not. Do you think I am here merely for ornament?"

She looked at him from under the brim of her big Leghorn hat on which blue corn-flowers nodded at him as if in conspiracy with her eyes. If Minerva had intended looking at him like that she might at least have worn a plainer hat.

"You wouldn't have fallen at all short of the mark if you *were* here merely with that in view."

And though his voice was modulated to banter, it held the vibrant undertone Minerva loved to hear in it.

At that moment she pulled the tiller toward her with a vicious little jerk. The boat jibed; there was a sudden scrambling on the part of both occupants, a smothered exclamation from Carington, and the two were in the water.

Minerva gave a little high catch of laughter and caught her hat and also her balance in time to save both.

They were quite near shore and the water was shallow, but both had splashed about considerably and Minerva's hair had half fallen about her shoulders. They looked at each other a moment, then there was a duet of laughter, Minerva's high and sweet.

"Don't you think I chose an awfully nice place for spilling us over?" she demanded, holding onto her hat and balancing herself neatly. "Just off shore and close to that lovely pebbly beach. Any one with less judgment might have done it in mid-ocean with not even an island in sight. And, by the way, I believe this *is* a little island, isn't it?"

They began splashing shoreward. "To make it really novelesque there ought to be monkeys and palms and boa-constrictors," hazarded Minerva, becoming very dependent upon young Carington's support. "Evidently I haven't mastered all the intricacies of 'jibing;' it appears to be so very sudden. Why didn't you tell me it was as sudden as that?"

His arm was about her as they picked their uncertain footing on the slippery rocks covered with sea-weed, and his heart was doing a trip-hammer accompaniment in his side.

"I'm glad I wore this blue serge because it wont take long to dry in this broiling sun," consoled Minerva. "Why couldn't you have told me that jibing was as sudden as that? And that 'goose-necking' was only a polite form for standing on your head?"

"That boat was too heavily oversparred anyway. It wasn't in the least your fault—our spilling out this way."

Oh, *wasn't* it? Minerva thought, her guilty little heart tattooing against her side. Did anybody ever pull off a neater little stage trick?

She lifted to young Carington's her iris-blue eyes, as innocent of guile as the eyes of a very young child playing tea-party in the nursery. "Of course. Wasn't I doing exactly as you told me?"

They sat down on a stranded log on

the shore. It was a day of amber sunlight, and in the wood behind them the shadows were great splashes of deep umber.

Minerva pulled the few remaining shell pins from her hair, spreading it out about her shoulders like a veil. In color it was the reddish brown of beech leaves under a mist of rain, and was of the variety that curls under the influence of moisture. Holding it out at arm's length the wind caught it and played mad tricks with it, tricks calculated to quicken a young man's heart action, especially when a silken strand of it blew across his lips.

To his over-ambient fancy she seemed a Mænad, an Undine, and the smile with which she looked sidewise at him from under this silken veil was like a little twinkling flame. Truly there was need of buckling on his armor of stoical determination anew.

An indefinable vague sweetness, too subtle to be named a perfume, was about her hair, like the ghost of some remembered fragrance. What was it?

Suddenly he remembered an Indiana hillside, and his boyish hands gathering trailing-arbutus in the spring grass. A line from Swinburne's *"Rondel"* ran through his mind:—

> With her own tresses I bound and found her fair,
> Kissing her hair.

And he glanced away, the lines of determination eating deeper into the lean bronze of his young face.

Minerva flung her hair back over her shoulders.

"Listen!" she admonished, holding up a finger, "to the little wavelets kissing the beach and making love to the silence."

It seemed quite the proper thing for the wavelets to be doing and they listened.

"I'm getting dreadfully freckled," drawled Minerva, her hair fallen Madonna-wise now, on each side of her wild-rose face. "But I don't care. Sometime I'm going to write a book on *'How To Be Happy, Though Freckled.'* I wonder how soon they will miss us? When they do, the Dowager Duchess," (it was in this facetious way Minerva always referred to that exalted personage and leader of fashion—Mrs. Reade-Schuyler) "will be sending out searching parties after us."

Now young Carington knew, as did the entire exclusive summer colony of Shell Island, that all the match-making genius of Mrs. Reade-Schuyler was being called into action to consummate an "alliance" between her niece and the young visiting Englishman who shone in the reflected glory of being second cousin to an earl.

She had picked him up somewhere on the Continent and had corralled him at once. To his intimates he was familiarly known as "Pinkey," by reason of his infantile fairness and rosiness. He was, in point of fact, a quite harmless chap whom one would never have suspected of being second cousin to an earl, even though he did, in common with his countrymen in general, appear to think that the sun was placed in its orbit merely to act as a spotlight for the Union Jack.

Mrs. Reade-Schuyler was a woman who would have been worth her weight in radium as a server of legal papers (if one could by any stretch of the imagination think of her in so plebeian a capacity) for she always arrived where she wished to, and got what she went after. Minerva had inherited a very considerable fortune, and the combination of aristocratic lineage on the part of the youthful Englishman, and of wealth on Minerva's side, constituted the combination *par excellence* in the worldly eyes of this distinguished leader of the Elect, who harnessed her name with a hyphen and drove it tandem.

But she was quite ignorant of how thoroughly her charming neice had imbibed the ethics of Mr. George Bernard Shaw, and was quite likely to do her own choosing in the matrimonial market.

Young Carington was supposed to be quite out of the running, having his own way to make in the world, and being the youngest son of a man who, though once wealthy, had been broken on the wheel of speculative commerce in an

attempt to corner lard—a wheel which revolves swiftly and relentlessly in a modern Babylon.

"Look!" beamed Minerva, quite as if it were a delightful joke, "the wind is drifting the boat smash up against those rocks and the mast is going all to pieces."

"We were quite a distance behind the others, you know, owing to your having forgotten your veil and our going back after it."

That *was* rather neat in me, she thought, forgetting my veil. All the delightful *diablerie* of Minerva came out in the little inscrutable smile that just touched the edge of her lips and was gone.

She stole a glance presently, under cover of shaking out her hair.

"Thank heaven," she breathed inwardly, "that Websterian brow of his is balanced by a Byronic mouth."

To Carington she had always been a creature woven of enchantments, exotic and alien, but above all, alluring. And here, in this *solitude à deux,* the charm of her personal radiance added fuel to the flame of his consuming adoration. But his lips should be sealed.

He took up a handful of sand, letting it run through his fingers.

"Mercy! what a heart-line you have." She simulated a look of awe. "How very *banal* mine is by comparison."

And she opened a pink palm as delicately tinted as a sea-shell, and studied it quite as if she saw it for the first time.

"Please hold it a safer distance off."

Minerva ran her fingers through the flat rings over her temples before she gave forth trenchantly:

"You have a very great—er, weakness for 'safe distances.'"

She barely glanced at him and from under her half-lowered lashes met a look that was like facing a flame.

Her own eyes answered plainly: "What an exceedingly obtuse young man you are."

"If you mean by that that I don't say florid, flattering things to you, the frothy and frilly sort that most women like and that mean absolutely nothing, that is true. One can only say those things when —when he doesn't really *care.*"

The pink of Minerva's face was as if some imprisoned flame had leaped with joy and shone through the transparent flesh. She drew a deep breath.

"Sometimes," she said, and the feeling that moved her rendered her intonation as sweet as a flute note, "your eyes have said—things."

"Possibly. A man can't always help what his eyes say; it's matter enough to keep his tongue from saying things it has no business to."

She looked at him with a ravishing archness. Their glances held for just one tingling moment, then her lashes fell; she picked up a handful of sand, watching it slide through her fingers, and laughed softly.

Young Carington was not versed in the subtle art of woman-craft; he was only very much in love, or he would have known that little low laugh of Minerva's shouted Victory.

It was one of those moments which form such weighty items in the debtor-and-credit account with Life, and they sat in a pulsing silence. Suddenly Minerva, glancing up, got to her feet with a little cry:

"A sail! A sail! I suppose we ought to shout and wave a signal of distress—they always do in books. It looks like the Everett's yawl—and I believe it is."

"It is," announced Carington without enthusiasm.

"I suppose we can't conscientiously stay shipwrecked any longer. I haven't anything to wave. Ah, yes, happy thought —I'll make a banner of my hair."

She stood up, holding this tawny mane at arm's length.

"They haven't any dingey, anyway," vouchsafed Carington, as if giving a bit of joyful information, "so we couldn't get out to them. We would either have to wade out or—or I'd have to carry you."

"Oh!" said Minerva, quite as if this put another light on the matter.

And she waved her hair again.

"It's no use. They don't see us."

And she folded the shimmering beauty of her hair about her as a butterfly folds its wings. "They have gone on. Maybe we should have built bonfires—they al-

ways do that in books, too. It's funny how the matches always appear to have been kept dry."

They sat down with the peculiarly relieved air which people always have when an obvious duty has been met—and escaped.

"If we only had the tea-basket—but of course we haven't. It is in Pinkey's boat—it's always like that with him, just another case of 'to him who hath.' I haven't a doubt that if Pinkey were wrecked on a desert island and shook a bread-fruit tree he would pick up Parker House rolls spread with butter and jam. It hasn't been like that with *you,* has it?"

"No," he said simply.

Minerva felt her throat contract, and for a moment she dared not look at him nor trust her voice; then she said with airy nonchalance:

"But for all that, he is merely a walking advertisement for English vestings, and has no more atmosphere than the moon. When he screws his monocle into his eye, I dislike him as much as I do some kind of an animal that eats flies."

And she gave a shrug that quite disposed of Pinkey for all time and put him out of the picture.

"In a book, when you are cast away on a desert island, there is always a wreck firmly affixed on the adjacent coral reef—always. Then all you have to do is to pick up the tinned blue-berries, and canned salmon, and potted ham when the tide washes them in. We made our initial mistake—"

"In not having a wreck. Yes, it was a thoughtless oversight. But one can't always be wise before the event."

"I'm simply famished. Perhaps, if you have some matches, we could build a fire and roast some of these clams, there are a lot of them."

A moment later they were both collecting driftwood here and there along the beach, Minerva walking as if in step to the pipes of Pan. And when, later, they gathered the clams, sometimes their fingers touched in the transfer, and the old-new First Anthem of Creation sang itself through their young pulses.

They made a pretense of eating the clams after they were roasted, Minerva spearing them out on the end of a long hat-pin; and at the close of this Lucullus feast, Carington suggested:

"This isn't really an island, there is a neck of land back there. We might walk on, through the wood; that is where they were going to picnic."

"It will be delightful." She got up, shaking out her skirts. "Hasn't it been a lark?"

She was pinning on her hat on which the blue corn-flowers nodded alluringly.

He looked quite away from her. "It has been—sweet." Then, as if catching himself, he added: "Of course it is the ''Arry and 'Arriet' nature of the incident that has lent it its interest for you. It is so different from the sort of thing you are likely to do the rest of your life. Very much as Marie Antoinette enjoyed playing dairy-maid, but only because she was going back to the Court and its splendors."

"I don't lose my head as easily as Marie Antoinette did," laughed Minerva, and she gave him a look he dared not meet, because it threatened to send his carefully balanced pyramid of resolve toppling.

A young moon was stealing up through the trees, and they walked on a long time through the wood in a silence that held no embarrassment.

"Wouldn't you like to hear a great pipe-organ play the forest music from *'Siegfried'* out here in these big spaces where the silence seems to hold its finger on its lip?"

Presently she stopped.

"I'm getting tired. Let's rest awhile."

They sat down under an enormous elm, leaning against its shaggy bark.

Carington folded his arms across his breast, as if only in this way could he keep them from touching Minerva. Inwardly he was steeling himself anew. Lifting his chin, he looked up into the branches above them.

"Listen," he said, "to the merry little chipmunks chattering."

"Pray do, if you find it exciting."

She turned her face from him, and the curve of her neck was maddeningly tempting.

"Do they interest you—the little chipmunks?"

"Damn the chipmunks," emitted young Carington, with astonishing candor and perfect gravity; and he got to his feet, lifting Minerva as if she had been a child, and swinging her about to face him, his hands on her shoulders.

One big vein came out on his forehead, his face had gone very white, and the blood beat thickly in his throat.

But Minerva's look made him catch his breath with the wonder of it, for her glance held a kind of desperate elation and a trembling joy.

"Do you *like* torturing me the way you've been doing? Do you like to see me 'enduring grinding torments' like Bradley Headstone? Do you like vivisecting my emotions in—in this cruel way?"

"No," breathed Minerva, "I didn't l-like it, but—you were so—so set on not telling me what I *knew* and—and wanted to *hear,* that this just seemed—the only way.

"Don't do that," she laughed a moment later, "those men over in that field cutting hay can see us."

And she straightened her hat.

"And to think," said young Carington, who appeared not to care at all about the men over in the field, and who did it again; so that Minerva had again to straighten her hat—"And to think that it might have been some one else who was tipped over in that catboat with you, dearest. To think that it might have been Pinkey, or one of the forty others."

"You precious goose, you," gave forth Minerva with a rapturous sigh, "don't you suppose I am a little careful about choosing my company when I'm cast away on a desert island?"

The Break at The Border

BY ELLIOTT FLOWER

Author of "The Jewel of Consistency," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

I

BETWEEN Downer & Dawson, in Winnipeg, and Lee Hing, in St. Paul, there was a gap that Kane could not fill in. He knew that the opium, coming from Vancouver, reached the wholesale drug house of Downer & Dawson, and he was morally certain that some of the same opium reached Lee Hing—but he had been utterly unable to discover how it got over the line.

The prevention of smuggling on any large scale, and the capture of the smugglers, is more a matter of watching the dutiable stuff and those who handle it than it is of patrolling the border and inspecting baggage—and reports from Vancouver told all about the shipments to Downer & Dawson. Kane thus knew when each shipment was made, and also, through a Winnipeg agent, when each shipment was delivered. He knew that Downer & Dawson were now receiving many times as much opium as the legitimate demand would warrant. It was a justifiable inference, therefore, that they were directly or indirectly connected with the business of getting it into the United States without the formality of paying the duty of $6 a pound.

To make this inference stronger, virtually a certainty, he had the record of the firm's earlier exploits in the same line. It was amazing that a firm of its standing should become involved in smuggling operations — but the temptation to take the tremendous profit that came

to the man who could and would deliver opium on Uncle Sam's side of the line had certainly proved too strong for the partners a few years before. Dawson had then been actively engaged in smuggling, he himself taking the stuff over the line; and, as all that was then smuggled was ordered from Vancouver by the firm and delivered to the firm, it was a natural supposition that Downer was not ignorant of what his partner was doing.

The duty on opium at that time was $12 a pound, which made smuggling immensely profitable, and the reduction of the duty to $6 a pound had a discouraging effect. But the real discouragement, so far as Downer & Dawson were concerned, came when Dawson encountered a couple of Uncle Sam's men, looking for him, and barely succeeded in crossing back into Canada ahead of them. This evidently shook his nerve, for immediately thereafter there was a tremendous slump in Vancouver shipments to Downer & Dawson. These shipments had continued to be relatively small for a long time; but they had recently boomed up to something approximating the old figures.

It was apparent, therefore, that Downer & Dawson would cheerfully go into any smuggling scheme that seemed safe, and it was also apparent, from their increased shipments, that they had evolved a scheme that they believed to be safe. Indeed, everything seemed to indicate that it looked very, very safe to them, for the decreased profit, due to the reduction of duty, would hardly lure them back to the business otherwise. And there was further evidence that the scheme was new and ingenious in the fact that it had been utterly impossible to trace the stuff a foot beyond the Downer & Dawson establishment; it simply arrived there and disappeared.

That it later reached Lee Hing was a reasonable presumption—but there was nothing but circumstantial evidence upon which to base it. Lee Hing was at the head of the company that ran two Chinese restaurants and a store, and he handled much opium in the store. Shortly after Downer & Dawson began to increase their shipments from Vancouver there was a notable increase of cheap opium in St. Paul's Chinatown; and cheap opium—that is, opium sold under the market price — means smuggled opium.

Kane had succeeded in tracing this opium back to Lee Hing, but that was as far as he could go; he could get no nearer than that to Downer & Dawson in Winnipeg. Yet he was quite sure that Lee Hing was the recipient and distributer of the smuggled stuff.

There was no one else in all Chinatown who handled anything like as much of it; he sold to individuals and to other Chinese stores—and contraband opium discovered as far away as Chicago had been traced back to him. There could be no doubt, therefore, that he was getting large quantities of the smuggled stuff, and Kane was morally certain, although lacking direct evidence, that this came from Downer & Dawson. There was, apparently, no one else from whom it could possibly come.

A raid upon Lee Hing's store would unquestionably show that he was involved, at least indirectly, in smuggling operations, but it was extremely unlikely that it would show how the smuggling was done or who was doing it. The Chinaman does not smuggle—not because of any moral scruples, but because it is a much more risky undertaking for him than for anyone else. He is always an object of suspicion near the border, and he cannot pass back and forth with the same freedom that others can. So it is always a white man who does the actual smuggling—and, to effectively break up the business, it was necessary to find the white man.

Winnipeg investigations—and Kane personally spent some time in Winnipeg —gave absolutely no clew to the connecting link. Dawson, whatever he may have been a few years before, was now a methodical man of business, and there was no moment of his time that could not be properly accounted for. An automobile brought him to the store at 9 o'clock in the morning and called for him at 5 in the afternoon, and his wife always accompanied him on the infrequent occasions when he left the house in the

evening. Downer always had been a quiet, methodical man, so it was not surprising to find his routine equally devoid of suspicious detail or incident. Neither one of them ever came near the border, and it could not be found that they or any one else connected with their firm was in communication with anybody who was in the habit of passing back and forth or was otherwise in a position to do the actual smuggling.

Investigations in St. Paul were quite as fruitless. Lee Hing's restaurant patronage was almost exclusively white, while his store patronage was exclusively Chinese. There could be no doubt that the opium was distributed through his store, but it was how he got it rather than how he disposed of it that Kane was trying to find out. A mere seizure of smuggled opium would accomplish little. And Kane could not find a white man whose relations with Lee Hing would warrant even a suspicion that he was supplying the stuff. He haunted the restaurants and watched the store, investigated the tradesmen from whom Lee Hing purchased supplies and saw the deliveries made; and there was not one thing upon which to base even a theory.

Between Downer & Dawson of Winnipeg, and Lee Hing of St. Paul, there was a gap that he simply could not fill in.

II

This was the situation when Barling was sent up from Chicago to solve the puzzle. Barling had a record for solving Chinese puzzles, but Kane was somewhat annoyed that he had not been left to work it out himself. No man likes to be superseded in a case to which he has given a great deal of hard work, even if he is also left on the case. Kane's instructions were to work with Barling, which was merely a delicate way of informing him that Barling was to be in charge.

However, Kane was too good and loyal a man to let his personal feeling interfere with duty. He might inwardly hope that Barling would find the case baffling enough to justify his (Kane's) failure to solve it readily, but he freely gave all possible information and assistance.

Barling, having been put in possession of the facts, turned his attention to Lee Hing, even as Kane had done. The Winnipeg end was being watched, but Barling decided that Lee Hing presented the immediate and most promising problem. He also decided that this was a detail of the investigation that he could handle to best advantage alone, so Kane was released for other work until such time as Barling might have need of him—which proved to be just three days later.

Barling was confident—not boastful, but quietly confident—when he reappeared on the third day.

"We will go to Pembina," he said, "but we must first arrange for the immediate arrest of three men the moment we wire that we've got the man we're after. The three must be taken before they can hear of what's happened at Pembina. The three are: T. L. Connor, a Chicago commission merchant; Thomas Dean, a St. Paul commission merchant, and Lee Hing. A bit of quick work with them ought to result in getting a lot of the contraband opium."

"Dean!" exclaimed Kane. "Why, he does a legitimate commission in all kinds of farm produce."

"Quite right," agreed Barling, "but he also does an illegitimate commission business in opium. He supplies Connor and Lee Hing."

"And he gets it from Pembina?" queried Kane.

Barling nodded. "It looks easy," he said, "but you never can tell. It looks as if all we had to do was to go up there and take one Owen Kodson into custody—which ought to be no more than one man's job. But there may be others. That's why I think it well for us both to go. Kodson is the only one I'm sure of, but he may have help. It's a pretty big thing, you know."

"He's the smuggler, is he?"

"Well," answered Barling cautiously, "I shouldn't want to swear to that, but I should consider it a safe bet."

"What's the explanation?" asked Kane.

"Eggs."

"Eggs!"

"Eggs certainly, potatoes probably, and some other things possibly. I'll tell you about it on the train. We haven't much more time than we need to make arrangements for the arrests here and in Chicago."

Kane puzzled and pondered over "eggs" during their hurried preparations and brought up the subject again as soon as they were comfortably settled in the train.

"It's a very neat little arrangement," explained Barling. "The stuff reaches Lee Hing in egg crates."

"How did you find that out?" asked Kane.

"Why, to tell the truth, it was a good deal of an accident. There was nothing suspicious in the fact that Lee Hing, with his two restaurants and his store, got a good many eggs, and neither was there anything unusual about the crates themselves. They certainly contained eggs and, so far as anyone could see, nothing but eggs. But I heard one of the delivery men grumbling about the weight one morning. 'I never see such heavy eggs as this here Chink gets,' he growled. That seemed to be worth looking into."

"Naturally," agreed Kane.

"I couldn't get a chance to lift one of the crates at Lee Hing's," Barling went on, "but my attention being thus directed, I could get an approximate idea of how many he received, and I found that he was getting enough to stock a cold-storage warehouse. He could pretty near feed all Chinatown on eggs exclusively. And they all came from the same place, too. Dean delivered them, along with other supplies in his line."

"I knew Lee Hing bought supplies from Dean," remarked Kane, "but I never saw anything suspicious about it."

"The delivery man's remark was what got me started," said Barling, "and I decided to give a little attention to Dean. I found that he was getting eggs from many quarters, but all that Lee Hing got came from Owen Kodson at Pembina, and all that Owen Kodson sent in were delivered to Lee Hing. No Kodson egg ever goes to anyone else, and Lee Hing never gets any but a Kodson egg. Then, too, Kodson's egg shipments are surprisingly large. Add to this the fact that his filled crates really are heavier than others of the same size, and you have a combination that is rather significant."

"Rather," agreed Kane.

"And," pursued Barling, "Kodson also ships butter and potatoes and some apples. It all comes to Dean, who reships everything but the eggs to Connor in Chicago. What comes to Dean from Kodson one day is shipped by Dean to Connor the next, the eggs being the only exception. From Pembina to Chicago would be rather a long journey for eggs, you know, so they have to use something else."

"But you haven't actually found the stuff, even in the eggs," remarked Kane.

"No," admitted Barling. "I had to get on the right side of a railroad man before I could even get a chance to lift a few of the crates, and I naturally got no opportunity to investigate their contents. But they are unusually heavy, and it's worth remembering that Pembina is pretty close to the line."

"Well," returned Kane, after a few minutes of thought, "you have got hold of some things that look rather odd, that's certain, but there's too much guesswork and too little fact in it to be particularly convincing as yet. I don't think I should have planned those arrests until I was a little more certain of my ground. There will be a great laugh if you fail now."

"I don't expect to fail," retorted Barling.

Kane said no more, but he disliked to think that the problem that had so troubled him could be solved so easily.

They learned at Pembina that Kodson himself and Kodson's shipments had already attracted local attention. Kodson was an eccentric character who lived about ten miles from town, and his shipments were so regular and so large as to create comment.

A native, comfortably seated on a baggage truck, proved a mine of information when Kodson's name was mentioned. Barling led up to it diplomatically, first asking many questions about

"He's the crankiest old grouch I ever see," declared the native

people and conditions generally, but his caution was quite unnecessary. Kodson was so much of a local celebrity that the native considered it the most natural thing in the world that everybody should be interested in him.

"He's the crankiest old grouch I ever see," declared the native. "He don't know anybody an' don't want to—never a word to anybody except those he has to have business with—lives all alone in a wreck of a house on a farm that would discourage most folks."

"But I'm told he gets a good deal out of it," suggested Barling.

"That's what he does," replied the native, "an' we aint got over bein' puzzled by it yet. It's eggs that beats us. The other stuff he ships is surprisin' enough, but the eggs has us all guessin'. We figger that he must have some way of makin' his hens lay double. There can't nobody else git no such results from the same number of hens."

Barling gave Kane a quick, significant glance, a fleeting smile of triumph lighting his face at the same moment. Kane, however, did not seem to be altogether pleased: it was a little too easy to be exactly satisfactory to a man who had failed with the same problem.

"Lives up toward Canada, doesn't he?" asked Barling carelessly.

"No," answered the native; "he aint so near the line as we are here. Some of us was thinkin' once that he might be smugglin', but there aint nothing to that."

"Probably not," acquiesced Barling.

"Oh, sure not," asserted the native. "He aint near enough to the line for that, an' the only horse he's got can't go five mile without stoppin' to rest. One or two of us looked that up pretty care-

ful, thinkin' there might be somethin' in it for us—an' we wouldn't have no feelin' about turnin' up an old grouch like that—but there wasn't nothin' to it. He never leaves his farm only to come here, an' nobody ever goes near him there. So we dropped it. Ever see him?"

"No."

"Well, he's worth seein', as a curiosity. You watch for him about noon to-morrow. That's his reg'lar day for comin' in, an' you can mighty near tell time by keepin' track of his comin' an' goin'. You can't miss him when he comes; he looks as if he quit shavin' an' buyin' clothes about fifty years ago."

III

"Not quite so easy, after all," laughed Kane, as they sauntered back to the hotel. "The gap may not be as big as it was, but there is a gap yet, and this case wont be closed while that remains."

"I think we'll find that Kodson fills it in all right," returned Barling. "The people who have been watching him are not exactly experts in that line of work, you know."

"But, with the whole population interested in him, Kodson couldn't do much secretly. Everything is against it. He hasn't a horse fit to use for smuggling, he isn't as near the border as a smuggler should be, he couldn't go back and forth without occasionally meeting somebody, he couldn't make the trip regularly without being away from his farm so often and so long that his neighbors would notice it, and a man who is smuggling wouldn't be as poor as he is."

"Probably a miser," returned Barling, "and I think we'll find he has visitors that nobody here knows about. Anyhow, the fact that he is coming to town tomorrow gives us a chance to run out there and take a look at the premises during his absence."

They easily secured the necessary directions, and they had the satisfaction of meeting Kodson on the road, so they had every reason to believe they would not be disturbed. After the native's description of him there could be no doubt of his identity. He was as unkempt a mortal as it was possible to imagine. His clothes were faded, worn and patched, his beard looked like matted underbrush, the corners of his mouth showed traces of tobacco juice, his eyes were dull and listless, and his bony old horse and dilapidated cart were in keeping with the man himself.

"Looks more like a ragman than a smuggler," commented Kane.

"And," added Barling, "he looks more like a tramp than a farmer. You can't tell anything by appearances. Let's see what we find at the farm."

The farm proved to be very much what the appearance of the man and his rig would lead one to expect. The house was a small, ramshackle affair, almost ready to fall down, and the barn was not much better. The chicken-house, however, had been kept in better repair. Barling gave particular attention to this, and the conclusion he reached, in which opinion Kane had to coincide, was that Kodson's hens must lay three eggs where the ordinary hen laid one, in order to produce the eggs that he apparently shipped away.

"We've got the evidence right here," said Baring, "that he's our man."

The few cows he owned hardly seemed to justify his butter shipments, either, and there was even a greater mystery in the apples. Some hardy trees, that would stand the climate, there were, but the apples themselves were not of a kind for which there would be much market. In the potato line alone did there seem to be no particular ground for suspicion. He raised a good many potatoes, and there seemed to be a fairly large stock on hand.

The interior of the house was slovenly, but there was no evidence that he ever had any visitors, and the most careful search failed to reveal any opium or any papers of any description connecting Kodson with any other human being.

Barling had not expected to find any opium, as it seemed probable that Kodson was then shipping whatever he might have had on hand, but he did hope to find something—some letter or message—that would uncover a line of communication with the Canadian side of the border.

It was Kane who made the only dis-

"The automobile has been over in this field," he said

covery of any importance. He found some empty egg-crates in a dark closet, just as they were about to give up the search, and the crates had center compartments that might easily hold two or three cans of opium. There were also pasteboard egg-holders, so shaped as to fit in around the center compartment, and there was room left for two complete layers above the compartment.

"I guess," conceded Kane, "that there is no longer any possible doubt that something besides eggs is being shipped in these crates; but," he added, "we haven't got that gap filled in yet."

"We'll have it filled in mighty sudden," Barling declared.

And yet, a week later, they found themselves as far from the solution of the puzzle as ever. The closest watch failed to show that Kodson was in communication with anybody or that he ever got nearer than Pembina to the Canadian line, but twice during that week he shipped eggs to Dean. He had seen no one, he had been nowhere, but he had shipped eggs to Dean—eggs and potatoes.

Barling, being annoyed by Kane's occasional sarcastic references to "the easy case," worked much of the time alone, leaving Kane to watch Kodson and going himself to investigate everything that offered the slightest hope. He gained little, however, except familiarity with the neighborhood and a good deal of general information about the people. Only one thing in the least out of the ordinary did he find, and he probably would have given little attention to that if he had made any other discovery at all. He finally mentioned it to Kane.

"Did you," he asked, "ever see a disappearing automobile?"

"I've seen them disappear in the distance mighty sudden, after they've run

somebody down," was Kane's flippant reply.

"I mean," said Barling, refusing to smile at this sally, "an automobile that just simply vanishes, leaving not even a track in the road to show where it has gone."

"Can't say that I ever did."

"Neither did I," Barling went on thoughtfully, "but yesterday I saw where one had vanished, and it troubled me so much that I went back there to-day. It's on a road that isn't much used, about half a mile back of Kodson's house. Right at the top of a little hill you can see where the machine came to grief. There are footprints and the marks of the big pneumatic tires in the road. Then you can see where it got under way again and started down the hill, but it never reached the bottom."

"What!"

"The tire tracks just simply end abruptly. You can follow them plainly for some distance down the hill, and then they disappear."

"Covered up by the dust, perhaps," suggested Kane.

Barling shook his head. "How that automobile reached the hill, and how it got away is a mystery to me. There are no tracks in either direction. Suppose you go out there to-morrow and see what you can make of it. There is so little travel there that you'll find everything fairly clear yet."

"Where are you going?" asked Kane quickly.

"I'm going to Winnipeg. I can't see that there is anything to hold both of us here, and I may strike a lead there."

"I wonder," remarked Kane maliciously, "if they're still waiting to make those St. Paul and Chicago arrests."

"If you can solve the mystery of the vanishing automobile while I'm gone," retorted Barling, "you may be in a position to order those arrests yourself."

IV

Barling was back in in four days, and he found Kane much disturbed. "It's mighty funny about that disappearing auto," he said. "I can't make anything out of it at all; it just seems to start down that hill, and then you can't get any further trace of it."

"You're satisfied, then, that it's not a mere matter of the tracks being covered up by dust?" queried Barling.

"Satisfied!" exclaimed Kane. "Why, it was there again last night."

"Sure?" inquired Barling.

"No doubt of it whatever," replied Kane. "I was out there to-day, and there's a new set of tracks that end just as mysteriously as the others did. I was going to watch for it to-night. I don't see how it can have anything to do with our problem, but my curiosity is aroused."

Barling did not reply to this suggestion directly. "According to my recollection," he said, "there is quite a little plateau at the top of that hill."

"There is," confirmed Kane.

"And," pursued Barling, "there is no fence at that point between the road and Kodson's property."

"Correct," said Kane.

"Let's go out and look the ground over again," suggested Barling.

Kane intimated that Barling might give him some account of his Winnipeg investigations during the drive, but Barling said there were one or two points that he would like to clear up first.

Arrived at the hill, Barling gave close attention to the new tracks. There was the same evidence of trouble at the top of the hill, a confusion of tire-tracks and footprints, indicating that the automobile had been moved about in making the necessary repairs, and then the tracks ran straight-away until they disappeared altogether.

Barling turned from the road to the field. It was a meadow, having firm turf, and he searched for a long time before he found what he wanted. Then he called Kane. "The automobile has been over in this field," he said.

One little soft spot showed the mark of a tire, and, with this as a starting point, they were able to trace the track, faint as it was, to the road.

"Apparently," said Kane, puzzled, "it comes 'cross-lots from Kodson's house or barn, but how does it get there, and how does it disappear? We've never watched

this hill, but we've watched Kodson."

"Perhaps we didn't happen to be watching him at the right moment," suggested Barling, "or we may not have watched him as closely as we thought we did." He looked over toward the farm buildings. "Kodson," he went on, "could slip out to the barn, pass through it, and come out this way with the barn concealing him from the view of any one in front until he was far enough away to be swallowed up in the darkness. And he probably gets his opium at irregular intervals, so that it's quite possible none came while he was being watched. You see, there are several things to account for our failure to turn up the key to the mystery."

"But what becomes of the auto?" persisted Kane.

"We'll have to come out here some night and find out."

"To-night?" asked Kane.

"Well, not to-night. There wont be anything doing two nights in succession. I discovered enough at Winnipeg to make that certain."

Kane said nothing more until they were driving back. Then he put the blunt question: "What did you uncover at Winnipeg?"

"I found out how the opium leaves Downer & Dawson's establishment," answered Barling, apparently now ready to talk.

"How does it leave?"

"In an automobile."

"And where does it go?"

"To Dawson's garage." Then Barling explained. "That part of the scheme is so very simple as to be clever. Dawson personally buys a good many of the household supplies—gets them cheaper and better in the city than he can out where he lives, I guess. Anyhow, he orders them by telephone, has them delivered to the store, and carries a hamper back and forth to hold the packages. The hamper has opium in it, too."

"How did you find that out? I knew about the hamper, but it seemed to serve a legitimate purpose."

"Well, I followed the hamper instead of the man. The hamper was packed at the store and unpacked by Dawson himself at the garage, and it had a lock on it, so it seemed worth a little investigation. Then, yesterday morning, he left the hamper in the garage when he went to the store, and I heard him say something to the chauffeur about a run out to the farm. He has a farm, you know, that is a good deal nearer the line than Winnipeg is. The chauffeur, after taking Dawson to work, came back to the garage, and a little later he and the hamper and the automobile started for the farm. And I followed." Barling paused a moment. "I was pretty sure some opium came over the line last night, but I could not get word to you in time to do anything. We'll have to wait for the next trip. I'll get word from Winnipeg when the chauffeur starts for the farm."

"You know how they get the stuff over the line then?"

"I have a theory, that everything I have learned here seems to corroborate, but it isn't proved yet. I might have proved it over there, if I had waited long enough, but the best opportunity seemed to be here."

"What is your theory?"

Barling was silent for several minutes; then he said: "It's such an extraordinary theory that I'd rather not mention it until I have more evidence to back it up. You might think I was crazy."

And no more could Kane get out of him during the few following days, while they were waiting idly at Pembina. Barling, apparently, was staking everything on his theory, and his theory called for no action whatever until he received word from Winnipeg. He did not even take the trouble to watch Kodson or Kodson's farm.

He waked up suddenly, however, when the expected telegram finally came.

"All right," was the message.

"Now we'll get in action," he announced; "now we'll either make a splurge or fizzle out dismally, and I don't think we'll fizzle. Anyhow, I'm going to risk wiring St. Paul that we'll probably get our man to-night, just a warning for them to be ready to jump in quick at that end."

He waited until nightfall, however, before starting for the Kodson farm, and

then insisted upon getting a touring-car, which he left in charge of the chauffeur some distance from their destination. They walked the rest of the way, and, ignoring the buildings, he headed straight for the hill. Concealment there was rather difficult, but they finally found a clump of bushes that, with the prevailing darkness, answered their purpose.

A long, tedious wait followed. Kane became sarcastic and Barling rather anxious.

"There is no lead-pipe cinch about this," Barling declared from time to time, "but I think we're going to make a ten-strike. I look to see Kodson out this way before long."

And an hour after midnight he came. A lantern, moving slowly across the field from the barn, gave the first intimation of his approach, and the lantern presently revealed Kodson himself. He put his light down near the middle of the plateau, a short distance from the road, and sat down beside it.

"We win," whispered Barling jubilantly. "They're coming to-night. The light serves as a guide and also as a signal that everything is all right."

For some little time Kodson sat silent, apparently watching and listening. Then, suddenly, some unusual sound seemed to reach his ears; he leaned forward in an attitude of close attention. At the same moment Kane became conscious of a strange rustling, whirring noise overhead. He saw Kodson scramble quickly to his feet, pick up his lantern, and shuffle off to one side. The next instant a weird thing, that he recognized a moment later as an aeroplane, slid gently out of the darkness to the ground and ran along on rubber-tired wheels until it had lost its momentum.

"You look after Kodson," whispered Barling, "and I'll take care of the aeronaut."

V

There was no resistance. Kodson and the aeronaut put up their hands promptly at the word of command, being too startled to do anything else. Barling took charge of them, while Kane unfastened and removed some boxes that contained about a hundred and fifty pounds of opium. Then Kane went back for the automobile, merely pausing a moment to ask, "Is this what you expected?"

"Yes," answered Barling, "but I wasn't sure of it. It's the first time I've seen the darn thing.'

Kodson was as sullen and silent as ever, but the other—a youth in his early twenties—was disposed to take a philosophical view of the situation and seemed interested in Kane's question and Barling's answer.

"You knew what was coming?" he queried, when, in obedience to Barling's command, he and Kodson had seated themselves on the grass under Barling's watchful eyes.

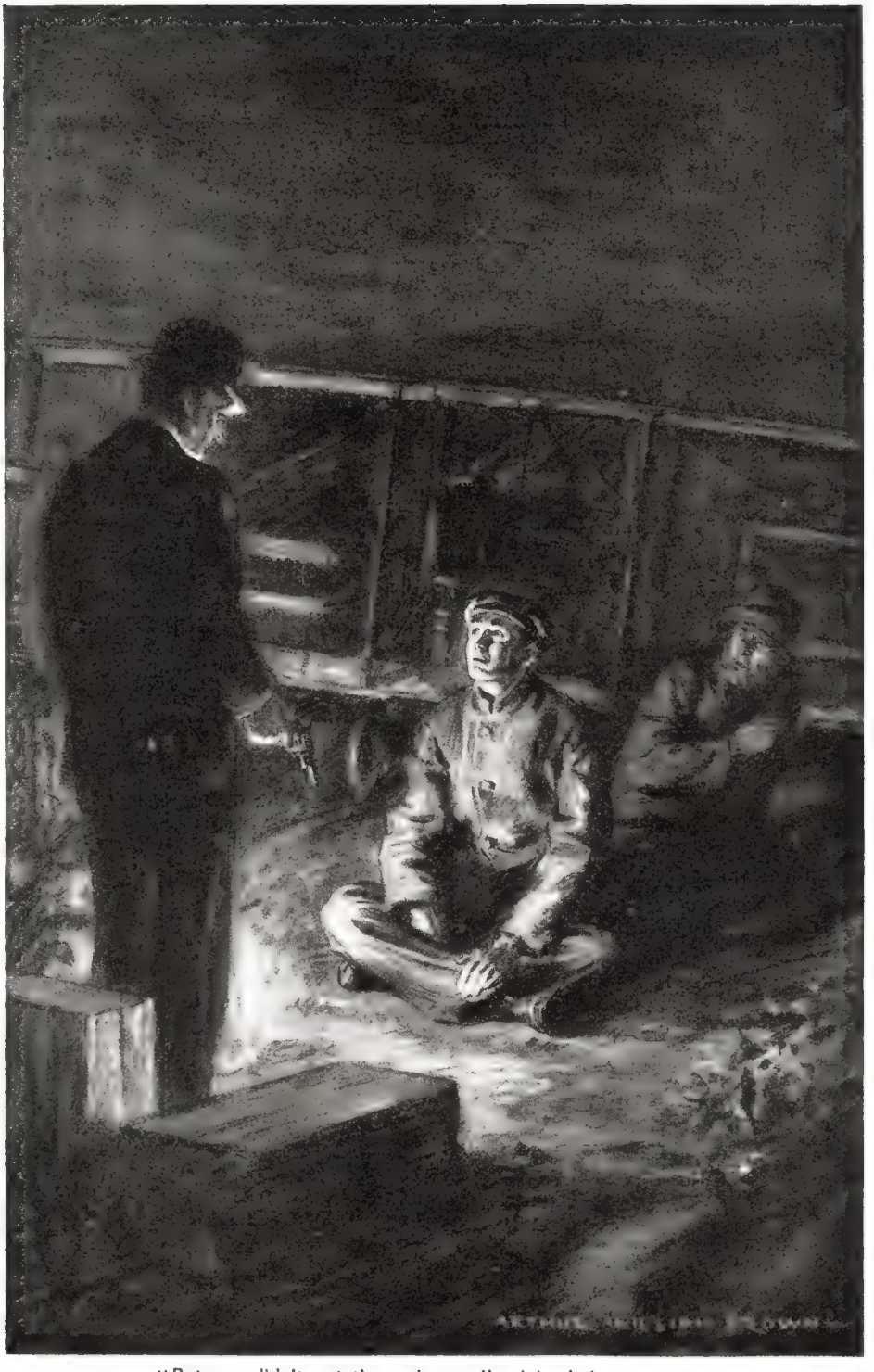
"I thought I did," answered Barling.

"How did you guess it?"

"Well, I couldn't make anything but some kind of an airship out of an automobile that ran part way down a hill and then vanished. I knew that some of these machines had rubber-tired wheels to help them in landing and starting. Then there was the confusion of tire-tracks and footprints at the top of the hill."

"You've got a pretty good head on you," commended the young man. "That's the only place where we could start the blame thing—smooth road and gentle incline, you know. We had to roll it out to the road, get it headed right, start the propeller, and give it a shove down the hill. Between the propeller and the incline, we'd get headway enough to soar—if the wind was right. We have to start in the face of the wind, you know, so we could only make this trip when the wind was steady in the right direction. Was that all you had to go on?"

"Not quite," answered Barling. "I traced the opium to the farm south of Winnipeg. I didn't get a chance to see the aeroplane there, but I did notice that Dawson had the queerest-looking big, flat garage I ever saw, and I naturally didn't overlook the rather elaborate starting arrangements. We wanted to catch you this side of the line, of course, and it looked to me sure enough to make this play safe."



"But you didn't get the main guy," rejoined the young man

"But you didn't get the main guy," rejoined the young man.

"No," admitted Barling regretfully, "we haven't got Dawson. As he never comes this side of the line, I didn't see any chance of getting him. I suppose he's the head of it all."

"He got me into it," said the young man. "Oh, I'm not playing the baby act; I went in with my eyes open, but it was his idea. You see, I used to work for a man who was experimenting with aeroplanes, and I naturally followed everything done in that line pretty closely. When I mentioned it to Dawson, the sky-line business seemed to stir him up a lot; he said we could make a lot of easy money if we had an airship. Well, aeroplanes don't cost such a tremendous lot, and I knew where I could have one made." He laughed carelessly. "That's all; he paid for the aeroplane and I ran it. He'd been in this business before, it seems, so he knew how to establish connections on this side of the line."

"Did his chauffeur know what he carried to the farm in that hamper on the motor?"

"I don't know whether he did or not. Dawson took the stuff to his garage in small lots, and then sent it out to me when he had accumulated about a hundred and fifty pounds. The aeroplane was built to carry one passenger—one man besides the operator—so a hundred and fifty pounds was my limit. Then, when I got the stuff over here, Kodson would send it out in small lots, packed in eggs or anything else he could find an excuse to ship. We got Kodson in because he was trying to get away from a farm that was too poor to support him and that he was too poor to leave."

"How long has Kodson been—interested?" Barling inquired, a smile playing about his mouth and eyes.

"As long as I have," the young man replied.

"Had he ever tried his hand at running stuff across the line before—before this airship stunt?"

"Not that I know of," was the reply. "He's no criminal—he's simply been trying to raise the anchor that holds him to that God-forsaken place of his, that's all. I don't believe he's even realized the 'enormity of his sin.' "

The young man laughed.

"How much has he made out of it, do you think?"

"He's no millionaire," was the reply. "Nobody 'round here's heard of him buying any mining-stock, or Steel Preferred."

"There couldn't have been much profit in it," reflected Barling.

"It figured up fairly well for Dawson," returned the young man. "The duty on a hundred and fifty pounds of opium is $900, but smuggled opium has to go cheaper than the duty-paid stuff, so probably $200 was cut off of that apparent profit. Then it took $200 to $300 to make the business look good to those who were handling it on this side of the line, leaving about $500. I got $50 every time I made the trip, which was five or six times a month, and other expenses may have used up $50 more. That left $300 to $400, in addition to the firm's legitimate profit on opium, for Downer & Dawson every time I flew across the line. I guess they made about $500 on every trip, and it was safe—for them."

The hoarse note of an automobile horn gave notice of Kane's approach, and Barling, keeping his prisoner under the dominant influence of his revolver, lifted the lantern as a signal.

"I wish," he sighed, "we could have got Dawson, but, anyhow, I guess we have broken up the cleverest smuggling scheme of recent years. Everybody but Dawson will be gathered in before morning, and," he added to Kane, as the automobile drew up, "we wont have to make any apologies for the trouble we've made the St. Paul and Chicago offices."

The Trespassers

BY FRED JACKSON

I

THE instant he closed the door behind him and stood with his back braced against it—his blue eyes flashing right and left through the darkness—he felt that he was not alone in the room, and the icy terror of the unknown gripped him. He knew the keen agony of the fox—run to cover—with the baying hounds almost at her heels. He knew the helplessness of the rat whose strength is futile against the unyielding steel of the trap. And his breath came unevenly, in short gasps that he knew must be clearly audible to the Other Occupant of the Room hidden somewhere in the blackness.

A man may be ever so brave by daylight, on the rod or two of land that is temporarily his by law; but at night, if he be a trespasser on the land that the law holds to be somebody's else, it is a different matter. And this man, leaning back so silently against the panels of the door, was a trespasser, with no right to be where he was.

The pause that followed the soft opening and closing of the door was a short one, lasting scarcely ten seconds, but to the man it seemed interminable. But at length, the deathlike stillness of the darkened room was shattered; from somewhere just ahead of him, there came the sharp rush of an indrawn breath, or the rustle of a sigh—he could not be sure which—and directly afterward a click. He had barely time to start back in alarm and throw up one arm to shield his face, when the soft glow of the electrics flooded the room.

A girl stood not twenty feet from him—a tall, slender girl with a white, frightened face, two very wide black eyes, seeking his, and a wealth of brown-gold hair, falling in a soft, silken, cloud-like mass about her head. She had drawn a kimona of some shimmering lavender stuff over the sheer white of her gown, and her small bare feet were hidden in the fur-lined depths of lavender slippers. Her left hand still clung to the switch that had illumined the room, and in her right she held a small silver-mounted revolver, the barrel pointed with creditable aim and a steady arm directly at his heart.

"Take down your arm," she ordered in a perfectly even voice, "so that I can see your face, and don't attempt to find a weapon. I'm a crack-shot."

He complied almost instinctively and they faced each other, staring for a very long time into each other's eyes.

He terminated her scrutiny and the silence abruptly, as the muffled sound of footsteps came from beyond the door.

"Are they likely to look for me here?" he asked in a low voice.

"No," she answered quietly, "but I can call their attention to the oversight. You chose your retreat wisely."

"If you will allow me," he said, "I'll go back to the hall and be discovered there. It would be better than—here."

"Or you might find a more secure hiding-place."

"Possibly."

"I prefer that you remain precisely where you are," she said.

Then she moved a step or two nearer and considered him gravely.

"Who are searching?"

"A blond chap in pajamas and a bathrobe—and—eh—the butler, I should think. Quite an elderly chap, he is."

"Did they see you?"

"Yes—for an instant. I was discovered in the dining-room, admiring the really wonderful tea-set you have there. I had the tea-pot in my hands, if I am not mistaken, at the exact moment of their appearance. But I was nearest the light, and I switched it off before they could reach me. Then I doubled to the pantry-door, found the rear stairs, mounted and—eh—entered the third door. Three is my lucky number. I invariably choose things by three."

"It's too bad to shatter your sweet be-

lief in the infallibility of the charm," she said whimsically.

He smiled a swift sunny smile that altered the rather stern expression of his face completely and made him look almost a boy.

"Isn't it?" he said candidly.

She regarded him with increased interest.

"So you admire my tea-set?"

"Yes. I'm something of a connoisseur of old silver. The tea-pot is really a gem." He sighed. "I've always suspected that my artistic appreciation would eventually work my downfall," he said sadly.

"I should attribute the downfall rather to your disregard for established law."

"Law," he pointed out to her, "is for the multitudes—not for the individual."

"Perhaps," she suggested, "you have some plausible excuse for entering another man's house and appropriating anything that pleases you."

"I've not appropriated anything," he said. "I must plead guilty to having entered, of course, but you really cannot prove that I even *intended* carrying off anything."

"Didn't you?" she asked.

"No."

She smiled in some amusement. "It's a bit difficult to accept your word, you know."

"Do you find it so?" he asked, meeting her eyes directly.

"Under the circumstances—yes. If I had met you in any other way, I might have believed you."

She answered thoughtfully, with her eyes still holding his. The arm supporting the pistol was growing woefully tired, but it did not tremble.

"You look," she ended simply, "as if you might belong to my own set."

"Thank you," said he, "if you intended that as a compliment."

She smiled, the dimples peeping out at either side of her lips, her eyes suddenly lighting.

"What makes you be a—the sort of person you are?" she asked impulsively.

"One is in the hands of Destiny."

"Do you believe that? You don't look like the sort of man who would."

He shrugged. "Appearances are deceitful," he reminded her.

"So you are proving to me."

There came a sharp knock at the door and the man stiffened, his mouth drawing into two firm lines, his eyes growing keen. With her eyes upon him, the girl called out in a low voice:

"Well?"

"Are you all right, Truth?" asked a man's voice from the hallway beyond.

"Yes. What's the matter? I was just coming out to see. I heard you moving about."

The man, leaning against the door, stared up at her.

"Are your lights on?" came again from the hallway.

"Yes."

"And there's nobody there with you?"

"No." Her voice rang with wonder and surprise. "Why?" She motioned the intruder aside, and opening the door a bit, thrust out her head.

"Never mind," answered the other man's voice from the hallway. "Jennings was under the impression that someone had gotten into the house, but I reckon he was mistaken—or else the thief has gotten away. I didn't want to tell you, but—if you are afraid to stay alone, I'll rouse out your maid and send her up."

"Absurd!" laughed the girl softly. "Don't you know I keep a gun, sir, for just such emergencies. You'll not deprive me of this wonderful chance to distinguish myself. I dare him to trouble me."

The man in the hallway chuckled; the man behind the door stood absolutely motionless, scarcely daring to breathe.

"Was anything taken?" asked the girl, now, curiously.

"No. He evidently had designs on your tea-set, though. We found the tea-pot in the middle of the floor where he evidently dropped it—but nothing else was disturbed. We can't imagine how he got in."

"Was there only one?" asked the girl interestedly.

The man behind the door would have given a good deal for a glance at her face just then, but he could see only the shadowy outlines of her as she bent

forward; but the light from the hallway slanting across her hair, turned the outer strands of it to gold-bronze.

"We saw only one—a sort of Raffles-looking person—but I'll tell you all about it in the morning. You're sure you're not afraid to stay alone?"

"Quite sure. I'll keep my door locked if you like."

"There's no danger, of course. Thieves don't usually come back the same night when they've been frightened off once. Good-night."

"Good-night," she answered sweetly.

Then she drew back, closed the door and locked it. For an instant they faced each other in silence, listening to the retreating footsteps outside.

"Well?" she asked then, in a whisper.

"You—saved me."

He had advanced a step staring straight into her eyes as if he would read her soul.

"Yes," she answered quietly.

"Why?"

"To place you under obligations."

"Why?"

"To give you another chance. If I'd have given you up to my brother and he had had you jailed, it would have been harder—it would have been almost impossible for you to—try again."

"Try again?"

He was considering her curiously.

"To go straight, I mean."

He caught his breath unsteadily. "Are you doing this—because I look as if I might belong to your set?" he asked. "Because I seem—sort of a Raffles?"

"I'm doing it," she said, tossing back her heavy hair impatiently, "because you look like the sort of man who could go straight if he tried. The next month—or two months—or six months of your life—as long as you would have been—in restraint—belong to me. *I* gave them to you. *I* have made your freedom possible, so whatever you do in that time, reflects upon me. If you break the laws, it is *I* who am to blame. If you live, as a man of your sort should live, the credit will reflect upon me. Do you understand?"

"You exact payment, then. I must live straight in order to even accounts with you?"

"I exact no payment—no promise. You may live as you please—always with the understanding that but for my intervention, you would be where you would be unable to break the law. I'm intervening, only to give you another chance, a new page to leave the record of your life on. But I'm not taking the responsibility of advising you how to fill that page. You must decide that for yourself, with the past as if it had never been, and only the future to count."

"In my long and varied existence," said the Trespasser slowly, "I have come in contact with many women—with women of almost every type and station and nationality—but I have never in all my thirty years met anyone quite like you."

"I'm afraid I'm not quite so remarkably good as I may seem," said the girl flushing. "If you had looked at all like my previous conception of a thief—you know the sort of person, with a bull-dog jaw, carelessly shaven, small rat-eyes, teeth like fangs—I'm afraid I should have acted differently."

"Then it was the clothes?"

"No—the man in them!"

She dropped her eyes until the long curved lashes lay against her cheek, and the warm color stole up under her ivory skin, for a look had flashed over his face that disconcerted her.

"May I come back to you," he asked, "when my sentence is up—and tell you what I have done with the time? I should promise to come less informally."

"No," she said. "I think not. I think we'd better just leave things as they are."

She met his eyes quite simply, her own very dark, now, and very bright.

"I shall trust you to do the best you can—not only for the next month or two—but for always."

He bowed grimly to her decision, and followed her noiselessly, as she led the way, after a swift reconnoiter, down the front stairway to the door. There, she held out her hand and he caught it in both of his.

"Good-by," she said sweetly, "and—good luck!"

With a strange look up at her, he

bowed his head suddenly and kissed the hand that lay passively in his; then he turned, and without a glance ran lightly down the steps and disappeared into the night.

II

As the door closed behind him, and Miss Tellor barred it again, she took up the threads of her life and went on as if nothing unusual had occurred. In the morning, it is true, as the maid was busy dressing her hair and she had unlimited opportunity for meditation, she did wonder a bit at the absurdly quixotic way she had acted; but one is apt to smile at last night's foolishness the morning after. However, she had a number of engagements that day and the next one and the next, and in the press of them, her little adventure was relegated to a closed room in her mind. Often, when she was busy with a book, or her music, or when she was relaxing, she remembered, and it is to be noted that she did not forget his least little mannerism—or a line of his face—but then he had had the sort of face and personality one is apt to remember. As for Billie Tellor and the Butler (who had also participated in the adventure) they marveled for a time at the burglar's inexplicable disappearance, wondered how he had gotten in, for nowhere could they find evidences of an entrance having been forced, and finally forgot it utterly until the subject of burglaries was mentioned—when they found it an excellent story to tell.

So a month passed, and the Howards' dinner drew near. Teddy Howard had gone in for medicine when he left school, arguing valiantly when his people opened amazed eyes, that a chap ought to follow some life-work; and he had studied as hard and had nursed his growing practice as tenderly as the most needy medico in his class. It mattered not in the least to him that a fortune of some millions was to descend upon him, that he already had more money than he and Mrs. Teddy could spend. He was bound to have a career, to leave some trace of his existence behind him when he traveled on, and three years after his graduation his name was already becoming known. He had spent the first one as interne in a hospital, the second and third in practice on the lower East Side, with three or four nights a week for lectures, post-graduate-courses and experiments. His time, therefore, was pretty well taken up.

When Mrs. Teddy wanted to give a dinner or any other function, she made out her lists and sent out her cards in the usual fashion, but they were subject to telephone recall up to the night of the affair. This was generally understood, and it is a compliment to her charm as hostess that her invitations were rarely "regretted" on that account. She invariably had interesting and congenial people, and one was certain not to be placed next his divorced wife or the girl who had jilted him the season before.

On this particular night, the cards were not recalled, and as Miss Tellor entered the Howards' drawing-room, she found the rest of the company already gathered, and impatiently awaiting her.

"Never mind, my dear," said Mrs. Teddy, cutting short her excuses with a wink and a smile and a pat on the arm. "My chef wasn't ready anyway, and you furnished a legitimate excuse and saved my reputation as a hostess. Isn't it disgusting how peevish people get unless you feed 'em promptly? Personally, I always have late tea the days I intend dining out, for then I can preserve a sweetly smiling exterior no matter what happens."

Miss Tellor laughed, her eyes wandering about the well filled room, and it is a credit to her social training that she did not start, that she did not cut short the laugh, when her eyes fell upon *The Man*. She recognized him instantly, for though he was without his top-coat, he was in evening clothes again, and he looked exactly as he had when she had faced him over a revolver barrel at midnight—in her own room. There was no possibility of her being mistaken. She would have known him anywhere.

She turned back to her hostess with a smile (a smile is always a safe answer when you have not heard, for it can be interpreted as a smile of sympathy, or a

smile of agreement, or a smile of acknowledgement, or an appreciation of cleverness—in fact, it is the one unfailing social retreat) and nodded as Mrs. Teddy moved off with a groan of pity for herself as hostess, which she did not in the least mean. Some girls and men from various parts of the crowded rooms waved to Miss Tellor as they caught her eye, and her faithful swains, who had been waiting in the offing, swooped toward her to tell her their misery at not having drawn her for dinner-partner, but the Trespasser was the first to reach her. He had calculated to a nicety the distance between them, and while the fearful swains were still stepping over trains and edging their way through a crush of black-coated men and laughing women, clad in rainbow-hued silks and satins and gauzes, he was bending over her hand.

"Miss Tellor," he said in a low voice, "may I recall myself?"

She looked up at him gravely, her eyes darkening as the pupils distended. For an instant, she did not answer, then she marshaled her forces determinedly.

"I remember you quite well," she said. "But I hardly expected to meet you here. I did not imagine we were intended to meet again."

"I knew we must meet again," he said. "No other course was possible—or endurable."

She considered him thoughtfully, and as he offered her his arm, let her gloved hand rest lightly upon it. She was annoyed to find herself trembling as they moved forward to join the long line headed table-ward, and secretly she was thinking: "I might have expected it. . . . It was absurd not to guess. . . . He's probably from some good family—and he's addicted to—I've heard of such things. . . . It's—dreadful!" She faced him gravely, as the sound of moving chairs subsided, and there followed the subdued rustle of silks and the buzz of voices.

"Well?" she asked.

The table was laid out like a miniature rose-garden with swaying hedges, tiny marble figures, white graveled paths and fragrant rose-beds; and in the center, was a marble fountain whose fine spray tinkled over hidden rose-colored lights. It was a charming conception, beautifully worked out, and Miss Tellor gave thanks for it, for not only was it good to look upon, but it effectually screened off every couple from the rest of the table.

"You ordained," he said slowly, "that our paths were not to cross again—but Providence has been more kind. Since I *have* the opportunity, may I tell you what I have done with your month?"

"My—month?"

"The month of my life which has just passed—and which belonged to you."

She nodded swiftly, her eyes on his.

"I kept my promise. I've relieved enough want and suffering—I've accomplished enough good in those twenty-nine days to balance all the evil I have done in all the rest of my life—because the credit is for you. I've gone in for philanthropy."

She studied him with a half-comprehending frown. "Yes?"

"Do you happen," he asked eagerly, "to know my name?"

"No," said Miss Tellor, regretfully.

"I'm Edwin Sandon." He said it not exactly with an air of pride, but as Edward the Seventh would announce to Nicholas of Russia, "I am the King of England."

Miss Tellor's eyes opened wide.

"I never thought to make my name stand for anything," he said. "It already stood for tremendous wealth when I was born, and I grew up content to leave it so. When I inherited my money, my idea concerning it was to get through life with as little boredom as I could. I was living that plan until I met you. You—you've probably followed my career this past month. The news-sheets have been full of it: 'Sandon Goes in for Philanthropy;' 'Young Millionaire Gives up Career of Social Butterfly, Club-man, Cotillion Leader and Man About Town for the Sober Garb of Charity Worker;' 'Sandon Endows Universal Charitable Association;' 'Sandon Millions to Relieve the Poor—Ground Down to Amass Them.'" He quoted the headlines with a faint smile.

Miss Tellor drew in her breath unsteadily. "Why — yes," she whispered. "Why—I—I scarcely thought that you —I never dreamed that you were Edwin Sandon. I—I'm afraid I don't—understand. You're not—in earnest. You are mocking me."

"No—I'm Edwin Sandon," he said.

He paused as the servant deftly whisked away that course and substituted the next.

"A month ago — one very stormy night, I'd been doing a theatre with some friends, and there was a supper-party afterward. I gave up my motor to—to someone who needed it more than I—and I took a taxicab home. Either the driver misunderstood my directions, or the drifting snow confounded him somewhat—at any rate, he stopped before the wrong house—a house in the same general position as mine, but several blocks further north. I didn't discover the mistake, however, until I had opened the door with my key and had entered the hallway. My key fitted the lock, you see, which was rather an unusual coincidence, and I had neglected examining the house as I went up the steps. The snow was blinding, you know, and the wind was pretty strong, and it was cold—"

He paused for breath, his eyes upon Miss Tellor's rapt face.

"By the time I discovered my mistake, the cab had gone and I was swamped in a strange house in the storm. I did not know then how far away from home I was, and I was too comfortable to think about it. The taxicab had been very chilly, and the big foyer hall of the strange house was most attractive. Besides, the novelty of the situation had begun to appeal to me. I tried to imagine what sort of people lived there, and to picture them from the furnishings and decorations; I even wondered if I knew them, and tried to place them among my acquaintances. It was an interesting game. But, at length, I tired of it, and hesitated between venturing out into the storm and taking a nap upon the heaviest rug. I decided to remain and nap, for the storm looked most uninviting, but it occurred to me that in one of the other rooms, there might be a divan or a couch or something. I investigated."

She nodded eagerly, following the story with shining eyes. Her lips were parted, her color was just a bit deeper than usual, and beneath the pale folds of her lavender gown, her bosom stirred with the uncertainty of her breathing.

"In the music-room, I came upon the portrait of a girl—a girl seated at a piano and gazing out wide-eyed as she played. The face of the girl, seen under such extraordinary circumstances, fascinated me. I fell to wondering what she was like. I pretended to myself that I could read the answer in her face. In reality, though, I know absolutely nothing about physiognomy. You see, from the surroundings, I gathered that she was the usual sort of girl one meets in our set, and—and I wasn't quite just to her. Besides, I wanted to make sport of my unexpected susceptibility.

"But even after finding so many uncomplimentary traits—oh, frivolity, you know, and selfishness, and extravagance and—a hundred other miserable little failings that I later discovered would be quite impossible to her—I had difficulty in tearing myself from the room. In the library I found a pair of gloves, long gray silk ones, which I promptly pocketed. They were distractingly dainty things, with the faintest, most wonderful fragrance I had ever met, and I knew they must belong to the portrait-girl. In the dining-room, I discovered the silver tea-pot—"

She was flushed and smiling now, listening in utter absorption, her dinner forgotten.

"I have rather a hobby for collecting old silver, and that tea-pot made an irresistible appeal to me. I had taken it up and was examining it under the light, when there entered a man in a bath-robe and pink pajamas—a big blond fellow whom I had never seen before—followed by a butler (I imagined) of astounding proportions. Both carried revolvers, and it dawned upon me in a flash what a very delicate position I had arranged for myself. If I had stayed peaceably in the hall-way, the truth might have been convincing, but to tell the story, when they

had surprised me in the dining-room *with a most valuable silver tea-pot in my hands!* It was impossible!

"Reaching this conclusion in a flash, I switched off the lights—I was nearer to them than my pursuers—and made a dash for the nearest doorway. I had not yet explored the rear of the house, but a glance sufficed to identify the room I was now in as the pantry. From this, moving noiselessly but swiftly, I passed into a little hall-way, where I found a stairway leading upward and one leading down. Deciding that they would probably go *down,* if they followed me this far, I went *up*. I imagined that a thief would most likely go down instead of up, because an exit would more easily be found near the ground floor. At the top of the first flight, I remembered my lucky number, '3,' so I ascended to the third floor, and opening the third door from the head of the steps, entered and closed it behind me. An instant later, you turned up the light and faced me with a gun. From there, the story is familiar to you."

Miss Tellor leaned forward.

"But why did you pretend to be a thief?"

"I knew you wouldn't believe me if I denied it—*nobody* would under the circumstances — and besides, well — you were the girl of the portrait, and I wanted to seize the opportunity of proving what sort of girl you were."

"Oh!" Miss Tellor drew back slightly, and her color deepened. "And did you prove it?"

She gazed up at him with her enormous black eyes wide, her dark lashes against her smooth cheek, her mouth a perfect Cupid's bow of innocence.

"Yes," said Mr. Sandon. "I proved that you are the most unusual—the most surprising—the most bewildering—the most wonderful girl in the world—*besides*—the most beautiful—and I determined on the spot that I would marry you or stay single all my life."

Miss Tellor gasped, blushed, turned pale, and finally met his eyes, laughing frankly.

"Am I to consider that a proposal?" she asked.

"Please," answered Mr. Sandon, in the small voice of a small boy.

"Why should I? What are your qualifications?" She rearranged her orchids calmly.

"I've only one thing to recommend me," he said. "A very old-fashioned and rather out-of-style virtue—I'm afraid—but it counts. I love you very much. I began—when I saw your picture—there in the music-room—and when I saw you and heard you speak—I knew my bachelor days were numbered."

He said it all quite simply and in a most matter-of-fact tone of voice.

"Don't be absurd!" cried Miss Tellor, smiling.

"I'm not being absurd. I'm in earnest. I mean it. *Will* you marry me?"

Miss Tellor's smile vanished and a rather frightened look crept into her eyes.

"Mr. Sandon!" she cried. "It's—utterly impossible. You couldn't — you know—in such a short time—I—"

"But I *do!*" said Mr. Sandon. "I *do!* May I find you afterward and convince you that I'm right? Are you—open to conviction, Miss Tellor?"

Miss Tellor caught her breath as Mrs. Teddy gave the signal and the ladies rose.

"Ye-es," said Miss Tellor, pausing an instant in her flight, "but—you couldn't convince me *to-night*—you—I'm afraid it will take rather longer than that."

"I'm very patient," said Sandon, ignoring the frown of a chap who was trying to get past. "I shall allow nothing to discourage me, Miss Tellor, if you think I shall be able to persuade you in the end. I want to make you see that you must accept the punishment I mete out to you for trespassing in my heart—as I accepted the punishment you meted out to me—likewise for trespassing. Can I succeed—sometime—do you think?" he ended.

Miss Tellor gave him a glance and a smile over her dimpled white shoulder.

"Suppose—you—try," she whispered.

A Mixed Deal in Gravel

BY ELLIS PROCTOR HOLMES

ILLUSTRATED BY HORACE TAYLOR

WITH straining chain and rigid beam the huge steam shovel dug its iron rim into the side of the hill and scooped up a ton or two of the back yard of one T. Jefferson Dent.

"We'll have a pretty good sized hunk chawed out of the old man's garden by the end of the week I reckon," said the boss of the shovel gang to the engineer, who had just kicked a line of gravel cars up alongside the shovel.

"We sure will that," was the reply; "'twont take long to eat up the whole bloomin' town, far as that goes."

And it did look as if the deserted little town of Handy were doomed to complete annihilation.

Less than ten years before, the then infant hamlet was the geographical center of a vast tract of woodland which, after an unbroken silence of half a century, once more echoed to the woodman's ax; and on the bosom of the Messapewee the fallen trees, dismantled and ugly to look upon, floated silently down to the big lake.

"I'll tell you what, boys," Mel Johnson, the logging boss, had exclaimed as the carpenter was hanging the door of the third shanty in the settlement, "this here town's got to have a name."

"What's the matter with Handy, then?" asked the carpenter. "She's handy to wood, handy to water, and pretty middlin' handy to the X. & Y."

"Handy to nothin'!" growled the cook, who only the night before had tramped five miles for a package of baking-powder. "What good is a name, anyhow? What this dog-gone-hole-in-the-woods wants is a grocery store!"

But Handy it was and still remained when, later on, the logging camp had grown to be an incorporated town, with its schoolhouse and church—considered fashionable luxuries; and its general store and postoffice combined—a place of entertainment and recreation.

With steady, telling blows the woodman had plied his ax until its sound echoed no more. With eager, ceaseless toil the lumberman fed his saw by day and filed its savage teeth by night, until, at last, it had consumed the very life-blood of Handy; and the town sickened and died.

Then came the sheriff, who did his worst; followed by the auctioneer, who did but little better; and the poor, defunct town of Handy was knocked down to the highest bidder—a representative of the X. & Y. railroad.

T. Jefferson Dent, Postmaster, Justice

of the Peace, and the sole resident of Handy, still kept a more or less firm grip on his job.

Everybody but T. Jefferson himself wondered at it. Even his own daughter, now happily married and living in a neighboring town, could not understand why her father clung so persistently to a forlorn hope, in spite of her entreaties that he make his home with her.

As with other fourth-class postoffices, the remuneration was derived from the cancellation of stamps, and T. Jefferson had not blackened the face of a real, new two-cent stamp since the sheriff had mailed the proceeds of the sale to the tax collector, three months before.

The postmaster was what he himself called a "sticker." A sticker for principle — ergo, T. Jefferson Dent—who dearly loved a squabble. It was, therefore, solely that he might enjoy a much wished for scrap with the X. & Y., that he held so tenaciously to his job.

Some time previous to the sheriff's sale, foreseeing the end of all things in Handy, he had tried to dispose of his property to the railroad, whose representative had once approached him with the object of buying a certain piece of land adjoining their property; but he was courteously informed that they did not care to buy.

Not convinced, however, he had tried to show them that he could, in his official capacity, make it to the railroad's advantage to purchase his land.

"Why, look-er here," he had said, "you're making all the money the government's lavishin' on the Handy postoffice, carrying the mail. There aint nothing in it for me. I can't get nourishment enough out of lickin' two or three postage stamps a week to live on—to say nothin' of keeping a dog.

"S'pose I resign? That would settle your hash wouldn't it—far's carrying the mail goes? Now, I'll tell you what I'll do. You buy my land and I'll stick to my job closer'n a burr to a sheep's wool, till you've made money 'nough carrying the mail bag to pay for it."

But the postmaster's proposition didn't seem to strike the railroad people favorably. They intimated that the postoffice at Handy would soon be abolished, anyway; that they didn't care if it was; and as for buying the piece of land in question, they understood that it was already encumbered by unpaid taxes, etc., and they didn't care to become mixed up in it.

Then T. Jefferson had made a few not wholly complimentary remarks anent what he termed, "soulless corporations and grinding monopolies," and, smarting under a fancied wrong, returned to his office.

Far into the night he had sat at his desk engaged in deep thought, until, at last, the problem having been solved, he had written a letter, which enclosed an official looking document that had been duly signed and sealed, and addressed it to the First Assistant Postmaster General.

From that day on, fearful lest the total absence of mail from his office should lead to its abolishment and the consequent failure of his plans to get even with the railroad, every outgoing pouch bore a postal card written by himself and addressed to some firm whose advertisement he had seen in paper or magazine, calling for their catalogue or whatever they might have to bestow upon him for the asking.

This assured a quite steady return of mail matter, which often made up in bulk for what it lacked in quality; and bulk was the desired thing with T. Jefferson.

The postmaster had just made up his morning's mail, consisting of the usual postal card, addressed to Lilly & Rose, seedsmen and florists. This official duty attended to, he tilted back in his chair, planted his heels upon the counter, and gazed out of the window at the inviting September landscape.

Right under his nose, so to speak, was a bed of many hued nasturtiums upon which his eyes fondly rested, for he loved flowers; but further along—over beyond the fast yellowing pumpkins and squashes—the sere and blackened potato tops did not appeal to him. T. Jefferson hated "diggin' pertetters."

So, his gaze wandering still further afield, it was caught by the shimmering

"This here town's got to have a name"

leaves of a cut-leaf maple, already resplendent with autumnal tints, and lo! —even as he looked, the tree toppled over and disappeared from the face of the earth.

The postmaster's heels came down from the counter with a jarring thud.

"By mighty!" he exclaimed, "'arthquake or cyclone!"

He grabbed his hat and started across the field, but before he had reached his potato patch he beheld a rod of fence topple over and pass from sight, and a tall, slim poplar shook as with the ague and leaped into space.

More and more excited he broke into a run toward the spot of the mysterious disappearances, ten or fifteen feet below which lay the tracks of the X. & Y.

Suddenly the earth opened under him and the big shovel swallowed him up and swung slowly to its position over the empty gravel car.

The engineer had turned to his oiling. The man at the shovel yanked a cord, the bottom dropped out of the shovel, and T. Jefferson Dent, with a goodly portion of his real estate, was transferred to the car.

He arrived in a sitting posture and was buried to his neck.

Completely unnerved at the sight of a human head sticking up out of the gravel, the shovel man let out a yell that, while it paralyzed the engineer, lent encouragement and a certain amount of stimulus to the imprisoned man; while he, with his tongue and one arm free, applied himself to the liberation of such rhetoric, with the accompanying gestures, as his condition would permit.

"So, I've caught you, have I!" he exclaimed, with a sweep of his hand in the direction of the men who stood in open-mouthed wonder about him. "Do you know whose pertetters you're diggin'?

"By mighty, now! Perhaps you don't think this is serious business—assault and battery on an employe of the United States Government, and a justice of the peace, at that!

"Why don't you move—you staring idjits? Get your shovels and dig me out of this, or, by lucifer tombstones! I'll make you all sweat for being accessories 'fore and after the fact!

"Oh, glory! glory!" he went on, as they lifted him up and stood him on his

feet, "what a case I've got agin the railroad! Trespass, assault, and battery, and —and, yes, by jingo!—kidnaping! Forcible detention and loadin' on the cars of said company by its paid agents! If that aint kidnaping I don't know what is!

"And look here, you!—that aint all! Larceny! Larceny from the federal government!"

Having relieved his pent up emotions to this extent, and refusing further assistance, T. Jefferson climbed stiffly out of the car.

"Come to think of it," he said, "jest as a matter of form, reckon I'll take you fellers' names. What might yours be, now?" he inquired of the shovel man.

"It *might* be Theodore Roosevelt, but it aint," was the reply.

"I didn't ask you what it aint, I want to know what it is," said T. Jefferson, "and I might add, for the further lucidation of this here company, to wit, that any further irrelevant and triflin' remarks tendin' to evade the law or to lower the dignity thereof shall be considered a misdemeanor and punishable as such."

This more or less impressive reference to the law had its effect, but the name of the facetious shovel man headed the list as John Doe, *alias* Theodore Roosevelt.

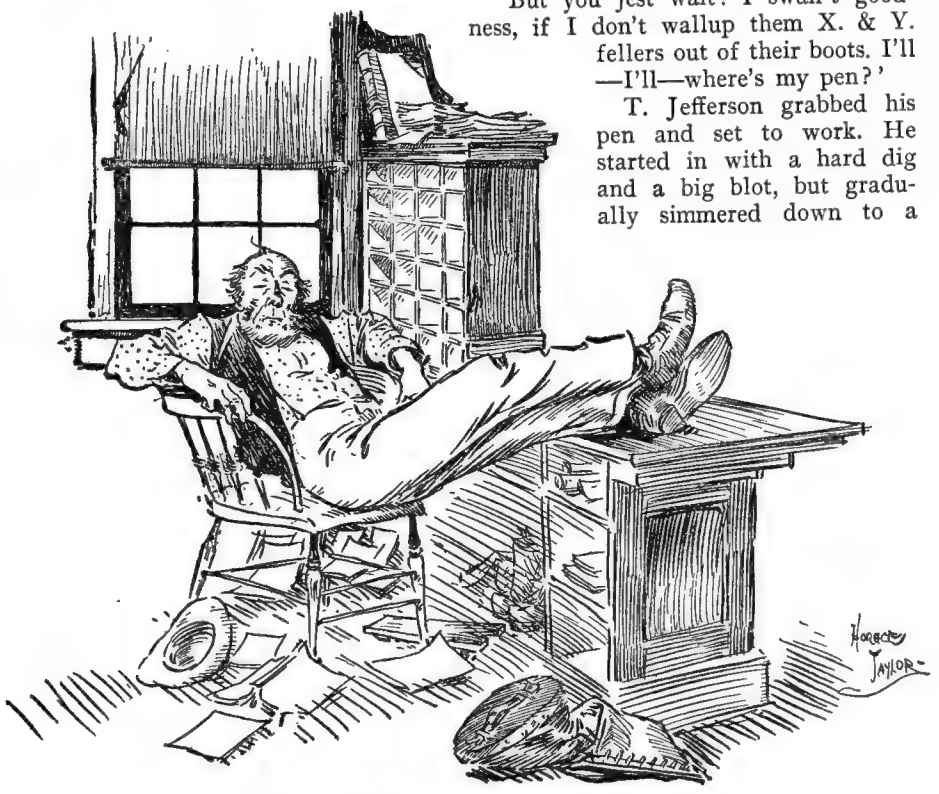
"Now I warn you," he called back at them, as he limped away, "if you take another skimptum of that there land I'll have the law on you! By the etarnal! I will, whether or no—for this!" he added, rubbing a bruised hip-joint.

He returned to his office and sat down to his desk with an air of forceful determination. His square jaws set so firmly that an elongated upper molar dug into the gums of the lower jaw and made him wince.

"Oh, shucks, let up! let up!" he chuckled. "'Taint the railroad you've got your teeth in, you're bitin' yourself.

"But you jest wait! I swan-t'-goodness, if I don't wallup them X. & Y. fellers out of their boots. I'll —I'll—where's my pen?'

T. Jefferson grabbed his pen and set to work. He started in with a hard dig and a big blot, but gradually simmered down to a



The postmaster was what he himself called a "sticker"

fairly smooth course, with three or four words to the line, and plenty of ink.

While this letter was a lengthy one, and had much to do with a letter and its enclosure previously mentioned, it is necessary to quote the postscript only:

> P. S.—I have a clear case against the railroad on four counts, to-wit: Trespass, assault and battery, attempted kidnaping, and larceny from the federal government, and I shall proceed to attach the property of said railroad and subpœna such witnesses as don't take to the woods when they see me coming.
>
> T. J. D.

In due time this letter reached the hands of the First Assistant P. M. G.

"William," he said to a clerk, handing him the letter, "data on this, please," and William soon returned with his report:

> "HANDY, MAINE: small lumber town on the X. & Y. Railroad. In 1907 population had dwindled to twenty people. T. Jefferson Dent, postmaster continuously since 1900. One mail per day. January, 1908, inspector of eastern division reported insufficient mail to warrant continuance of Handy postoffice.
>
> JUNE 1, 1909—letter received from T. Jefferson Dent, under date of May 29. Letter and enclosure herewith."

"Well William," said the First Assistant, after careful perusal of the papers, "I think we'd better fix this matter up at once and get it off our hands."

Then he dictated a letter, and when he had finished requested that it be ready for his signature before he went out to lunch.

It certainly looked as if there was to be no further delay in replying to T. Jefferson's letters; but the First Assistant being unexpectedly called to an interview with his superior, his letter was not mailed until the following day.

As luck or fate would have it, the following day was a very busy one for the Handy postmaster who, blissfully ignorant of the message from the First Assistant that was even then speeding to him, girded on the armor of his office and wended his way cautiously toward the railroad.

As he approached, he could hear the little engine puffing and spitting viciously as it transferred its energy to the long arm of the shovel.

"Yep, they're at it again," he soliloquized, "eating up my pertetter patch. Jest let me get these papers on the critters and I'll give the X. & Y. the biggest surprise that ever came to 'em."

He crept carefully along in the cover of the trees and bushes until he was within two or three rods of the shovel.

The gravel train was on the main track near by, ready to take the switch for the siding.

The postmaster, waiting until the shovel boss was intent on his work, rushed up to him and thrust a paper into his hands.

"There, Theodore Roosevelt," he exclaimed, "you've got your little subpœna first, but I aint going to show no partiality," and he started for the next man.

"Look out for the old cuss!" shouted the boss. "Run! Don't let him play it on you! He got me!"

Every man took to his heels.

The train-crew, seeing the shovel gang on the run, got busy themselves, but before the engineer could open the throttle, T. Jefferson crawled up one side of the locomotive and the engineer and his fire man promptly jumped down from the other side.

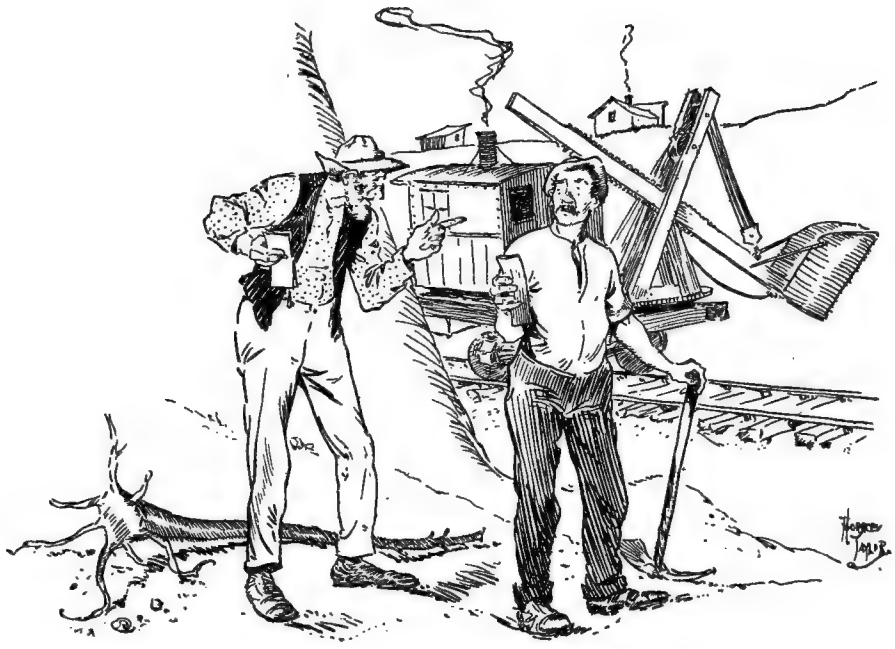
"Waal, by gum!" exclaimed the postmaster, "the wicked flee when no man pursueth! I aint got any subpœna for these fellers. However, now that they've left this train on my hands, dummed if I don't clap on an attachment, 'long with the shovel outfit!"

He poked about the cab a little and pulled open the door of the firebox. Then he surveyed the tender with a careful eye, and finding the sand, which is sometimes used on the slippery rails, he shoveled this onto the fire until he had completely smothered it.

"There," he said, "I reckon they wont leave in a hurry!"

Jones, the engineer, hearing the shoveling and fearing that some mischief was being done, hurried back to his engine and pulled himself up to the cab.

Having but little shifting to do, and his fireman being an economical man



"There, Teddy Roosevelt, you got yours!"

with his coal, he did not have a big head of steam on, and when, at a glance, he took in the condition of the fire and read the steam gauge, and realized that his engine was put out of commission for half or three quarters of an hour, perhaps, he said some very wicked words and jumped for the postmaster.

But T. Jefferson wasn't there. He had been there only one second before, but, for some reason, he had a feeling that the dignity of the law by which he, at times, fancied himself enshrined and protected, was about to be violated; so he dropped the said dignity out of the cab, tumbled out after it and put it on again.

"Don't you dast to swear at me, consarn yer!" he called back at the engineer. "I'm an officer of the law and engaged in the carrying out of the same! If you don't know what comes of insultin' the dignity and majesty of the law—by mighty, I'll l'arn ye!"

But his threats were lost on Jones, who had turned to the whistle and given one long and three short blasts.

In answer to his signal a brakeman with flag and torpedoes in hand jumped from the caboose and ran down the track a piece, where he bent a couple of signal caps over the rail. Then he ran on with his red flag, ready to stop any approaching train.

The fireman came bounding back to the engine and leaped aboard the cab.

"What-the-dickens is up?" he cried.

But even as he asked his quick eye had taken in the situation.

"Twenty pounds of steam and no fire!" he exclaimed. "That lantern-jawed-son-of-a-gun—did *he* do it?"

"Darn him!—yes! Caught him at it!" answered the engineer. "Get busy! Dump that sand and fire up! Number 40 is due to pass in twenty minutes, and unless we get out of her way we're both fired! So hump yourself!

"Here, Bill," he called to a brakeman, "run over to the shovel with me and swipe some of Jim's kindling—fire's out and we're in a devil of a scrape!"

By the time that they had returned with the wood the fireman was ready for them with a clean grate, and in five minutes he was shoveling in the coal.

"Look here, you two fellers," said T. Jefferson, returning from an interview with the shovel boss, "I've sarved papers on Theodore Roosevelt over there, and this train's attached!"

"It is, is it?" replied the engineer. "Well, you just come near enough for me to lay my paws on you, and you'll think *you're* attached—to a cyclone! I see your finish, old man! The X. & Y.'ll have you jugged inside of twenty-four hours!"

At this instant there was a short, sharp whistle from an approaching train.

"There's 40 whistling for brakes, and we can't budge for ten minutes, yet," Jones said to the fireman. "We're in for it now!

"I'm going back and explain it to the conductor," he continued, "and if that lunatic comes within arm's length of the cab, maul him with the shovel!"

The engineer jumped from the cab.

"Get out of this!" he yelled at the postmaster, making a pass at him with his fist as he ran.

T. Jefferson dodged back and passed his hand inquiringly over his face as if expecting to find a bruise.

"By mighty!" he exclaimed, "if he'd er hit me!"

As the engineer neared No. 40 he saw the conductor and another man approaching. That other man! Had fate played such an awful trick upon him? Nothing less! It was the president of the road.

Jones halted involuntarily and leaned against a car. He was unnerved for the minute.

By a great effort he pulled himself together and advanced the few remaining steps to meet the pair. He touched his cap to the president and nodded familiarly to the conductor.

"What's the trouble?" inquired the latter.

"Well, it's this way, sir," began the engineer, addressing his words to the president. "That crank over there," pointing to the postmaster, who was nearing the group, "that says he's a justice of the peace, tried to spring a subpœna on the shovel-gang. He caught the boss unawares, but the rest of the gang took to the woods. Then, just as I was going to make the siding, up he comes into the cab and I and my fireman jumps off the other side and cuts around the rear of the train, thinking that he'd be off after us and we'd get back and pull out.

"Well, sir, when I went back to my engine, there he was shoveling sand onto the fire, and only twenty pounds of steam on. You see, not having much to do here and being sparing of my coal I didn't have a very big head of steam on at the time.

"We had to dump the sand and fire up again and we'll be ready to pull out of your way in about ten minutes."

"We could haul them onto the siding and go on, Mr. Alden," said the conductor to the president.

"If you think best," returned the president, "but, if he can do it in five minutes, seems to me it would be as well to let him get out of our way under his own steam. We wouldn't gain any time by hauling him off."

"You're right," the conductor replied. "Go ahead, then!" he added to the engineer.

"Just a minute, Mr. Engineer," said the president, with hand pointing to the postmaster who had jointed the group, "do you say that this man boarded your engine and shoveled sand onto the fire?"

"I do—yes, sir!" replied Jones.

"Do you deny this?" inquired the president of the postmaster.

"No, I don't deny it!" answered T. Jefferson.

"That's all, Mr. Engineer," said the president, dismissing him.

"Now then, sir," he continued, turning to the postmaster, "will you be so kind as to inform me who you are and what this fuss is all about, and in as few words as possible, for I'm in a great hurry."

"Reckon I can give it to you in a nutshell," returned the postmaster.

"Six months ago or thereabouts that there piece of land—ten acres more or less—that your shovel is eatin' up, belonged to me, T. Jefferson Dent, postmaster and justice of the peace of this here town of Handy.

"I sold it to the Postoffice Department, with the postoffice thereon, for one dollar and other considerations more or less valuable to me in my official capacity.

"The deed was made out all straight and regular—'cause I did it; signed, sealed, and delivered to the First Assistant Postmaster General at Washington.

"Then, 'long comes the sheriff and sells the property over agin to your railroad, to satisfy a claim for back taxes; but they was jest a year ahead of time and I hold the collector's receipt to prove it, and here 'tis," handing the paper to the president.

"Now then, we're gettin' pretty clost down to the present, as the boy said when he reached into the toe of his stockin'. I'm here, acting in my official capacity as justice of the peace of this here caounty, and as the agent of the Federal Government, to subpœna the employees of the X. & Y., and to levy an attachment on the property of said railroad. That's what I put out the fire for—so I could get my attachment papers straight and regular before they got away."

"But my dear man," said the president, "you are acting outside the limits of your office, as a justice of the peace, in serving either a subpœna or an attachment. That duty, as I understand it, belongs to a sheriff or a constable. And, further, I believe it is not customary to levy on the rolling-stock of a railroad while in transit."

"'Taint rollin'! Leastwise, 'twan't when I levied," T. Jefferson replied, "and about my right to subpœna and attach—you take it from me that a justice of the peace is empowered to do both, on special occasions and in the absence of a sheriff, his deputy, or a constable. This here's a *special occasion,* I call it, and there aint a sheriff nor a constable within ten miles of here."

The president looked at his watch. The five minutes were about up. He thoughtfully replaced his time-piece, took a penknife from his pocket, picked up a stick and began to whittle.

The county postmaster, acting in his official capacity, had aroused the dickering instincts of the president.

"Well, Mr. Dent," he said, cutting five notches in the stick as he talked, "acting in both your official capacity and as the authorized representative of the postoffice department, what sum of money should you say would satisfy this claim and dissolve the attachment, leaving the property in question in full and undisputed possession of the X. & Y. Railroad?"

T. Jefferson pulled his beard and drew his face into knotty wrinkles to hide his surprise.

Finally, recovering his poise, in a measure, he replied:

"Waal, naow, it strikes me that five hundred's about the proper figger—includin' subpœnas, personal injuries and disbursements."

The president whittled out a couple of notches. "Too much! Altogether too much for property in this town!" he said. "I should consider three hundred dollars a pretty stiff price!"

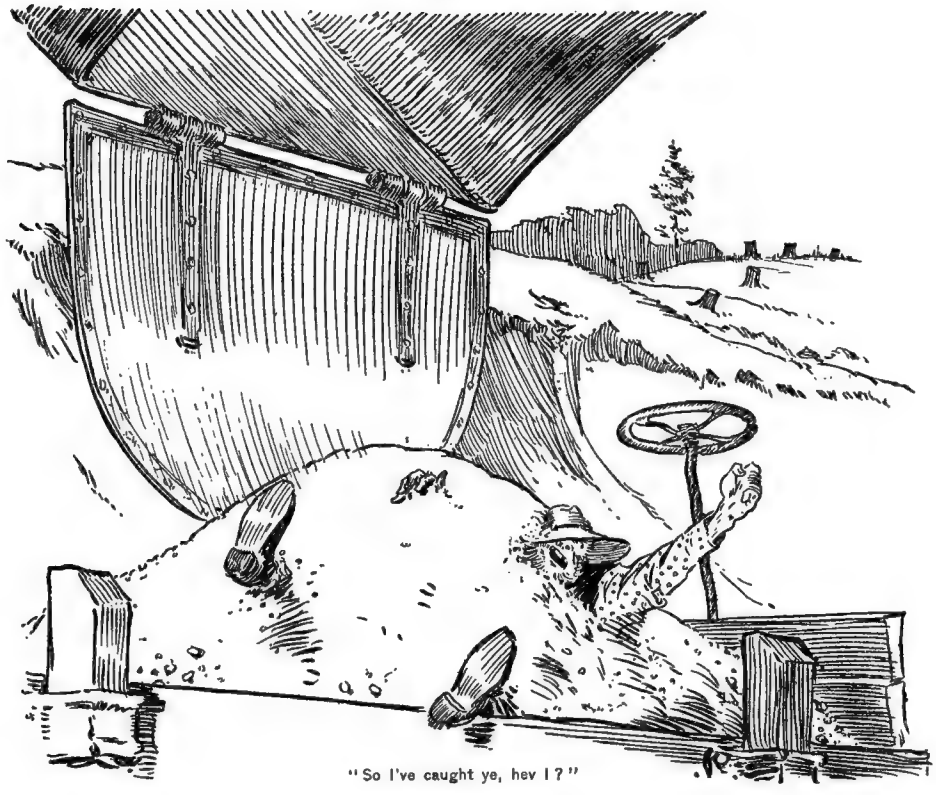
"That's all right," admitted the postmaster, "I allow that real estate in this here town of Handy aint soarin' any jest at present, but gravel's gravel, and that's a right-good quality that your men are diggin' out there. Then there's the personal injuries—bein' shoveled up with two tons of gravel and dumped into a car. Reckon a jury'd agree on pretty fair damages for that without settin' up nights over it."

"What's this? You were shoveled up and dumped into a gravel car? When did this happen?" asked the president.

"Three or four days ago," T. Jefferson replied, "and I can't walk without limpin' naow."

The president cut another notch in his stick. "Oh, well," he said, "I'm going to do the square thing by you, we'll split the difference and call it four hundred. Now you just get aboard my car for a minute and my secretary will give you a check for the amount."

The president dropped the stick and put his knife in his pocket. Assisted by the colored porter, T. Jefferson entered the palatial car of the president. Its rich furnishings fairly took his breath away for a minute, but the sight of a check book reëstablished his equilibrium.



"So I've caught ye, hev I?"

"I dunno, sir," he said, while his eyes feasted on the luxurious appointments of the car, "four hundred somehow looks mighty small to me! Guess you'll have to raise the figgers. I aint sure that I'm doing jest right by the government, letting it go for five hundred, but I aint going to back out."

The president scowled and bit off the end of a cigar. From the window he saw the gravel train moving onto the siding.

"Make it five," he said to the his secretary, "and write across the back: received in full of all demands both of a personal nature and as agent of the Postoffice Department.

"Now, Mr. Dent," he said, signing and handing him the check, "just indorse this under what he has written and put it in your pocket. I will leave it to you to see that a warranty deed is properly executed and forwarded to the X. & Y."

When the postmaster had conveyed the check to his pocket the president got up and accompanied him to the door.

"Glad to have met you, Mr. Dent," he said, "and pleased that our rather limited business relations have ended so satisfactorily."

"Waal, don't know's I've got anything to complain of," T. Jefferson replied. "Guess this here railroad's all right, but it's a mighty sight easier to do business with a real, live human than 'tis with the X. & Y."

The train got under way and the postmaster returned to his office. He hung up his hat, slumped into a chair, and spread the check out on the desk before him. Then he planted both elbows upon the desk and, supporting his head with his hands, gazed long and fixedly at the valuable piece of paper.

The silence of the little office was broken now and again by the long-drawn sighs of the postmaster.

"What an old fool you be!" he exclaimed aloud. "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world—for somebody else?

"Here you've been and gone and give away your property to the government to spite the railroad, and the railroad don't mind it any more'n a dog minds one little toothless flea on the end of his tail. And what do you get out of it? Legal fees and disbursements!"

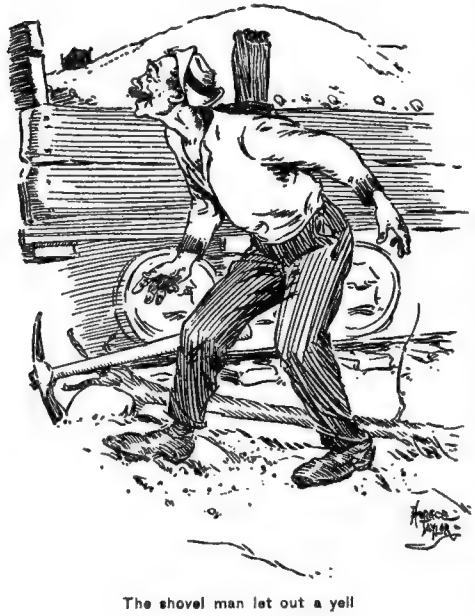
He stopped here to do a little figuring.

"Seven dollars and thirty-five cents," he continued, "and for personal injuries, fifteen cents for a porous plaster and about two dollars and sixty-seven cents for damage to your feelin's.

"Thomas Jefferson Dent, you're a darned fool, and you've got jest one thing to be thankful for—other folks don't know it as well as you do!"

Thus he berated himself until it was a very humble and self-depreciating man who presently limped down to the railroad and returned with the mail bag over his shoulder.

He unlocked and opened the bag, held it bottom up over his desk and shook it. A large, loosely wrapped pamphlet fell out, which the postmaster contemptuously ignored. Dropping the empty pouch into a corner, he sat down and once more drew the check from his pocket and placed it upon the desk, but it held no new interest for him.



The shovel man let out a yell

"Sold your birthright for a mess of potash," he muttered, (T. Jefferson never finished a quotation correctly) folded his arms upon the desk and bowed his head upon them.

The late afternoon sun dipped toward the western horizon and sent a golden beam slanting across the postmaster's shoulder, bringing into bright relief a silvery lock upon his temple.

With dancing rays from the same sun playing hide-and-seek in her golden hair, and the glow of health upon her cheeks, a young lady alighted from a dog-cart, hitched her horse to a convenient rail fence and approached the postoffice.

At the threshold she halted, then with hands clasped over her bosom she tiptoed toward the silent figure at the desk.

"You dear, dear old dad!" she said, softly.

Though silent her tread and subdued her voice, the sleeper and his head came up with a jerk.

"Sue!" he exclaimed, as his daughter clasped him about the neck, "bless you, girl! How'd you get here?"

"Drove over, daddy. Thought you might like to see me. But now look here, sir—what's the matter? What makes your eyes so red? Come, now, 'fess up! I'm going to know!"

The postmaster's disengaged hand closed over the check, which he managed to thrust into his pocket.

"Oh, nothing much, Sue," he replied. "Guess it's getting kind o' quiet 'round these diggin's to what it ust to be."

"Quiet!" exclaimed his daughter. "It's dead! Why, daddy, even the crickets don't sing here any more. I don't see how you've stood it so long. Now you've just got to pack right up and go home with me—to-night!"

"Oh, shucks, Sue," said her father, "I aint resigned."

"Resigned! Resigned to what?" asked Sue. "You're not resigned to leaving this terrible lonesome place, yet, and going home with me? Oh, daddy, daddy, I'm just discouraged about you!"

"Dear me, no! 'Taint that!" he hastened to say. "I mean I aint sent in my resignation to Washington."

"Well, good land! Then do it now, daddy—this minute!" exclaimed Sue, as she began looking about in his desk for pen and paper.

She brushed aside the circular that the postmaster had not deigned to pick up when he had emptied the mail pouch, and uncovered a long, fat envelope.

"Why, what's this?" she asked, handing him the letter, "why haven't you opened it?"

"By mighty! Postoffice Department!" he exclaimed. "How'd that get here? Hid under that other thing, was it? And I never saw it!"

"Aren't you a great postmaster, daddy!" laughed Sue, as she began to read the letter over his shoulder.

POSTOFFICE DEPARTMENT.
OFFICE OF THE FIRST ASSISTANT POSTMASTER GENERAL, WASHINGTON, D. C.
MR. T. JEFFERSON DENT,
POSTMASTER AT HANDY, MAINE.
DEAR SIR:

Acknowledging the receipt of your favor of recent date, in which you refer to your letter of May 29, and enclosure, would say:

The Postoffice Department must refuse to be a party to the transfer of your property, as such action would be contrary to all rules, etc., of this department.

I, therefore, herewith return the warranty deed received from you and respectfully request that you take no action against the X. & Y. Railroad, either in your official capacity as postmaster, or as the agent of the Federal Government.

Having been advised by the P. O. Inspector of your district that the small amount of mail matter handled at the Handy postoffice will not warrant further continuance, I have to inform you that your resignation as postmaster of said office will be accepted, to take effect on the 31st day of December of the current year, or any time previous to this date that you may deem advisable.

Awaiting your further favors, I am.

"Oh, Glory be!" cried Sue. "Now you'll resign and come and live with us, wont you daddy?

"But daddy, what do they mean about a deed, and asking you to take no action against the X. & Y.?" she inquired.

"Waal, Sue," her father replied, as he began tearing up the document in question, "about this here deed—I offered this property to the postoffice department, but they didn't want it, bless 'em.

"Naow, as to the action of the X. & Y., I had a little kind of a talk with the president of the railroad this morning, and I reckon we sort of took to each other. Anyhow, when I come away he handed me this," placing the check in her hands.

"Five—hundred—dollars! Why, daddy!—for what?" she asked.

"For the dignity of the law hitched to a gravel-bank!" replied T. Jefferson.

The President scowled and bit off the end of a cigar

The Stage Up to Date

by Louis V. De Foe

Photograph by Moffett Studio, Chicago

Miss May De Souza who is appearing in "A Skylark"

THERE have not been many opportunities this season to introduce readers of the RED BOOK MAGAZINE to new dramatic celebrities. Doubtless the stage has attracted quite as many recruits as in the past, but they have entered the profession inconspicuously through the wide-open door at the bottom and have not yet had time to climb to the star-infested ramparts where reputation and distinction wait. It is true that, early in the year, Miss Hedwig Reicher was lured from the German stage, but the artistic life of that talented actress has been all but snuffed out by a series of bad plays and ill-adjusted rôles. Our proselyting would have ended here had not Mme. Marietta Olly,

braving a language with which less than a year ago she was totally unfamiliar, decided at the eleventh hour to desert the Berlin stage and cast her fortunes with the American drama. Thus does the merry jingle of our dollars continue to be sweet music to foreign ears.

Mme. Olly is now in the throes of her *début* on Broadway. Study her features in the accompanying illustrations, and you will detect that, though her career has been confined to the theatres of Germany, she is by birth an Italian. In temperament, too, she is a Latin. German phlegm could never have carried her through the highly pitched emotional scenes of "The Whirlwind," which is a fairly literal translation of M. Henri Bernstein's French play, "Baccarat," nor could she have reached the intensity she displayed in some of its situations without a touch of the passionate temperament of Southern Europe.

Her present success would be greater —in point of popularity, that is—if more wisdom had been shown by her managers in the selection of her play. "Baccarat" fits into the series of Bernstein's dramas, the most familiar of which to us are "The Thief," "Samson" and "Israel." But it is too evidently a forerunner of these, written by the young Frenchman at a time when he was clumsily experimenting with the tools of Victorien Sardou. It illustrates roughly his now familiar formula of dramaturgy—a plot converging to a climax after a hard fought battle of wills with only two characters on the stage. It deals somewhat conventionally with the usual miasma of French domestic infelicity and faithlessness, and it ends in gloom. Ah, the inevitable triangle so dear to the Latin mind!

Helene, Countess Brechebel, has been married by her *parvenu* parents, the *Lebourgs,* to a titled nonentity and, bored to desperation by his amiable stupidity, has accepted *Robert De Clavignon,* a gambler, as her lover. His character is drawn, of course, to the disparagement of the husband. A cloak of sympathy is thrown about *De Clavignon* even when, in a passionate scene in the first act, *Helene* wrings from him a confession that he is not only a bankrupt gamester but an embezzler. Suicide is in *De Clavignon's* mind and the play strikes its first theatric spark with the woman's impassioned appeal to him to live for her sake and bravely face the ruin which seems inevitable.

The 600,000 francs needed to cover the defalcation must be raised. But how? In her quandary *Helene* turns to her rich parent. At first she cajoles him. Considering the social position her marriage has brought him, he surely will not refuse an advance in her allowance. But the extravagance of the sum and *Helene's* lame excuses about her debts stir his suspicion. The *Baron* drops his cheque book and begins to ask prying questions.

We are now face to face with the big scene. Word by word, step by step, the father craftily lures *Helene* into a confession of her infidelity and disgrace. The hysterical anguish of the climax is cunningly contrived. The incessant popping of theatrical pyrotechnics gradually mounts to thunderous explosions, and over all is spread the lurid glare of incoherent woe. *Helene* is unmasked before her father's searching eyes, but sympathy is not denied her by the playwright. It is not his daughter's shame that stirs *Baron Lebourg's* wrath; rather is it his own prospect of family disgrace and his consequent plunge from his false social position.

Meanwhile *De Clavignon* is at his rooms awaiting the outcome of the interview. He has taken a gambler's risk; now he must face a gambler's fate. As for *Helene,* repulsed by her father, there remains another path open to her. *André,* her cousin, rich, unscrupulous, to whom she was once engaged and who still covets her, must provide the money. *Helene* well knows the toll he will exact. Thus does Bernstein conspire to compound faithlessness.

The sacrifice is made. The loan is secured. Revolted at her cousin's vileness and at her own compliance, but exultant, nevertheless, *Helene* hastens to her lover's rooms. The hour for her return is past. She finds the inner chamber door locked. As she hesitates with her hand on the latch a pistol shot is heard, followed by a heavy fall. Then the curtain

Photog aph by Hall, New York

Mme. Marietta Olly as *Helene* and Thurlow Bergen as *Robert* in "The Whirlwind"

descends with *Helene* screaming in horror and beating wildly against the panels.

Emotional acting of this kind communicates its theatric thrill but it is not great art. What Mme. Olly will accomplish in scenes of calmer mood still remains to be shown. She attacks her present rôle at a high pitch and plays it throughout with a forty horse power intensity. She gives her audiences no time to consider or reflect. She is a bundle of electric wires emitting constant sparks.

PRESENTED in the manner of Shakespeare's time." Thus ran a line in the programme of the New Theatre's production of "The Winter's Tale," and thus, also, rose my fears that, in one of its academic impulses, our splendid art playhouse was about to Ben-Greet itself into a current form of theatrical charlatanry.

But is this "sceneless" production of Shakespeare's infrequently-acted romance—by which, I hasten to attest, the New Theatre has more nearly justified itself than at any other time since it opened its doors—literally "in the manner of Shakespeare's time?" Is it not, rather, a master stroke of modern decorative art, more impressive than anything else the New Theatre has accomplished? If the good Elizabethans of the Bard's own day could have looked upon the picture which the receding curtain disclosed, they would have rubbed their eyes in amazement and prophetically exclaimed, "Verily, a Belasco has come among us!" To their bewildered gaze, would the play have been the thing?

What actually was done by the New Theatre was to adjust a few of the essential characteristics of the seventeenth-century stage to the modern method of presenting plays with a view of giving "The Winter's Tale" as nearly as possible in its entirety and in harmony with the environment for which it was written. The platform was extended in a semi-circular "apron" which projected over the orchestra pit almost to the first row of the parquet. There were the "outer" and "inner" stages, the former defined by tapestries of lovely texture and design and surmounted by the "balcony;" the latter opening from the center and resembling, when its tiny curtains were drawn back, a realistic oil painting set in a beautiful frame. A few benches and "properties" were scattered about the "outer" area.

But here archeological imitation ended and modern ingenuity began. Where were the flickering rushlights? Powerful calciums belched their white rays upon the stage from apertures above the golden boxes on either side of the green marble proscenium. Every device was employed to achieve the exact tone of illumination needed to display the gorgeousness of the tapestries, rich and rare enough to adorn the drawing-room of the most fastidious millionaire. And stretching beyond the "apron," in graceful horseshoe lines, was the luxury of the most ornate playhouse of the twentieth-century world.

Now all of this may have been remotely "in the manner of Shakespeare's time," but I confess I could not goad myself into imagining that I was in the Globe or Fortune in 1611 with Lord Bacon and Sir John Davies and Ben Jonson and all the other Elizabethan first-nighters sitting in the audience, and the Bard himself in doublet and hose back on the stage superintending the performance. I am heartily glad I could not, for I was able to devote my whole attention to the remarkably fine interpretation of the comedy. I forgot completely that this was an archeological experiment, and I reveled in the beautiful embodiments of the characters and the romantic illusions which were woven out of the poetry of the lines. Rarely has there been afforded an histrionic treat so rich. The ability of the men in the cast was at a respectful distance behind that of the women, but all worked with a homogeneity of purpose and in obedience to an intellectual and artistic impulse seldom encountered nowadays anywhere in the theatre.

This is not the place to launch into a critical discussion of the play itself; my purpose is only to glance at some of the externals of its unusual form of presentation. But I must add that it is doubtful if two more perfect interpre-

tations, than Miss Edith Wynne-Matthison's *Hermione* and Miss Rose Coghlan's *Paulina* have been seen in a single production by the present generation. *Hermione,* especially, has inspired the efforts of many great artists, but I do not believe the best of them surpassed Miss Wynne-Matthison's charm of personality, glowing tenderness, regal demeanor, exalted spirituality or physical grace, nor did they read the poet's verse with more beautiful music of utterance or deeper insight. *Paulina,* of course, is cast in sterner mould, but as Miss Coghlan acted the character it, too, was a superlatively fine accomplishment, expeditious, aggressive, blazing with fire, ringing with ardor, and preserving always its dominant note of innate womanliness. Miss Leah Bateman-Hunter made *Perdita* a trifle insipid, I thought, and Mr. Henry Kolker's *King Leontes* was melodramatically mediocre, but no fault can I find with the others, least of all with Mr. Albert Bruning, who impersonated the rascally old cutpurse, *Autolycus.*

"Sceneless" Shakespeare would become very monotonous if it were often repeated. Even the Bard used all the stage settings he could devise. But this production of "The Winter's Tale" proves, nevertheless, that pasteboard and tinsel are not essential to a complete illusion, provided there is genius in the play and reasonable ability in its performance.

Photograph by Hall, N. Y.

Mme. Marietta Olly as *Helene* and John Emerson as *André* in "The Whirlwind," Bernstein's new play

MISS EDITH WYNNE-MATTHISON'S service to the New Theatre did not begin with her charming interpretation of *Hermione* in "The Winter's Tale." Her *début* in the stock company was made a fortnight earlier in the dual roles of the *Virgin* and the *Nun* in M. Maurice Maeterlinck's poetic and spiritually beautiful miracle play, "Sister Beatrice." In a single night this gifted English actress, whose acquaintance we first made in "Everyman," proved that she could lead the institution out of the slough of despond in which a succession of ill-advised modern dramas, and inadequately performed classic revivals, had plunged it. Her success was the more creditable since "Sister Beatrice" is a work of literary rather than of dramatic art, expressed in religious symbols, dealing with sub-conscious ideas and almost too elusive in its fancies for practical stage representation. "Little dramas for marionettes," or "librettos," the Belgian poet has variously described it and its companion plays and, in truth, it possesses the lyrical quality to a greater degree than the dramatic. It would prove caviar to the general public unless interpreted with the nicest appreciation of its meaning. Great reverence, too, was needed to shield it from religious prejudice.

As its story involves a simple, almost naïve, motive, so is its setting confined to a single scene. A cold, bare corridor of an ancient Gothic convent is shown. In the foreground is the holy shrine with its figure of the *Virgin* clad in rich vestments and costly jewels. To the right lead steps to a chapel. At the rear are the ponderous, bolted convent doors, through which is presently seen a fairy landscape, bathed in silvery moonbeams.

The tale is mediæval; it exists in all literatures. *Sister Beatrice,* the youngest and most devout of all the nuns in the Convent of Our Lady of Lauvain, is prostrate before the shrine supplicating the *Virgin* for guidance. Love has come knocking at her heart. Nature has beckoned her back to the world of pleasure. Still she will not go if the *Virgin* only give the restraining sign. Then, through the moonlight, comes *Bellidor,* the *Prince,* panoplied in shining armor. His horses wait at the door. He will bear the beautiful nun away into the world of freedom. But she must go forth into the new life as a queen. *Bellidor* clothes her in regal garments and places a jeweled crown upon her head. As the great doors close behind them, the pitying *Virgin* who has compassion for human weakness, descends from her pedestal, puts on the rough habit of the erring sister and prepares to serve in her place for twenty-five years.

Great is the consternation among the sisters at the discovery that the holy shrine has been despoiled of its sacred image. Cries of "Sacrilege!" fill the air as the supposed *Sister Beatrice* is led away to punishment. Then, suddenly, the convent is filled with a celestial glow, the knouts and the scourges are transformed into wands and palms. A great miracle has taken place, and *Sister Beatrice* is proclaimed a saint.

At length, contrite, broken, scarred by the sins of the world, *Sister Beatrice* returns. The mercy and forgiveness she implores before the shrine do not fall upon heedless ears. Tenderly the *Virgin* clothes her in the habit of the order and resumes her place on the pedestal. The sorrowing sisters, as they kneel around *Beatrice's* wasted body, do not understand the confession she strives to make. They believe her mind has wandered at approaching death, for they are ignorant that she has ever passed beyond the convent gates.

The spiritual exaltation which Miss Edith Wynne-Matthison brings to the character of the *Virgin* is extraordinary. She dominates the cast, although there are other rôles which lend dignity and beauty to the play. Who shall say after witnessing such a performance that spiritual uplift is denied the art of the theatre?

TO MANY of our readers a descriptive outline of "Pillars of Society" would be a twice-told tale and as such, of course, it asserts no claim to a place in this comment on new events in the theatre. Its natal day dawned as long ago as 1877 and it has been accessible be-

Photograph by Byron, New York

Miss Edith Wynne-Matthison as *Hermione*, Miss Bateman-Hunter as *Perdita*, Miss Rose Coghlan as ***Paulina***, and Henry Stanford as *Florizel* in the New Theatre's production of "A Winter's Tale"

tween covers in English most of the time since then, in a good translation by Mr. William Archer. I assume, therefore, that all who are interested in the drama must have read it long ago.

I would not refer to the play now, except for the reason that Mrs. Fiske has appropriated the character of *Lona Hessel* and made "Pillars of Society" her principal production in the present season. And, perhaps, for one other reason —the performances she and her Manhattan Company are now giving in New York show with singular clearness how rapidly we have been "catching up with" Ibsen in the last quarter-century. When "Pillars of Society" was first acted in Germany in the year in which it was written, it was generally considered revolutionary. The "emancipated woman" had then not become an established institution. How ordinary *Lona Hessel* now seems to us as we glance at her over the shoulders of the militant suffragettes! And the play itself! Once it was a veritable curio of unconventionality; now it appeals almost as a commonplace.

That Ibsen did not hesitate to make free use of purely theatrical expedients in "Pillars of Society" gives it a low place in the estimate of the "cult," but it renders it the more acceptable to the ordinary playgoer. His story of the domestic lives of a collection of whited sepulchres in a provincial Norwegian community is clear and direct. It is not laden with those foggy uncertainties, pessimistic tendencies and cryptic meanings which make most of his other dramas wearisome and depressing to all except people with a cultivated, or, at least, professed taste for theatrical caviar. And do not imagine that *Karsten Bernick,* the shipbuilder who elects himself to sustain the righteousness and respectability of his community, is encountered only in Norwegian seacoast villages. He is a hypocrite whose duplicates most of us can find in our own circles of acquaintances.

May I recall a detail or two in the inner life of this complacent humbug? In his salad days *Bernick* had an affair with an actress. The responsibility for the child who could not bear his name he saddled on *Johan Tonnesen* and he let it be assumed that *Johan* was also guilty of an embezzlement which he, himself, committed. He jilted *Lona Hessel*—who afterwards went to America with *Johan,* her step-brother—for her younger stepsister in order to get possession of that trustful lady's inheritance, which he needed to strengthen his tottering shipbuilding concern. All these things, and many that were worse, he did. Meanwhile he posed as the moral buttress and commercial oracle of his village until, unexpectedly, *Lona Hessel* came back from America one fine day to disclose the skeletons in his closet and expose him in his naked hypocrisy—as she says, "to let in a little fresh air."

There is a great and significant interest in this stern dissection of social and moral shams. There is also a "happy ending" to the play brought about by a god of the machine which, in Ibsen's later days, he would have scorned to employ. But what most concerns us now is Mrs. Fiske's crisp, incisive embodiment of *Lona.* Singularly does this actress place the imprint of her own intellectuality upon the play. And how she must have grown to hate that word, "intellectuality," as applied to her work. With reference to her it has become a commonplace. But if Mrs. Fiske persists in being intellectual—a little more brainy than almost any other of our actresses—let the responsibility be on, as well as *in,* her own head.

One fact will be clear to all who see the play—*Lona Hessel* exactly fits Mrs. Fiske's natural aggressiveness, her nervous temperament, her abrupt manner and method, and her vigorous way of proceeding at once to the heart of things. Her touch is always sure; she reads round, full meaning into the character and, though her rôle is secondary in importance—*Bernick* constantly overshadows it—she completely dominates the stage. I do not recall when she has given a better performance, although I have a deeper sympathy for almost any of her other rôles.

As a stage manager Mrs. Fiske shines brilliantly, as is her wont. By her ar-

Photograph by Byron, New York

Miss Edith Wynne-Matthison as *Sister Beatrice* in Maeterlinck's play of that name

Photograph by Sarony, New York

Edward Mackay as *Johan*, Mrs. Fiske as *Lona* and Holbrook Blinn as *Bernick* in "The Pillars of Society"

rangement of the scene and maneuvering of the company, she contrives to generate just the right atmosphere for the drama. The gossiping women, the conniving business men, the sanctimonious and patronizing *Rector Roerlund,* with his eternal prating about "holding up the banner of the ideal," the despairing *Dina Dorf* and the hypochondriac *Hilmar Tonnesen*—they gradually get on your nerves. They are Ibsenian, even to the dotting of their "i's" and the crossing of their "t's."

A fitting companion study for Mrs. Fiske's *Lona* is Mr. Holbrook Blinn's *Karsten Bernick,* the arch-hypocrite who would send his enemies back to America on a rotten ship. It is a smug, oily performance in just the right key. Miss Virginia Kline as *Mrs. Bernick,* Miss Alice John as *Martha Bernick,* Miss Merle Maddern as *Dina Dorf,* Mr. Cyril Chadwick as *Hilmar Tonnesen,* Mr. Edward Mackay as *Johan Tonnesen,* and Mr. Sheldon Lewis as *Aune,* the old ship-carpenter—they are all excellent.

IF IT were not for the fact that summer is looming close at hand, there would be reason for fear for the future of "A Skylark." But the effect of the salubrious Manhattan climate and the succulent Manhattan cocktail between June and September is to put New York audi-

Photograph by Byron, New York

Edward Mackay as *Johan*. Miss Merle Maddern as *Dina*. Mrs. Fiske as *Lona*, and Miss Alice John as *Martha* in Mrs. Fiske's production of "The Pillars of Society"

ences in a singularly tolerant frame of mind, so it is quite likely that the defects in both the libretto and score of this new musical-comedy, now so aggressively apparent, will be overlooked for the sake of its picturesque and bizarre settings.

Unlike its melodious feathered namesake, "A Skylark" does not soar blithely on the wings of song. Through the first of its two acts it hovers so close to the ground that it is always in imminent danger of dashing out its young life. At times it has the underdone flavor of college theatricals; indeed, Mr. William Harris Jr., its author, and Mr. Frank G. Dossert, its composer, seem only a step removed from the amateur class. But Mr. Henry B. Harris, its producer, knows the temper of the people to whom the piece is intended to appeal, so in the scenery and costumes he has provided a feast for the eye.

The actors, with the plot concealed somewhere among them, are first put aboard the good ship *Pegasus*. They are the usual collection of stage American tourists who spend most of their time on deck and liberate their thoughts in song. What the rest of the passengers are saying, meanwhile, you do not know. Perhaps their remarks, like most of Mr. Dossert's music, are unfit for publication. Eventually a storm blows up and *Neptune* comes aboard to the accompaniment of forked lightning and reverberating thunder. Thereafter it is smoother sailing for the *Pegasus,* the piece and the audience.

Neptune invites the tourists to visit Mount Olympus, and with his proposal "A Skylark" begins to display a little more ingenuity. Old Homer himself could not have imagined a realm so tinseled and bejeweled, nor could he have invoked such a wonderful and variegated collection of Greek divinities. But then, it must be remembered, Homer labored under embarrassing limitations. He never had an opportunity to make the acquaintance of a Broadway show-girl.

The tourists are soon hobnobbing with the Olympians on quite familiar terms. *Jupiter, Juno, Mercury, Bacchus*—especially *Bacchus,* that vinous old patron deity of the lobster palaces—and all the rest, aided by the *Muses,* do their utmost to make the visitors feel at home with the result that mortals and immortals become entangled in extraordinary love affairs. For an hour or more *Puck* and *Cupid* have their hands full, and then it comes time for the tourists to depart.

There are not many celebrities in the cast to sing the nineteen songs. Miss May

Photograph by White, New York

Miss Hazel Cox in her chariot in the second act of "A Skylark"

Photograph by White, New York

Miss Clarice Vance, Miss May De Souza and Miss Grace King in "A Skylark"

De Souza makes her presence known by her energy rather than by her ability, and Mr. John Slavin's humor is noteworthy chiefly for the laughter it does not inspire. They, and Mr. Leslie Gaze and Mr. Robert Pitkin, a pair of musical-comedy lovers, figure among the mortals. The gods are much more diverting. Mr. Frank Belcher is a tenor *Jupiter,* Miss Clarice Vance is a vaudevillian *Juno,* Mr. John Dunsmuir is a bass *Bacchus* and Miss Gertrude Vanderbilt flits gaily from *Diana* to *Puck* without changing so much as her smile.

IF I were permitted a guess I would say that "The Spendthrift" is one of those plays out of which royalties are likely to be made. It need not be inferred, however, that on this account Mr. Porter Emerson Browne's eloquent dramatic invective against feminine prodigality is altogether a good play. Royalty winners need not necessarily be masterpieces. In this instance, two acts are really excellent, a third is positively bad and the remaining one is only so-so. But the drama as a whole will touch men in their tenderest spot—their pocket books—and as for the women, it will give them an opportunity to compare themselves with the heroine to the latter's disadvantage, which is always a satisfaction.

Richard Ward married his pretty young wife, *Frances,* on $10,000 a year and, five years later, though his income had increased to $20,000, he finds himself bankrupt. Nor is this his only cause of unrest. He also finds himself childless. For two acts he talks a great deal about both, and Mr. Browne, the playwright, makes him say some very pertinent and sensible things. A man who preaches so much at home is quite likely to neglect his business affairs at the office, but *Ward's* predicament is not due entirely to his loquacity. *Mrs. Ward* has a mania for "pretty things," and the lobe in her brain which should be the seat of practical reasoning, is altogether lacking.

Ward, whose burdens have made him

Photograph by White, New York

Robert Cain as *Philip Cartwright,* and Edmund Breese as *Richard Ward* in Porter Emerson Browne's play, "The Spendthrift"

prematurely gray, ponders deeply over his growing financial deficit, while *Mrs. Ward* spends her time wondering how she is going to get enough automobiles and other household necessities to keep up appearances with her extravagant social acquaintances. She is totally unpractical, wholly irresponsible, but, in spite of these failings, irresistibly lovable. She offers an amusing contrast to *Aunt Gretchen,* who "brought her up." That busy old lady is phenomenally practical, distressingly responsible and not lovable at all. She is an excellent type and not at all a caricature. Mr. Browne must have modeled her after Mrs. Hetty Green. The only difference is that, while Mrs. Green is a hale and hearty old lady, *Aunt Gretchen* has "one foot in the grave and the other in Wall Street."

While things are going from

Photograph by White, New York

Miss Thais Magrane as *Frances Ward* in "The Spendthrift"

bad to worse, you are permitted to make the acquaintance of *Frances'* pretty sister, *Clarice,* and young *Monty Ward,* who is trying to marry her. They are much more entertaining than the young couples who usually are put into plays to furnish the "comic relief." They fool you. You think they, too, are going to smash, but they manage to pull up.

Two acts devoted to *Ward's* unhappy and childless, but beautifully tapestried home, pass quickly and entertainingly. Many good things have been said and many of them have a sound application to general domestic conditions. In the third act the smash occurs. The sheriff with a handful of attachments is at the door. But up comes *Frances* smilingly to her husband's rescue with $20,000. Where did she get it? From rich *Aunt Gretchen,* she says. *Frances* is now worse than extravagant. She is a liar. It does not need much questioning for *Richard* to find out that *Philip Cartwright,* a notorious vulture and club man, has loaned her the money.

The disclosure comes at midnight in *Frances'* darkened bedroom. *Richard* is nearly frantic with suspicions. *Frances* is hysterical in her denial of intentional wrong-doing. But the husband must have the proof. Although *Frances* is in her lace nightie, he makes her telephone to *Cartwright* to meet her in her bedroom, adding the assurance that the door will be unlocked and the coast clear. Of course *Cartwright* accepts the invitation with alacrity. But his manner on his arrival proves to the watching husband that his suspicions are unfounded. The revolver in the dressing-case drawer is not brought into use, and *Cartwright* is permitted to leave the room unscathed.

Now this is the bad act—bad because it is so palpably theatrical. Up to its beginning *Ward* has claimed your sympathy. You have felt a pity for *Frances,* despite her medley of feminine weaknesses. But when it is over, you are convinced that the husband is a contemptible cad and that he has been getting no more than he deserves. Now your sympathies are all with the wife.

When you next see *Frances* she is living in a tenement. Her pretty flummeries have vanished. She wears a plain shirtwaist. That is all she can afford on her salary as a governess. You note she has not only learned how many cents there are in a dollar, but she has also developed a great fondness for children. So when *Ward* come around five months later and begs forgiveness, you are positive that it will be granted and that, some day, the reunited couple will be the happy parents of twins, at least. It's a very obvious ending for a play that started out so promisingly.

The acting is thoroughly good, especially in the case of Mr. Edmund Breese, who impersonates the perturbed husband. Miss Thais Magrane is quite delightful as *Frances,* his wife, in spite of her objection to children. Miss Gwendolyn Piers, the sister, is pretty enough to illustrate a society novel. I mustn't overlook Miss Mattie Ferguson, who acts *Aunt Gretchen.* She makes an aggressively real personality of the old lady, close-fisted, out-spoken and acrid in manner as well as physiognomy. I wish *Aunt Gretchen* had remained obdurate to the bitter end. In one luckless moment when she grows sentimental she is awful.

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The "shortness of breath" caused by coffee is a sign of weak heart. Athletes know it and they quit coffee and many use

POSTUM

It is made of wheat, skilfully roasted, including the bran-coat which Nature has stored with Phosphate of Potash for supplying the gray substance in brain and nerves.

"There's a Reason" for Postum

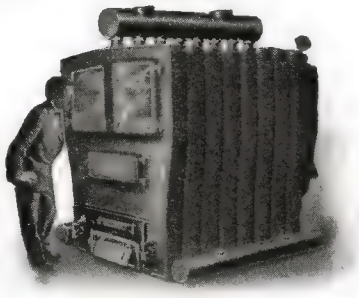
Postum Cereal Company, Limited, Battle Creek, Mich., U S. A.

We Built a Boiler With Windows in It

We learned by experiment that some boilers get twice the heat out of a ton of coal that others get. It is largely a matter of harnessing the fire and getting the most out of it while it is still hot.

So, to be beyond theory, beyond guesswork, we built a boiler with windows in it.

Through these windows we proved our experiments and perfected the new "RICHMOND" which, in actual practice, developes *double* the efficiency of ordinary boilers. And the day-after-day saving in coal will prove this to you, just as the windows proved it to us.



By building a boiler with windows in it, we learned *certainly* about drafts, water circulation and fire travel which enabled us to perfect a heating system which doubles efficiency and halves the fuel bill.

We found, through the windows, that the flue is more important than other makers dream.

So, by patient experiment, we perfected a "diving flue" which costs us three to seven times as much as other makers spend for smoke-connections and makes it that much more efficient.

The "RICHMOND" "diving flue" takes the gases and smoke which would ordinarily pass up the chimney and sends them back, mixed with fresh oxygen, to burn anew.

For every shovel of coal you put in the fire-box this "diving flue" sends half a shovel back from the chimney.

The "Diving Flue"

The "diving flue" is our own invention. It is exclusive. It can be found in no boiler save the "RICHMOND."

The fuel economy it brings, more than repaid the experiment of the boiler we built with windows in it.

But the "diving flue" was not the only outcome of this experiment.

We learned more about drafts than had ever been written on paper.

We learned how to increase our heating efficiency from 90 square feet to 128 square feet, without adding to the size or cost of the boiler.

We learned how to build a cross circulation water way which does for the water circulation what the "diving flue" does for the fire travel.

We learned how to arrange doors and drafts and dampers so that tending the fire becomes a simple, easy, exact science, instead of a difficult, haphazard uncertainty.

Self-Cleaning Surfaces

We learned how to make 90 per cent of our surfaces self-cleaning—so more efficient.

And in countless ways, the boiler with windows enabled us to save half your coal, double ease, flexibility, satisfaction—*without increasing the first cost of the heating system to you.*

The "RICHMOND" heating system as perfected today represents the climax of inventive skill—a system that repays the pains we put into it every day you use it.

The "RICHMOND" system is small enough for a three-room bungalow. Big enough for a building that measures its floor space by the acre.

"RICHMOND" Boilers — Radiators

From ash-pit to radiator, the "RICHMOND" system embodies the newest and best that is known in heating. It is the crystalization of a hundred ingenuities—a hundred economies. It is adaptable to a three-room bungalow or a mammoth palace—to steam heat—hot water heat—direct or indirect.

Write Us

If you contemplate installing a heating system, steam, or hot water—direct or indirect—in your home or building, large or small, write us. Ask for catalog 254. Be fair enough to yourself to learn of a system which, by inventive ingenuity, saves its own cost, pays its own maintenance.

Address in the West

Cameron Schroth Cameron Co.

Western Distributors for "RICHMOND" Boilers and Radiators

254 Michigan Street Chicago

THE McCRUM-HOWELL CO. 254 Terminal Building Park Ave. and 41st St., **New York**

MANUFACTURERS OF

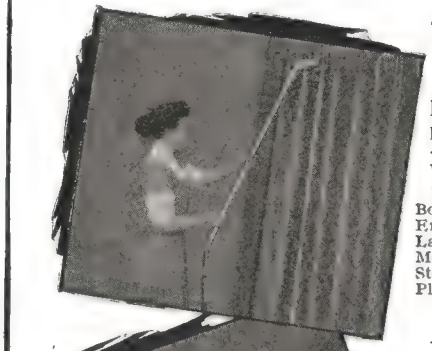
"RICHMOND" Boilers and Radiators

"RICHMOND" Enameled Ware, Bath Tubs, Lavatories, Sinks — "RICHMOND" Suds Makers — "RICHMOND" Suction Cleaners — "RICHMOND" Stationary Vacuum Cleaning Plants.

FIVE PLANTS:— Two at Uniontown, Pa.—One at Norwich, Conn.— One at Racine, Wis.—One at Milwaukee, Wis.

A Postage Stamp
Puts the "RICHMOND" Suction Cleaner in Your Home

YOU see here an Electric Suction Cleaner which weighs but *ten* pounds instead of sixty. The "RICHMOND" Suction Cleaner enables you now, for the first time, to clean by electricity, without lugging a sixty or eighty pound machine from room to room—up and down stairs. It represents as great an advance over heavy weight vacuum cleaners as these cleaners represented over brooms. For it is the only really portable Suction Cleaner.



Manufactured Exclusively for
THE "RICHMOND" SALES CO.
By
The McCrum-Howell Co.
Park Ave. & 41st St., New York
Five Factories: Two at Uniontown, Pa. —One at Norwich, Conn.—One at Racine, Wis.—One at Milwaukee, Wis.

Manufacturers of "RICHMOND" Boilers and Radiators, "RICHMOND" Enameled Ware, Bath Tubs, Sinks, Lavatories, "RICHMOND" Suds Makers and "RICHMOND" Stationary Vacuum Cleaning Plants.

Anyone Who Can Afford Brooms Can Now Afford the Best Suction Cleaner Made

All that any Vacuum Cleaner or Suction Cleaner can do, the "RICHMOND" does. And it does, besides, some things which *no other* machine can do.

You can, for example, use the "RICHMOND" Suction Cleaner with or without hose. The hose attachment slides off and on with the same ease that your foot slides into an easy slipper.

Slip on the hose, and the ten pound "RICHMOND" with its six special cleaning tools (all furnished without extra cost) cleans hangings, walls, books, bedding, upholstery, clothing, hats, underneath radiators, furniture, etc. It is also supplied with a special attachment for hair drying, pillow renovating, etc.

Slip off the hose and you have a floor machine which weighs no more than a common carpet sweeper. The every day work of rug and carpet cleaning—of cleaning hard wood floors, tile floors, hearths, bath-rooms, porches, etc., can be done either with or without the hose.

A Postage Stamp the Only Cost

required to put this ten pound cleaner in your home. Just send us your name and address and we will have delivered to your door without one penny of expense to you—without obligation of any kind—a guaranteed "RICHMOND" Suction Cleaner. You can prove for yourself in your own home just what this will do for you. But write today and we will include with our reply, a handsome illustrated booklet.

The "RICHMOND" Sales Co.

Sole Selling Agents
160F Broadway New York City, N. Y.

Universal Intercommunication

AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO. AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES
LOCAL AND LONG DISTANCE TELEPHONE
BELL SYSTEM

Universal service as typified by the Bell System today is the result of thirty years of unceasing endeavor.

The equipment for this service includes ten million miles of wire, more than twenty-five thousand miles of underground conduit, buildings enough to house a city of people, thousands of switchboards with millions of tiny electric lights and billions of miles of fine copper threads—*over five million telephones in daily use.*

This great development has been made possible only by sound financing and proper provision for maintenance and reconstruction; while fair profits and substantial security have won the confidence of conservative investors. Especially when considered with the fact that the value of Bell properties exceeds the outstanding capital.

The Bell System was so wisely planned and soundly constructed that it has kept pace with the constantly increasing demands of a Nation.

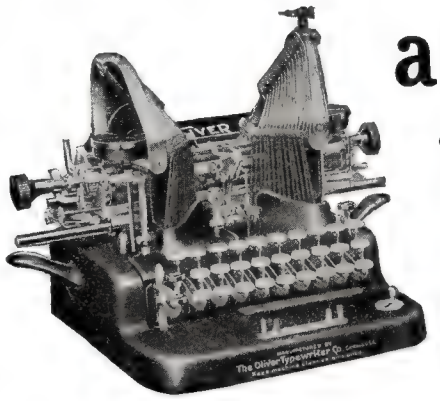
Twenty million connections made daily show the usefulness of the Bell Service

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY

AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy ***One System*** ***Universal Service***

Our Typewriter Experts at Your Service



Typewriter Problems Solved by Our "Flying Squadron" of Experts.

We offer to individuals, firms and corporations, the services of our corps of typewriter experts, without obligation or expense.

These men are masters of typewriter problems. They are familiar with the construction, operation and service possibilities of every standard typewriter in the world.

They know how to make the typewriter yield its *maximum* of *efficiency;* how to make it a *more valuable* factor in the conduct of any business; how to keep it keyed up to its *best;* how to broaden the scope of its *uses;* how to handle and care for it so that it runs with *economy*, *ease* and *precision.*

If there are weak points in your typewriting department, no matter what make of machine you have, *you need the advice of these men, with their technical training and broad business experience.*

You cannot afford to permit *mistakes*, *delays*, *breakdowns* and various *other* annoyances to become a *chronic* condition.

Let us send you a Doctor of Typewriters—a real *expert.* He will study and solve your problems. He will tell you how to make your *equipment* meet your *requirements.*

And he will not accept a penny for his services. *We pay the bill!*

The OLIVER Typewriter

The Standard Visible Writer

Our "Flying Squadron" of Typewriter Experts is the pick of the great Oliver organization of over *ten thousand men.*

These men work on a "roving commission." They cover the entire country. They are entirely at the command of typewriter owners and operators. Your simple request, on the Application Blank, or on your business stationery, brings one of these highly trained men to your office as speedily as we can arrange the trip.

He will not importune you to buy an Oliver Typewriter, but will not refuse an order.

The Oliver Typewriter Company

50 Oliver Typewriter Building CHICAGO

P. S.—*We are selling Oliver Typewriters for seventeen cents a day.* If interested, ask for full details of the plan.

Request for Interview

The Oliver Typewriter Company, Chicago.

Gentlemen: I want to see a member of your **Flying Squadron of Experts** at the earliest possible moment.

Name _____

Address _____

Nature of Business _____

(32)

This Is an Investment Advertisement Based on Facts
(WRITTEN BY ELBERT HUBBARD)

The Texas Loan and Guaranty Company

Its Reliability and Its Functions

The T. L. & G. Co. was originally composed of fifty-nine members, each and every one being the president, vice-president, treasurer or cashier of as many different Texas banks.

The function of the T. L. & G. Co. is that of a Central Bank dominated by the influence of fifty-nine banks, but confined to one field, that of handling first-lien Real Estate Mortgages (and only on Texas Land). And that is the most profitable and safest of all banking functions—as you will readily agree.

Texas Land First-Mortgage Liens, Their Surety and Safety

All first lien mortgages in Texas pay eight to ten per cent—and no one kicks. 'Tis the accepted rate. Texas land earns enough to pay off any fair mortgage and make money on the side.

When a farmer in good standing wants money, he tells his banker, and his banker usually recommends our company as 'specially equipped to care for his mortgage. Then he comes to us.

After the property has been appraised by an experienced neutral appraiser, and approved by our board of directors, we loan fifty per cent of the appraised value.

Texas land is increasing in value every day. The safety, the surety of these loans is unquestioned.

The Stock Offer Made to You

You may invest your money in the T. L. & G. Co. stock and guarantee yourself a substantial yearly return without incurring the risk that is always present in fly-by-night a million-a-minute schemes.

Shares of T. L. & G. Co. stock are $10.00 par. The present selling price is $12.50.

The company is paying eight per cent on its capital stock right now, and there is no indication that it will ever pay less. Your money is guaranteed by the land itself. No one can push Texas off the map. Nor curtail its growth. And just in proportion to the increase in Texas value, so grows the value of your stock.

The object of this Advertising is not to ask you to invest--but to ask that you Investigate and then to invest if Our Proposition Proves itself Right from every angle.

Write and say that you saw this ad in The Red Book Magazine and that you are interested in placing your money conservatively. The proving you leave to us.

The Texas Loan and Guaranty Company

Houston, Texas

To All Those Who Haven't—Let's Get Action!

Pin a dollar bill to this ad, write your name and address on the margin, send it to me *today*—and I will *settle* the cigaret question for you *forever*—or else I'll return your dollar.

Just say whether you want four 25-cent boxes of Makaroffs, or seven 15-cent boxes—or an assortment—specify plain or cork tip—and I'll do the rest—the whole transaction to be *at my risk.* I am a business man—I like quick action. So do you—let's get together.

MAKAROFF RUSSIAN CIGARETS

are made *by* connoisseurs—*for* connoisseurs—the choicest smoke of the old world, transported to the new. I've been telling you the story of Makaroffs for years—no doubt you've read it and you believe it—*but you can't smoke it. All the talk in the world is deaf and dumb compared to a trial of the goods.*

Now let's get down to *business.* I've got a cigaret that will make good—or I couldn't afford to buy this space or make any such offer.

If you're a business man, you'd willingly pay a *good many* dollars to settle the question of cigaret quality *forever*—if you could be *sure.* I offer to settle it for you for a dollar and to return the dollar if I don't.

I don't want any cigarets back, either. Just smoke them up, and then, if you want the dollar back, just say so and it will go back to you instanter—and no questions asked. If you want more Makaroff cigarets you can get them through your nearest dealer—he's got them or can get them quick from his nearest jobber. *I'll see that you're supplied.*

You can't lose on this. Tear this page out *now,* while you're thinking about it—enclose a dollar bill and the trick is done. Send it to

15 cents for 10
$1.50 per 100
At your dealer's
or by mail.

Makaroff - Boston

Mail address, 95 Milk Street—Boston, Mass.

25 cents for 10
$2.50 per 100
At your dealer's
or by mail.

If you really want to know some delightful new summer desserts—*send for the book.* It tells about Charlottes, Custards and Creams made with

Kingsford's Corn Starch

to blend with sweet and acid fruits and berries. Also fruit tarts and berry pies—excellent rules for strawberry short-cake and dainty cakes for summer evening tea.

The best cooks in the land have contributed their pet recipes.

The book is free. Send your name on a post card for Cook Book "K"—"What a Cook Ought to Know about Corn Starch"—168 of the best recipes you ever tried.

T. KINGSFORD & SON
Oswego, N. Y.
NATIONAL STARCH CO., Successors

SOUPS, STEWS AND HASHES
are much improved by adding

LEA & PERRINS SAUCE

THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

A rare relish for Fish, Meats, Game, Salads, Cheese, etc.

JOHN DUNCAN'S SONS, Agts., N. Y.

A SKIN OF BEAUTY IS A JOY FOREVER.

DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM OR MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER

Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth Patches, Rash, and Skin diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test of 60 years, and is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a lady of the haut-ton (a patient) "As you ladies will use them, I recommend **'Gouraud's Cream'** as the least harmful of all the Skin preparations." For sale by all Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers in the U. S., Canadas, and Europe.

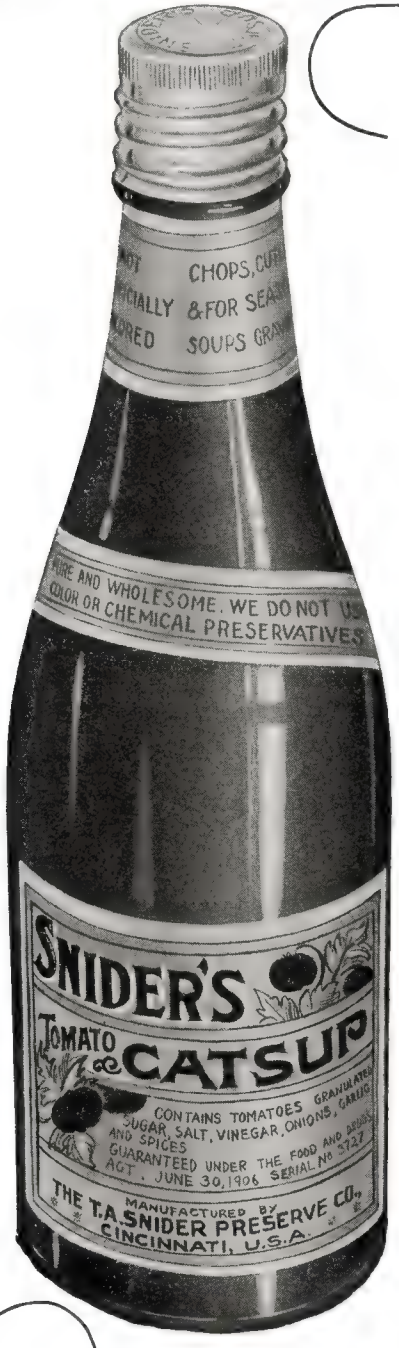
Ferd. T. Hopkins, Prop'r, 37 Great Jones St., N. Y.

HOW TO MAKE PHOTOGRAPHS IN NATURAL COLORS

Full instructions for 10c postage

To demonstrate the great value of our Self-instructing Library of Practical Photography for amateurs, professionals and art lovers, we will send an extract on the new and wonderfully simple method of photographing flowers, landscapes, views, paintings, life subjects, in natural colors with any ordinary camera. Plate in exact colors easily completed in one hour from exposure. Anyone can do it. Send 10c stamps or coin at once before edition is exhausted.

American Photographic Textbook Co.
1316 Leonard Bldg., SCRANTON, PA.



Its Own Guarantee

The name **Snider** on a bottle of Catsup is like "Sterling" on silver. Both guarantee purity and excellence—a quality that the skill of man, or perfection of methods cannot excel.

Only the choicest perfectly ripe and sound tomatoes, granulated sugar, and specially imported spices are used—materials that do not require artificial coloring or preservatives.

Its color is perfection—it keeps indefinitely and its mild, spicy flavor has never been equaled in any other Catsup.

Snider Catsup adds enjoyment to steaks, chops, roasts, and fish—soups, gravies, sauces, salads, etc.

The factory in which **Snider Catsup** is made is like a huge kitchen—sweet and clean, with the sunlight streaming in from all sides, and every detail has the untiring care of the most skillful Catsup Chef on earth. It more than complies with all Pure Food Laws of the world.

The proof of these facts is in every bottle of

Snider Tomato Catsup

"It's the Process"

The T. A. Snider Preserve Company, Cincinnati, Ohio, U. S. A.

Corns Gone in 48 Hours

Such is the fame of Blue-jay Corn Plaster that more than 10,000 are sold every day. That is, by forty-five times, the largest sale in the world.

The reason is the **effect** of Blue-jay. A downy felt ring instantly stops all the chafing and pain. At the same time a wonderful medication begins disengaging the corn.

In 48 hours you merely lift the corn out.

Unfailing. Painless. Perfectly safe.

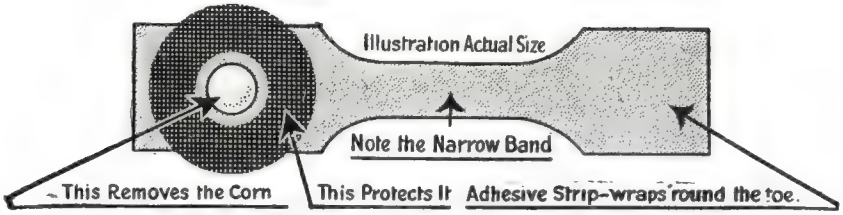
No spreading liquid to cause soreness. No untidy salve.

Neat, simple convenient—nothing else like it. It has done this for millions. It will do it for you.

Get a package today of a druggist. 10c for small box—25c for large box.

Prove, if you wish, before you buy, all that we claim for Blue-jay. Just ask us and we'll send a sample—free.

Blue-jay Corn Plasters



Bauer & Black, Chicago, Makers of Surgical Dressings, Etc. (23)

Send for our Handsome Boat and Engine Book, Mailed FREE

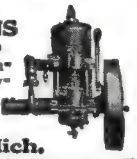
Just like a 30-Footer only smaller.

Do not think of Buying a Launch or Engine until you see our Handsome Book

WHICH EXPLAINS FOUR WONDERFUL LAUNCH BARGAINS

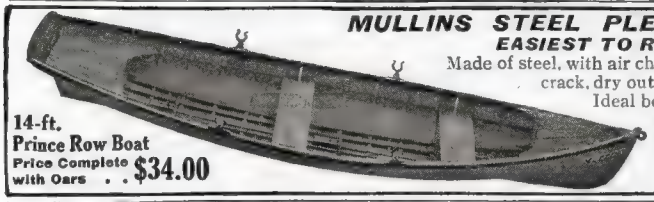
Only $121 for this complete 16-ft. Launch —3 H. P., guaranteed self-starting Engine, weedless and Wheel Rudder. Result of 30 years' experience. Money back if not as represented. Write for free catalog today.

Special Bargains in **WECO** reversible, self-starting engines to those building or buying their own Hulls. Engine controlled by one lever



Full size Boat Designs furnished free to purchasers of Weco Engines.

C. T. Wright Engine Co., 2104 Canal Street, Greenville, Mich.



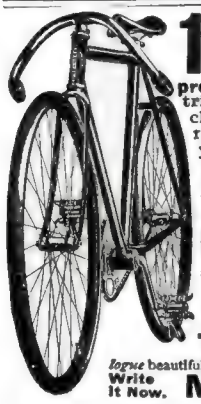
14-ft. Prince Row Boat Price Complete with Oars . . $34.00

MULLINS STEEL PLEASURE BOATS CAN'T SINK

EASIEST TO ROW—ABSOLUTELY SAFE

Made of steel, with air chambers in each end like a life boat. Can't leak, crack, dry out or sink, last a life time. Every boat guaranteed. Ideal boat for families, summer resorts, parks, boat liveries. Strong, safe, speedy. **Write for our catalog of Row Boats, Motor Boats, Hunting and Fishing Boats.**

THE W. H. MULLINS COMPANY
326 Franklin Street, Salem, Ohio



10 DAYS FREE TRIAL

We will ship you a "RANGER" BICYCLE on approval, freight prepaid, to any place in the United States *without a cent deposit in advance,* and allow ten days free trial from the day you receive it. If it does not suit you in every way and is not all or more than we claim for it and a better bicycle than you can get anywhere else regardless of price, or if for any reason whatever you do not wish to keep it, ship it back to us at our expense for freight and you will *not be out one cent.*

LOW FACTORY PRICES We sell the highest grade bicycles direct from factory to rider at **lower prices** than any other house. We save you $10 to $25 middlemen's profit on every bicycle. Highest grade models with Puncture-Proof tires, Imported Roller chains, pedals, etc., at prices no higher than cheap mail order bicycles; also reliable medium grade models at **unheard of low prices.**

RIDER AGENTS WANTED in each town and district to ride and exhibit a sample 1910 **"Ranger"** Bicycle furnished by us. **You will be astonished** at the *wonderfully low Prices* and the liberal propositions and special offer we will give on the first 1910 sample going to your town. **Write at once** for our *special offer.* **DO NOT BUY** a bicycle or a pair of tires from *anyone at any price* until you receive our catalogue and learn our low prices and liberal terms. **BICYCLE DEALERS,** you can sell our bicycles under your own name plate at double our prices. Orders filled the day received. **SECOND HAND BICYCLES**—a limited number taken in trade by our Chicago retail stores will be closed out at once, at **$3 to $8 each.** Descriptive bargain list mailed free.

TIRES, COASTER BRAKE rear wheels, inner tubes, lamps, cyclometers, parts, repairs and everything in the bicycle line at **half usual prices. DO NOT WAIT,** but write today for our *Large Catalogue* beautifully illustrated and containing a great fund of interesting matter and useful information. It only costs a postal to get everything.

Write It Now. MEAD CYCLE CO. Dept. P14, CHICAGO, ILL.

Winchester Model 1895 .405 Caliber Rifle

THE DREADNOUGHT OF THE JUNGLE

WINCHESTER

GUNS and AMMUNITION

THE **W** BRAND

"TARLTON took his big double-barrel and advised me to take mine, as the sun had just set and it was likely to be close work; but I shook my head, for *the Winchester .405 is, at least for me personally, the 'medicine gun' for lions.*"

Ex-President Roosevelt
In Scribner's Magazine

Used by Successful Hunters. Sold Everywhere

FOR SKIN

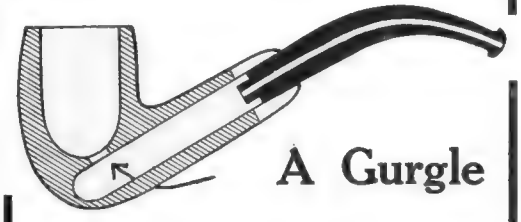
AND SCALP

For every use in preserving, purifying and beautifying the skin, scalp, hair and hands of infants, children and adults, Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment have no rivals worth mentioning. For affections of the skin and scalp of young and old that torture, disfigure, itch, burn, crust and scale, they succeed when all else fails.

Sold throughout the world. Depots: London, 27, Charterhouse Sq.; Paris, 10, Rue de la Chaussee d'Antin; Australia, R. Towns & Co., Sydney; India, B. K. Paul, Calcutta; China, Hong Kong Drug Co.; Japan, Maruya, Ltd., Tokio; So. Africa, Lennon, Ltd., Cape Town, etc.; U.S.A., Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., 133 Columbus Ave., Boston.

☞32-page Cuticura Booklet, post-free, tells all about Care and Treatment of Skin and Scalp.

The Pipe Without A Gurgle



MY CHUM pipe is based on the simple scientific principle that a drop cannot form on a slot.

All the moisture from the burning tobacco passes through the slot into the reservoir, instead of collecting in the bottom of the bowl.

It's the burning of moisture soaked tobacco that makes the ordinary pipe foul after the first few puffs; it's the formation of a drop that causes the gurgling sound.

In this pipe both of these objectionable features are eliminated. With the help of the steel cleaning blade supplied with every pipe, it is thoroughly cleaned in five seconds.

Price, $1.00; extra hard finish, silver trimmed $1.50.

J. C. DRUCKLIEB & CO.

223 E. Canal Street New York City

Robinson's Folding Water Bath

Requires little water; folds flat; weight 12 lbs. Price $7.50 delivered; easily emptied. Catalog on request. **Robinson Mfg. Co. 632 Jefferson Av., Toledo, O., Mfgrs. Turkish Bath Cabinets.**

BUNIONS

Relieved and Cured

Enlarged Joints Reduced and TOES Straightened by

ACHFELDT'S (Patent) "PERFECTION" TOE SPRING

worn at night without inconvenience, with auxiliary appliances for day use. Sent on approval, money refunded if not as represented.

USE MY IMPROVED INSTEP ARCH SUPPORTER for "Flat Foot" and broken-down instep. Tell me your foot troubles. It will ease your MIND. I will ease your FEET. Send outline of foot. Full particulars and advice free in plain sealed envelope.

M. ACHFELDT, Foot Specialist,
Dept. P. B. 163 West 23d Street, N. Y.

MEXICAN DIAMONDS

Look as Well Wear as Well Cost 80% Less

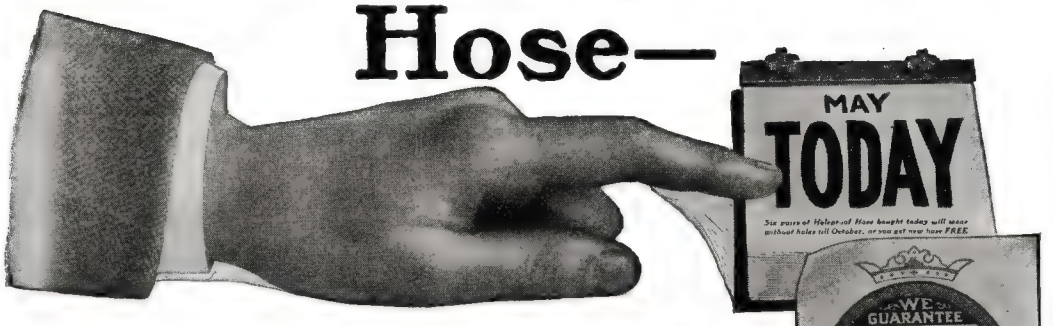
Than Genuine Diamonds

Experts can seldom distinguish between the two. Mexican Diamonds stand acid tests, are beautifully cut and polished, and guaranteed permanently brilliant. To prove our claims, we will send for FREE examination, by express, C. O. D., at **Special Introductory Prices,** No. 2500 Ladies' Tiffany Ring, ⅛-carat Mexican Diamond, $4.98. No. 2501, same, but 1-carat, $7.76. No. 2550, Gents' Round Belcher Ring, ⅛-carat, $6.94. No. 2551, same, but 1-carat, $11.36. All rings **solid gold.** State size and we will forward ring immediately with guarantee. 10 per cent discount if cash accompanies order. If not satisfactory, return in 3 days for refund. Write today for **Free Illustrated Catalogue—it will interest you.**

Mexican Diamond Importing Co., Dept. ES6, Las Cruces, New Mex.

Exclusive Controllers of the Mexican Diamond

Get Holeproof Hose—



Six Pairs Guaranteed Six Months

You have made up your mind to try "Holeproof" some day —why not today?

Think of the trouble you save when you have six pairs of hose always whole, ready to put on when you need a whole pair *right away*. Hose that wear out are a bother. There is no need now for such inconvenience. Get "Holeproof" today.

The Softest, Finest Hose on the Market

We spend to make "Holeproof" four times what it costs to produce common hose.

Our yarn—silky—soft and pliable—costs us an average of 70c per lb. It is made from Egyptian and Sea Island Cotton. We could buy other yarns at a saving of 30c per lb.

But the hose would be bulky, heavy and hot, while "Holeproof" are trim looking, light weight and cool.

There are 32 years of hose-making experience knit into each pair of Holeproof Hose.

All the Latest Colors

"Holeproof" are made in all the most stylish colors and lightest weights for summer wear.

The colors are also guaranteed.

We spend $33,000 a year simply to see that each pair of hose we turn out is perfection.

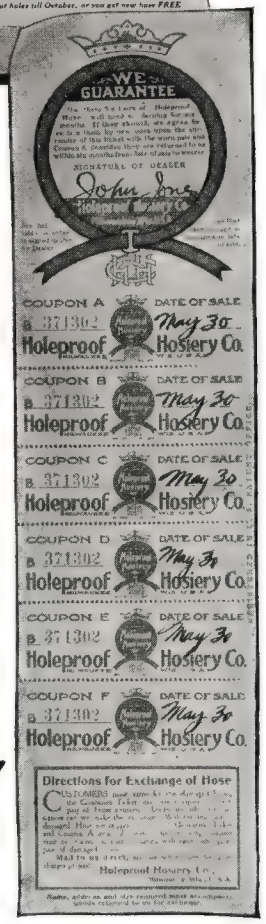
That guarantees *to you* a good pair of hose every time you buy "Holeproof."

There's only one thing to look out for—see that you get the genuine.

Look for the trade-mark below—on the toe of each pair.

All imitations are sold as "Hole proof."

You don't want an inferior make—you want Holeproof Hose.



Are Your Hose Insured?

The genuine Holeproof Hose are sold in your town. We'll tell you the dealers' names on request, or we'll ship direct where we have no dealer, charges prepaid, on receipt of remittance.

Six pairs of men's hose sell for $1.50 ($2.00 for the extra light weights and $3.00 for the mercerized).

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Six pairs of children's sell for $2.00.

Three pairs of men's silk hose, guaranteed 3 months, $2.00.

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And Get This Guarantee

Reg. U. S. Pat. Office, 1906

FAMOUS Holeproof Hosiery FOR MEN WOMEN AND CHILDREN

[54]

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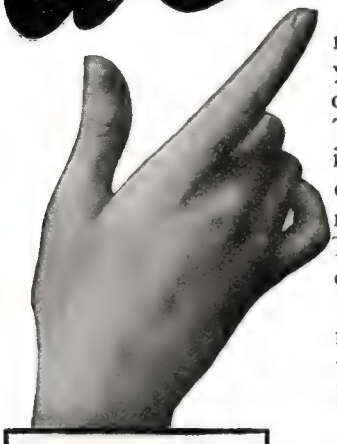
A Fact



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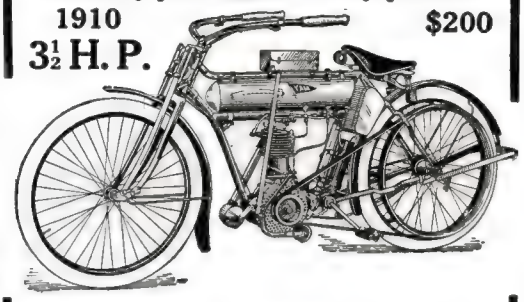

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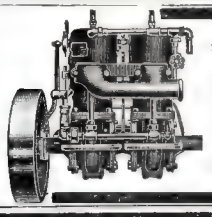

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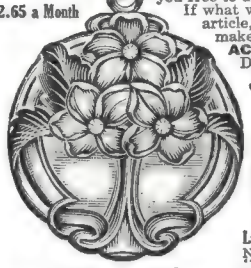

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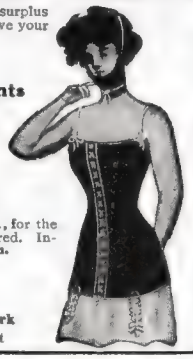

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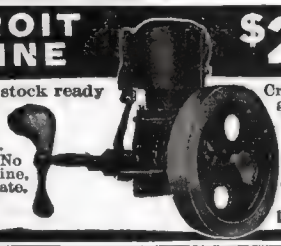

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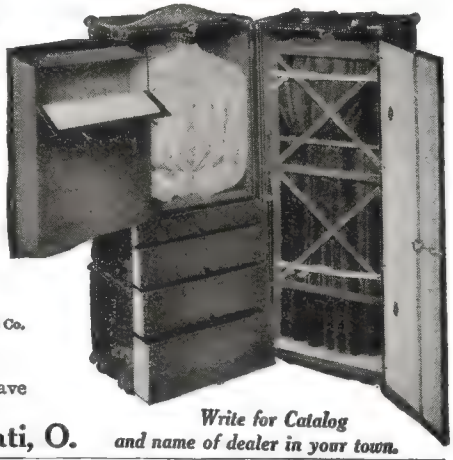

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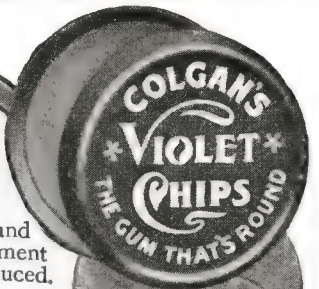

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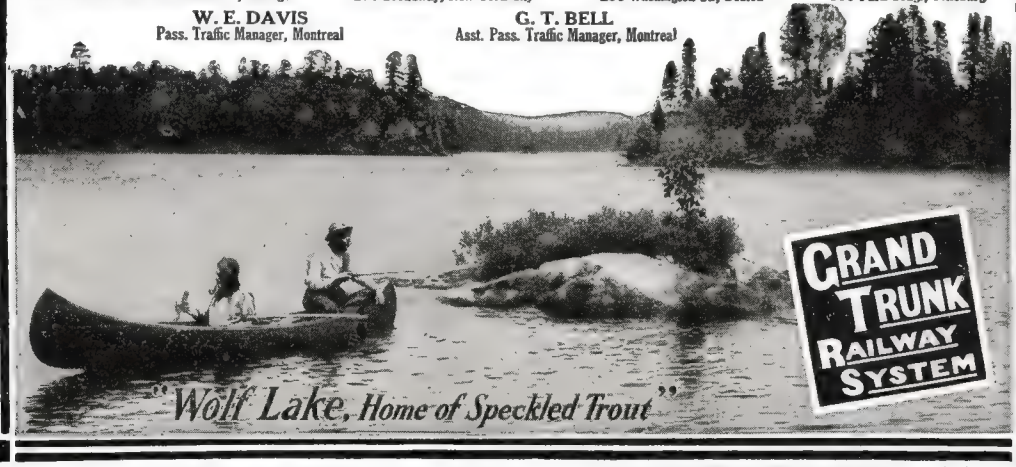

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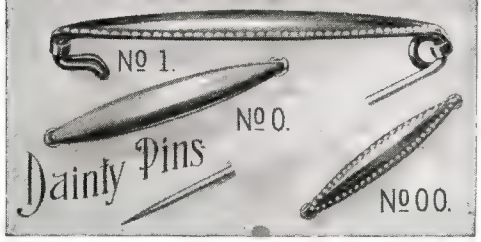

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Then in a few days you will see the rosy color creep back into his little cheeks. You will see him begin to gain in weight, little by little, and to sleep soundly all night long.

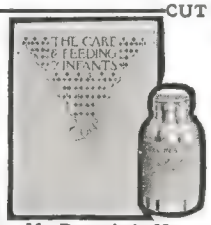
MELLIN'S FOOD

is good for babies. It agrees with them from the very start. It is to be prepared with fresh milk and the proportions can easily be varied, if need be, to exactly suit the individual needs of every baby.

Use the little coupon in the corner and let us send you a Trial Size Bottle. We will also send you a copy of our helpful book, "The Care and Feeding of Infants."

Mellin's Food Company, Boston, Mass.

CUT OUT



MELLIN'S FOOD CO., 95
Boston, Mass.

Please send me your book and a Trial Size Bottle of Mellin's Food.

My baby is_____months old.

My Druggist's Name_____

10 PENNIES LEAD 10 MEN TO GET $32,000.00

Fortunes made with **Strange Invention.** Read how 10 men received over **$32,000.00.** Of this sum Korstad **(Farmer)** sold **$2,212 in 2 weeks;** Zimmerman **(Farmer)** or- ders **$3,856 in 30 days;** Stoneman **(Artist)** sold **$2,- 481 in 60 days.** No wonder Cashman says: "A man who can't sell your goods couldn't sell bread in a famine." But lis- ten! Rasp **(Agent)** sold **$1,685 in 73 days;** Juell **(Clerk) $6,800;** Oviatt **(Minister) $4,- 000;** Rogers **(Surveyor) $2,800;** Hoard **(Doc- tor) $2,200;** Hart **$5,000** and took **16 orders in 3 hours.** Rogers writes: "Selling baths has **got me one piece of property.** Expect an- other."

Don't Envy These People—Get Rich Yourself

FREE $13.75 AGENTS' OUTFIT TO ACTIVE AGENTS. CREDIT GIVEN ON SALES

Experience doesn't matter. How easy—just show; **money yours—75% profit.** Al- len's Bath Apparatus **gives every home a bathroom for $6.50;** all others $150; yet do less. Think of it! So energizes water, 1 gallon ample; **cleanses almost automat- ically;** no plumbing. Could anything be more popular? It's irresistible. Reese **(Carpenter) saw 60 people—sold 58;** result $320. "Sell 8 out of 10 houses," writes Maroney **(Clerk). Used by U. S. Government.**

Join hands with Prosperity as our exclusive agent, salesman, manager; cash or **credit plan;** all or spare time. **Caution**—This ad may not appear again. Terri- tory going fast. Reader, cheer up; don't plod; get rich. **Risk 1 cent now—a postal—for free book, and remarkable offer.**

THE ALLEN MFG. COMPANY, 1928 Allen Building, Toledo, Ohio

"Lucky I answered ad. Money coming fast." A. L., Me.

DUPONT BRUSHES

Made of the Best Bristles and Backs, by skilled brush-makers, in a clean and sanitary fac- tory, the largest in the world.

DUPONT BRUSHES

Outlast several ordi- nary brushes, but cost no more.

Hundreds of styles in natural Woods, real Ebony, Bone, Pearl, Ivory, etc., for the Hair, Teeth, Face, Hands, Clothes, etc.

If not at your dealer's, kindly write us and we will see that you are sup- plied.

OUR FREE BRUSH BOOK

tells how to choose, how to clean and properly care for your brushes. Send your address and dealer's.

E. DUPONT & CO.,
PARIS, BEAUVAIS, LONDON
New York Office, 43-47 West Thirty-third Sts

50c Per Pair *for* Pure Silk

WHY WEAR hose made of cotton lisle or coarse yarns when you can buy genuine silk half-hose at 50c. Hose

Phoenix Pure Silk Hose

are genuine silk—every thread is guaranteed to be the purest cocoon silk—heel, toe, top and body. The heels and toes are reinforced by our exclusive Duo-Weve process imparting remarkable wearing qualities.

Phoenix Silk Half-Hose are seamless. They are the first genuine cocoon silk half-hose to sell at 50c. The purchase of the silk output of several mills enables us to reduce manufacturing cost.

The exquisite, light, soft, lustrous texture of Phoenix Silk Hose is a decided contrast with the hard, coarse, common hose of mixed yarns that sell at the same price.

Phoenix Silk Hose are not mercerized cotton, or silk and cotton mixed, but every pair is guaranteed pure silk throughout.

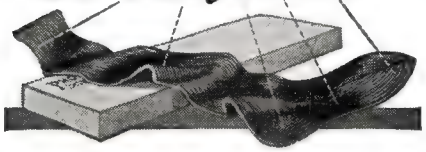
Ask your dealer first for Phoenix Hose, but if not easily obtainable, we will fill your order direct and give you an absolute guarantee that every thread of these socks is pure silk, or money refunded.

A trial will convince you of the excellent wearing qualities of Phoenix Silk Hose. You will never go back to common hose when you can get pure silk ones like the Phoenix for 50c a pair.

Can be had in the following colors: black, tan, maroon, green, grey, taupe, burgundy, navy and helio. Six pairs, plain or assorted colors, in handsome box, prepaid $3.00, or 50c per pair—sold with a positive guarantee for wear. If not as represented money will be refunded. State size and color wanted.

Phoenix Pure Silk Knitted Neckties to match hose, 50c each

All Silk, Pure Silk and Nothing But Silk



Phoenix Knitting Works

253 Broadway Milwaukee, Wis.

You'll want Phoenix Mufflers next Fall

Genuine Panamas $3

Style No. 101

Natural Panama Shape

Style No. 101—Crown 3-3½ in. Brim 2¾-3 in.

(or Telescope if desired, Style No. 100) finely woven, light, cool and durable. Can be **renovated and reblocked each season.**

Our representatives gather these hats direct from the South American Natives. **We shape and trim** them in New York to **1910 styles.**

A New Idea in Panamas
The "Stiffshape"
Style No. 500
Crown 3⅛ in. Brim 2 in.

Something entirely new, a combination of **Panama** and **Straw**—The Crown and Upper Brim of fine Panama—Under Brim of finely woven straw—**Extra light,** (3 Ounces) and very fine and dressy—**An extraordinary value. Catalog** of 20 other styles in **Men's, Women's** and **Children's Panamas** on request.

Your Old Panama renovated and reblocked in any style on receipt of $2.00.

Don't wait for the **scorching** weather, order **Today,** giving style and size desired.

Showing underbrim of stiff straw

CULEBRA HAT COMPANY

Panama Hat Gatherers and Distributors

Dept. D, 11 and 13 Waverly Place, - New York

Bunions

INSTANTLY RELIEVED

And lasting comfort guaranteed by using

THE FISCHER BUNION PROTECTOR

It reduces swelling, stops friction and irritation and keeps the shoes in shape. Over 250,000 sufferers benefited.

FREE TRIAL We will send this sure Bunion Relief on 10 Days' Trial. **No pay if it fails.** Send size of shoes and if for right or left foot

THE FISCHER MFG. CO., 935 3d St., Milwaukee, Wis.

Geisha Diamonds

THE LATEST SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY

Bright, sparkling, beautiful. For brilliancy they equal the genuine, standing all test and puzzle experts. One twentieth the expense. Sent free with privilege of examination. For particulars prices, etc., address

THE R. GREGG MFG. & IMPT. CO.

Dept. R. 517 Jackson Boul., Chicago, Ill.

I WILL MAKE YOU PROSPEROUS

If you are honest and ambitious write me today. No matter where you live or what your occupation, I will teach you the Real Estate business by mail; appoint you Special Representative of my Company in your town; start you in a profitable business of your own, and help you make big money at once.

Unusual opportunity for men without capital to become independent for life. Valuable Book and full particulars Free. Write today.

NATIONAL CO-OPERATIVE REALTY CO.

114 Marden Building
Washington, D. C.

E. R. Marden, Prest.

Brighton Featherweight garter

25 cents
50 cents

At dealers or we mail them

For wear with knee or full-length drawers—absolutely flat at every point of contact—cool, light, sanitary, and **comfortable,** however put on the leg.

No metal in contact with the skin, no pad to heat the leg, no thick, heavy clumsy buttons. The grip **stands away**—your pencil will easily slip beneath it.

PIONEER SUSPENDER CO. ESTABLISHED 1877 **PHILADELPHIA**

Salesmen Wanted

Traveling Salesmen earn from $1,000 to $10,000 a year and expenses. Over 600,000 employed in the United States and Canada. The demand for good Salesmen always exceeds the supply. We will teach you to be one by mail and assist you to get a good position. We maintain the largest **FREE EMPLOYMENT BUREAU** in the world and receive calls for thousands of Salesmen. We have assisted thousands of other men to secure good positions and better salaries and we can help you. Hundreds of our graduates who formerly earned $25 to $75 a month have since earned from $100 to as high as $1,000 a month and expenses. Thousands of positions now open. If you want to secure one of them and increase your earnings, our free book *"A Knight of the Grip"* will show you how. Write (or call) for it today. Address nearest office.

Department 407 National Salesmen's Training Association
Chicago, New York, Kansas City, Minneapolis, San Francisco, Atlanta.

HAYDEN FILM TANK $1

Takes all sizes up to 4 x 5. The best, simplest and most improved Film Tank on the market. Does perfect work.

Hayden's improved film printing frame—75c. Hayden's convertible plate frame with postal attachment 6½ x 8½—$1.50, 8 x 10—$1.75. Hayden's convertible plate tank, 2 sizes—5 x 7 and 8 x 10—$3.50 each.

Hayden's tank developer, 6 packages for 25c. Hayden's dry plates, the best for studio and amateur work.

Send for catalog No. 5 giving full description of our specialties.

A. C. HAYDEN & CO., Brockton, Mass.
U. P. Stores, Montreal, Canadian Agents.

A CORPS OF COMPETENT CONCRETE ENGINEERS

Kahn System Engineers are located in nearly every city in the United States. They are men of broad training, experienced in solving the most difficult building problems. These men are at your service without charge, to supplement the knowledge of your architect. Back of them is Kahn System—with its many facilities and great record in reinforced concrete construction. Write today for name of the Kahn System Engineers in your city.

HY-RIB

is one of the KAHN SYSTEM products

A steel Sheathing extensively used for roofs, sidings, floors, partitions, ceilings, furring, etc., in buildings of all kinds. Your own men or local contractor can apply it. Simply set up **Hy-Rib** sheets, apply cement mortar, and the slab is complete. No centering or studs required. Write us before you build. **Hy-Rib** catalog free.

TRUSSED CONCRETE STEEL CO., 573 Trussed Concrete Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

The Easy Way to Beauty

Just Palmolive.

For Palmolive works with Nature, along Nature's own lines, to bring about perfect complexional beauty.

The pure palm and olive oils of which it is composed are the natural foods of the skin.

Oriental women have realized this for centuries—hence their beautiful complexions.

Palmolive contains nothing which could harm the most delicate skin. It does contain just what the skin needs to develop that softness and delicacy which means perfection.

A million women know that Palmolive is the perfect soap for all the family and every toilet use.

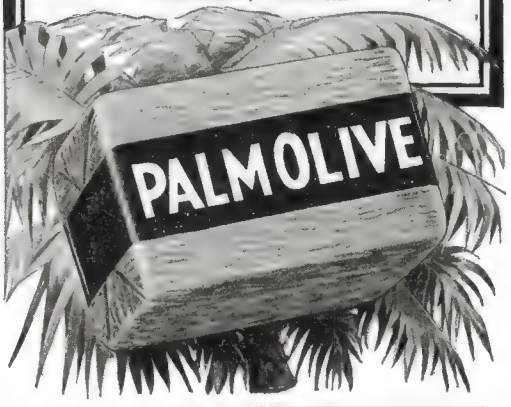
Full-size cake at all dealers, 15c.

Send me two 2-cent stamps for a copy of my instructive booklet—"The Easy Way to Beauty." It is full of valuable suggestions regarding the care of the skin and hair.

With it I will also send you a liberal sample cake of Palmolive to try.

Caleb Johnson
President

B. J. JOHNSON SOAP CO.
351 Fowler Street
Milwaukee, Wisconsin (86)



BABIES REVEL IN IT!
Mennen's Borated Talcum **Toilet Powder. Soothing, Comforting. Allays Irritation.** Prevents **chafing.** For **Mother's** use also. **Substitutes rob you. Insist** on **Mennen's.** Sample box for 2c stamp. Try **Mennen's** (Borated) **Skin Soap,** (blue wrapper). Especially prepared for the Nursery. No samples. *Sold for 25c Everywhere or by Mail.*
Gerhard Mennen Co., **Newark, N. J.**

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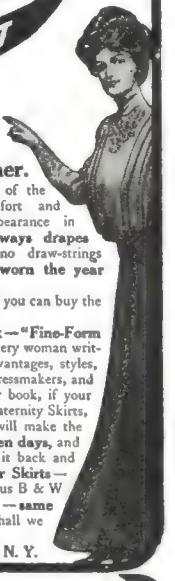
TRADE MARK.
MATERNITY SKIRT
Registered in U.S. Pat. Office



of great interest to
Every Prospective Mother.

Something new — only scientific garment of the kind ever invented. Combines solid comfort and ease with "fine form" and elegant appearance in the home, on the street, and in society. — **Always drapes evenly in front and back** — no bulkiness — no draw-strings — no lacing — no ripping or basting. — **Can be worn the year round.**

Made in several styles, and at prices lower than you can buy the material and have them made at home.

FREE Send for our **Fine Illustrated Book — "Fine-Form Maternity Skirt"** — It's FREE to every woman writing for it. Tells all about these skirts, their advantages, styles, material, and cost. Gives opinions of physicians, dressmakers, and users. **10 Days Free Trial.** When you get our book, if your dealer has not yet been supplied with Fine-Form Maternity Skirts, make your selection of material and style, and we will make the garment to your order. When you get it, **wear it ten days,** and **if you don't find it exactly as represented,** send it back and we will cheerfully **refund every cent** paid. **Other Skirts** — If not in need of a maternity skirt, remember our famous B & W dress and walking skirts will positively please you — **same guarantee** — Illustrated book free. Which book shall we send? Write to-day to

Beyer & Williams Co., Dept. X, Buffalo, N. Y.

WARNING

To protect you against disappointment we caution you that the *Fine-Form Maternity Skirt* is the only "Maternity Skirt" on the market, as it is the only skirt which can always be made to drape evenly, front and back—all substitutes offered will rise in front during development—a fault so repulsive to every woman of refined tastes. No pattern can be purchased anywhere for this garment. Its special features are protected by patents.

From FACTORY to HOME.

Vose PIANOS

Direct From Our Factory To Your Home

The **Vose** is the ideal home piano. Over 65,000 can now be found in music loving homes. We deliver, when requested, direct from the factory free of charge and guarantee perfect satisfaction. ***Liberal allowance for old pianos and time payments accepted.***

The **tone, touch** and **magnificent wearing qualities** of the

Vose Pianos

are only explained by the exclusive patented features, the **high grade** material and superb workmanship that enter into their construction.

FREE—If you are interested in pianos, let us send you our beautifully illustrated catalogue, that gives full information.

VOSE & SONS PIANO CO.
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WHY NOT BE AN ARTIST?

Our graduates are filling High Salaried Positions.

EARN $25 TO $100 PER WEEK

in easy, fascinating work. Practical, Individual Home Instruction. Superior equipment. Expert Instructors. Eleven years' successful teaching. Financial returns guaranteed.

Write for particulars and Handsome Art Book. **FREE ARTIST'S OUTFIT** of fine instruments and supplies to each student.

SCHOOL OF APPLIED ART (Founded 1899)
A16 Fine Arts Bldg., Battle Creek, Mich.

STALLMAN'S DRESSER TRUNK

Easy to get at everything without disturbing anything. No fatigue in packing and unpacking. Light, strong, roomy drawers. Holds as much and costs no more than a good box trunk. Hand Riveted; strongest trunk made. In small room serves as chiffonier. C.O.D. privilege of examination. 2c. stamp for Catalog.

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None Genuine Without This Signature.

Stewart Hartshorn

Get the Originator's Signed Product and Avoid Disappointment.

The Inventor's Signature that stands for perfection in

SHADE ROLLERS

For 61 years the Hartshorn Shade Roller has kept in the lead of all imitations, because of original merit and every possible improvement. Latest model requires no tacks. Wood or Tin Rollers. Dependable, lasting springs.

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renews and beautifies any piece of furniture, either wood or metal, and makes interior woodwork look better than new.

Magical results at small cost. Try it, to-day.
For Sale by Drug, Hardware and Paint Dealers.

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One thing the wise college girl knows. Karo makes dandy fudge, butter-scotch and taffy— and that she can't get the same goodness and flavor without it. It is a pure, wholesome sweet for all cooking and table uses—and agrees with everybody.

Karo
CORN SYRUP

Eat it on	Use it for
Griddle Cakes	Ginger Bread
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Send your name on a post card for Karo Cook Book—fifty pages, including thirty perfect recipes for home candy making.

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Hammo-port
TRADE C/G QUALITY MARK

No need to pay the high price of couch or bed hammocks. The improved 1910 **Hammo-port** is better in every way—less expensive. Back rest adjustable to any position, use as a wind shield or back rest. The patent spring cannot sag and will support 450 lbs. Use as a hammock or bed for outdoor sleeping. Solid colors and handsome stripes, positively fast colors. Guaranteed satisfactory or money back. Buy from your dealer or we will ship **$9.75** complete east of Rockies for Ask for booklet A. FREE.

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You are no greater intellectually than your memory. Send today for my free book "HOW TO REMEMBER"—Faces, Names, Studies—Develops Will, Concentration, Self-Confidence, Conversation Public Speaking. Increases Income. Sent absolutely FREE—Address,
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To introduce our beautiful genuine Gems, sold direct from mine to customer at ⅓ to ¼ jewelers' prices, we will send **free** a genuine Navajo Ruby, uncut, and our beautiful 40 page Art Catalogue showing Gems in actual colors and sizes, for 4 cents to cover cost of mailing. Send today.
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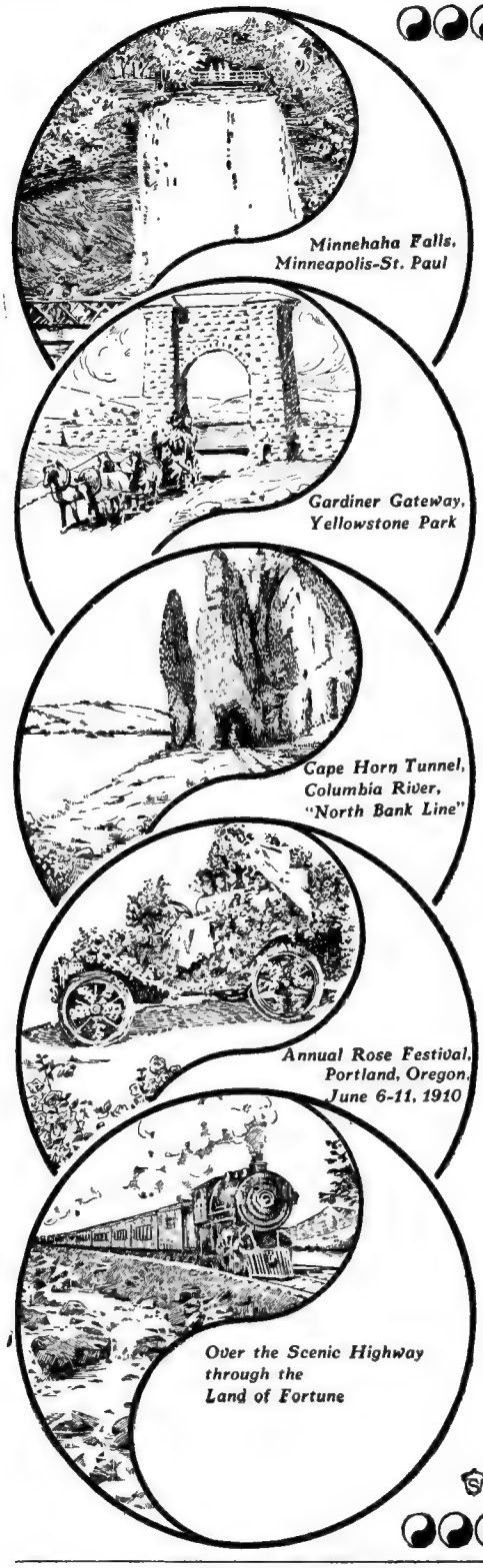
Now, we **will not** give you any **grand prize**—or a lot of **free stuff** if you answer this ad. Nor do we claim to make you **rich in a week.** But if you are anxious to develop your talent with a successful cartoonist, so you can **make money,** send a copy of this picture with **6c.** in stamps for **portfolio** of **cartoons** and **sample lesson plate,** and let us explain
THE W. L. EVANS SCHOOL OF CARTOONING
311 Kingmoore Bldg., Cleveland, O.

1840 **There is nothing so soothing as a mother's kiss, except**
Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup 1909

Guaranteed under the Food and Drugs Act, June 30, 1906. Serial No. 1098.

Millions of mothers will tell you—It softens the gums. It allays pain. It cures wind colic. It is the best remedy for diarrhoea. It is absolutely harmless. For sixty-five years it has proved the best remedy for children teething. Be sure you ask for
Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup and take no other



Minnehaha Falls, Minneapolis-St. Paul

Gardiner Gateway, Yellowstone Park

Cape Horn Tunnel, Columbia River, "North Bank Line"

Annual Rose Festival, Portland, Oregon, June 6-11, 1910

Over the Scenic Highway through the Land of Fortune

The New North Coast Limited

Carries only first-class standard sleeping car passengers. Runs daily between St. Paul, Minneapolis and Puget Sound, via Spokane. Immediate connections from and to Duluth, Superior and Portland.

Drawing room, compartment and open section sleeping cars, with brand new dining cars and observation-library cars. Electric lights throughout, including lights in upper and lower berths; patent ventilators and electric fans. Barber, bath and clothes-pressing service; library of travel and fiction; magazines and newspapers---all the little comforts as well as the big ones.

Four Other Daily Transcontinental Trains

All electric-lighted, including the through NORTHERN PACIFIC EXPRESS from Union Station, Chicago (a de luxe observation-car train), and the through PUGET SOUND EXPRESS from Union Station, St. Louis, both via Burlington-Northern Pacific lines to Spokane, Puget Sound and Portland, carrying drawing room and tourist sleeping cars, coaches and dining cars.

Through Sleeping Cars to Gardiner Gateway of Yellowstone Park daily during season: June 15 to September 15.

This is the line of the Great Big Baked Potatoes; Eggs from our own Poultry Farm; Bread, Cakes, Pastry and Ice Cream made in our own Bakeries at St. Paul and Seattle; Washington Creamery Butter; Whipped Cream for Coffee; Bottled Spring Water; the Choicest Meats and Fish the markets afford---prepared by expert chefs and served by experienced waiters.

For literature descriptive of the Land of Fortune, of Northern Pacific train service over the Scenic Highway and particulars about the Special Summer Tourist, Yellowstone Park, Rose Festival and Convention fares, address

A. M. CLELAND
General Passenger Agent
ST. PAUL

NORTHERN PACIFIC
YELLOWSTONE PARK LINE

Ask for dainty Rose Festival booklet.

THE FIDELITY AND CASUALTY CO.

OF NEW YORK

1876 GEORGE F. SEWARD, President ROBERT J. HILLAS, Vice-President and Secretary 1910

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LIABILITY
ACCIDENT
HEALTH
STEAM BOILER
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The experience of this Company under its liability policies covering 25,000 accidents a year has been studied in order to determine what industrial accidents are preventable. From such data and from data gathered from other sources, we believe that fully sixty per cent. fall within the preventable class.

How these accidents may be prevented is told in a pamphlet of about 200 pages, prepared by us.

A first edition of thirty thousand copies has been exhausted. A copy has been sent without charge to each of the Company's industrial policy holders. A second edition of twenty thousand copies is now in press.

The price to the public is nominal—twenty-five cents. A copy will be sent on receipt of remittance.

CAPITAL, $1,000,000.00 SURPLUS, $2,564,229.90

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THOS. HENRY, Traffic Manager **Department "V" Montreal, Canada.**

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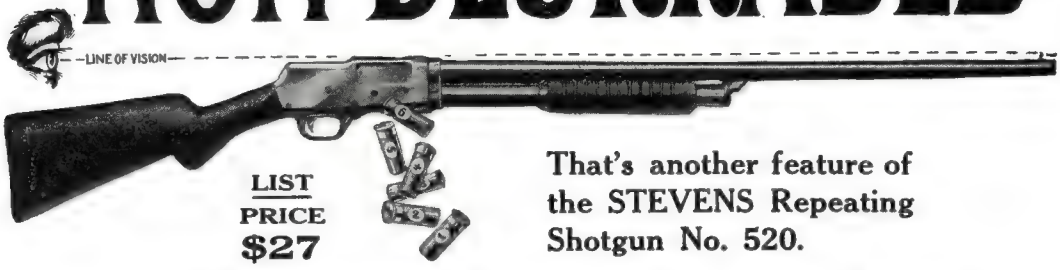


LIST PRICE $27

That's another feature of the STEVENS Repeating Shotgun No. 520.

The front of the receiver is milled with a short, matted surface, far enough away from the eye to give a clear, unblurred sight. There is no projection behind the breech to distract the mind or blur the eye.

This is the Stevens Natural Sighting Method. It gives clean cut natural lines, with a perfected and natural balance that makes this No. 520 a Natural Pointer.

The Stevens is the fastest Repeater in the world, because the Repeating Action is the easiest to operate and because the mechanism cannot be clogged when you do work it fast.

THUMB & FINGER

Are enough to operate the pump action of this model. So easy working, such simple and accurate parts that, after pushing the safety catch, a one-armed man can reload the Stevens Repeater by giving the gun a forward "yank." Put the Stevens Repeater in the hands of an ordinary shooter and he can get in 6 shots while his double-barreled camp-mate is ejecting his second shell.

But all this unusual speed would be useless in a gun unless it is absolutely

NON-BALKABLE

That's what the Stevens is. 6 Lightning shots with never a chance for a clog or balk. The best experts in the country have tried to balk this gun and failed. The reason is that the empty and the loaded shells travel by 2 separate routes and both start at once. They cannot meet—they cannot balk the gun. The repeating speed is ahead of the human hand. Knowing that the gun can't clog increases your speed. Knowing that it's a Natural Pointer increases your accuracy and cuts down the misses. Knowing that there is a wall of solid steel between you and the primer gives you confidence. No gas or parts of the gun can blow back.

Safety—close, hard hitting—top speed—natural pointing—non-balking—perfect balance—are these the things you want in a gun? Clinch what we say by seeing the gun for yourself. Throw a Stevens Repeater to your shoulder in any Sporting Goods store. Get the feel of it and know for yourself just what we mean when we call it the Natural Pointer.

Act now and you will thank us every field day of your life. Every trap day too.

If your dealer hasn't this gun in stock we will send express prepaid on receipt of LIST price, $27. This gun made as No. 522; fancy stock; 30 inch barrel; straight grip; checked grip and forearm slide; 14 inch stock, drop 2¼ inches at heel, 1½ inches at comb; weight 7¾ pounds; no deviations. LIST price, $40. No. 525, made to order, straight or pistol grip, any length of barrel and reasonable options. LIST price, $50.

DO YOU WANT TO BE A BETTER SHOT?

It's the fine points that make the big difference between the expert and the ordinary shot.

Experts don't give away these points they spent long years to get. But it's to our advantage that present and future users of Stevens rifles and shotguns become expert shots. We employ some of the world's crack shots. They know all the little kinks—the fine points that get them big scores. Do you want these short cuts to expert shooting? Then write us what interests you—rifle shooting, the traps or field shooting. Our answer goes the day your letter comes, giving you practical suggestions on how to improve your style and accuracy.

J. Stevens Arms & Tool Company, Dept. 306, Chicopee Falls, Mass.

THE FACTORY OF PRECISION

The
Summer Kitchen
is incomplete without an
ALASKA

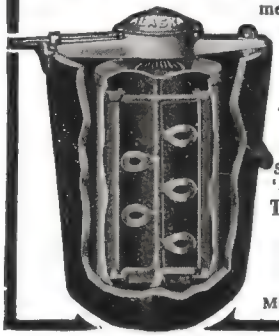
The Alaska will pay for itself in one season in ice and salt saved, to say nothing of less time and less work for the operator; and there is nothing like *home made* ice cream!

The Alaska is durable, hygienic and economical. It is easily operated, *easily kept clean.* It makes the smoothest, *tenderest* cream of any freezer made. Do you wonder thousands will have no other kind?

The Alaska can be assembled in fifteen seconds.

See the little hollow "mixing spoons" on dasher below? They beat the cream as you would by hand, making it smooth and delicious. The mixture in the tall can freezes through quicker than in the old style can. A child can put the Alaska together in a twinkling, as there are no confusing gears and nothing to catch the clothing or fingers.

Pure block tin alone touches the cream. Outside metal parts non-rusting; tubs waterproof. Quickest, surest and best freezer made.



Ask your dealer for the Alaska. If he cannot get it for you, we will send two-quart size prepaid anywhere in U. S. on receipt of $2.00. Send for our new booklet, "Alaska Frozen Desserts."

The Alaska Freezer Co.,
Dept. 5
Winchendon, Mass.

Canadian Agents,
KEMP MFG. CO.
Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg

Manitowoc No TUFT Mattress
Built on the Right Principle

The Manitowoc No-Tuft Mattress is built to last longer and give more satisfactory service than other mattresses. Its absolutely smooth surface is a delight. The Manitowoc No-Tuft Mattress is made in a series of compartments seven inches wide extending the width of the mattress. The dividing walls between are of the best ticking sewed to both sides of the cover.

The Manitowoc No-Tuft has no tufts—it is sanitary and hygienic—it is not stuffed. The filling is put in under compression with our patented machinery and when properly in place the pressure is released. The

MANITOWOC NO TUFT MATTRESS

construction is infinitely stronger than any old-fashioned plunger stuffed mattress. **It absolutely prevents the filling from shifting, sagging, wadding in lumps, or spreading.** The filling is kept uniformly and permanently elastic.

The Manitowoc No-Tuft cannot be duplicated for comfort nor for service and appearance at any price.

Made of cotton or sterilized hair. Write for descriptive circular and prices.

Trade NOTUFT Mark

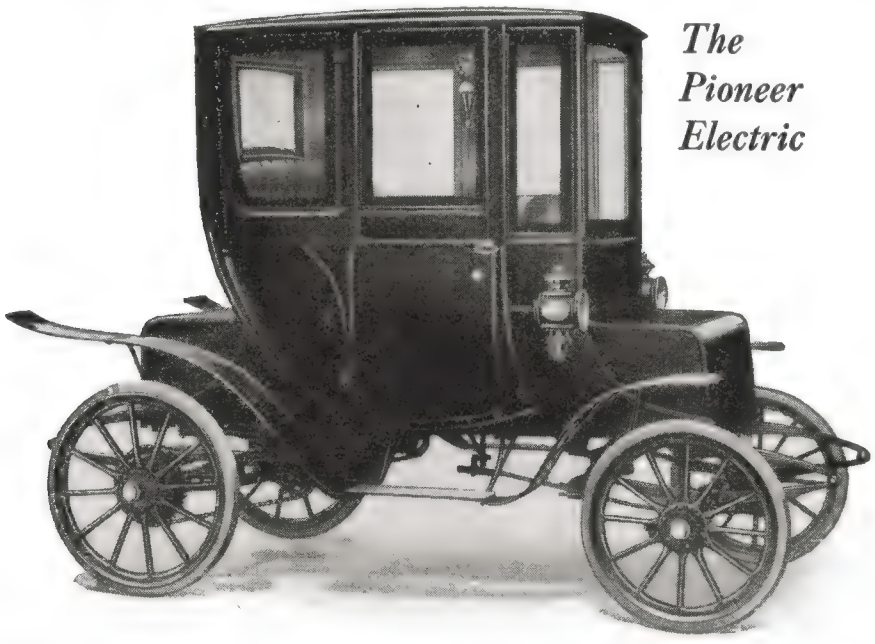
MANITOWOC MATTRESS CO., Dept. 10, Manitowoc, Wis.

WHITE FROST

REFRIGERATORS

The **"White Frost"** is the only Refrigerator that is **perfectly sanitary.** Made **entirely of metal,** not a splinter of wood in its construction. Enameled spotless white, inside and out. Keeps food pure sweet, wholesome. **Round in shape.** No corners, cracks or crevices for dirt or germs to lodge. Revolving removable shelves. **Uses less ice** than any other Refrigerator. Various sizes. **Send for free book.** If your dealer does not handle, we will sell you one at trade discount, freight prepaid to your station.

METAL STAMPING CO.
512 Mechanic St., Jackson, Mich.



The Pioneer Electric

YOU can say this about a Woods Electric: That it is fashioned, fitted and finished by those who cater to American Royalty with a *single product;* that in efficiency, comfort and luxury this product *has been* and always *will be* second to none.

Woods Electrics

BUILT IN CHICAGO — BEST BY TEST

THIS vehicle offers a notable example of a Quality Electric in which no pains or expense has been spared to realize an *ideal* conceived by the master builder.

A Woods Electric responds to your guidance with almost human intelligence. Its tremendous storage capacity, its small turning radius and its wide range of speed, controlled with perfect simplicity and certainty, make it equally practical for a spin over country roads or through crowded city thoroughfares.

It is most roomy and comfortable. Beauty of outline, with exclusive richness of upholstery, finish and equipment, make the car desirable to a degree that is limited only by your appreciative sense.

Unparalleled records of endurance, speed and mileage, on a single charge, make the Woods Electric formidable without comparison, and invincible with it.

Special construction for Solid Rubber Tires, with their small, up-keep cost, completes the symphony.

Let us send you our Catalogue L

Woods Motor Vehicle Company, Chicago, Ill.

Regular Equipment, 40 Cells of Exide Batteries

LIFE

Life from now on will be one constant effort to keep cool--to quench that summer thirst and to drive away weather weariness.

Drink

Coca-Cola

TRADE MARK REGISTERED

Full of life--sparkling as wit and with not a dry touch to its wet vigorousness. The cooling, satisfying, thirst-quenching beverage.

Delicious --- Refreshing
Wholesome

5c Everywhere

THE COCA-COLA CO.
Atlanta, Ga.

Send for our interesting booklet, "The Truth About Coca-Cola"

Whenever you see an Arrow think of Coca-Cola

CARTER'S UNDERWEAR

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Carter's Quality-Knit Underwear claims the attention of every woman, who is particular about her underwear and who wishes to be truly economical. "Quality-Knit" means knitted on the most up-to-date machines, from the finest yarns obtainable. What avail the expensive and exclusive patented machines if poor materials are used? In Carter's Quality-Knit garments you will find no "seconds"—no example of the latest thing in design and finish without the quality to make it wear.

"QUALITY-KNIT AND QUALITY FIT"

The gowns now in vogue will fit perfectly over Carter's Quality-Knit Underwear. It sets so snugly about the body that all wrinkles are eliminated and a perfect foundation for a gown assured. Carter's is popular in design, in fabric and in price. For nearly thirty years it has been a standard line with the dealer and millions of women have proven its worth and reliability.

Perhaps you would like to know how we finish our Quality-Knit garments? If so, just fill out the coupon below and we will send you a free sample of our beautiful crochet finish.

Made in Union Suits and two-piece suits for women and children. Union Suits for men. Also infants' shirts and bands, silk, wool, and cotton

For sale by nearly all first-class dealers. Refuse all substitutes. Look for the Carter Trade-Mark.

THE WILLIAM CARTER CO.
SOLE MANUFACTURERS
NEEDHAM HEIGHTS MASS.

Cut or tear off this coupon and mail it to us

WM. CARTER CO.,
Needham Heights, Mass.

Please send me the samples of crochet finish which you mention.

.....

.....

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LOOSE FITTING B. V. D. UNDERWEAR is the Short-Cut to Comfort when the sun grills.

Roominess is the only right principle in *hot weather underwear.* It allows air to flood the overheated, perspiring pores, bringing instant relief.

Tight fitting underwear binds the body, retards the circulation of the blood, and irritates the skin.

B. V. D. garments are carefully made of thoroughly tested woven materials selected for their cooling and wearing qualities.

The B. V. D. Company,
65 WORTH ST., NEW YORK.

This Red-Woven Label

MADE FOR THE
B.V.D.
BEST RETAIL TRADE

(Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

is sewed on every genuine B. V. D. garment. We make no garment without this label. *It is our guarantee of perfection and yours of protection.*

Coat Cut Undershirts, AND Knee Length Drawers. 50c., $1.00 and $1.50 a garment.

Union Suits, (Patented April 30, 1907) $1.00; $1.50; $2.00 and $3.00 a suit.

Better Tailoring at No Man's Command

You might pay $100 a suit and not get better style, better fit or better workmanship than is yours in Adler-Rochester Clothes.

The reason is simple:

We employ master-designers—men who head their profession.

Our style ideas are gathered from their *source*—in world-famous fashion centers.

Our workmen are *custom tailors*—each one an *expert* in that detail for which he is employed.

Fit, with us, is an art—developed in our 40 years' study of every type of man.

And our clothes are made in America's finest tailoring institution—a shop with 1011 windows, with vacuum cleaners and forced ventilation—where sunshine, health and happiness prevail.

Under such conditions, and at a making cost *four times* what some makers spend, we attain our ideals in clothes. And, to save you the higher cost, we limit our profit to 6 per cent.

No man living could command greater excellencies than those which characterize

ADLER-ROCHESTER-CLOTHES

Nor should *any* man accept less than Adler-Rochester quality when paying Adler-Rochester prices.

These range from $18 upwards.

So if you want the most for your money—the very utmost in clothes—you will not delay visiting our local dealer.

You'll probably find him among your leading merchants. Your visit will be welcomed.

Send For This Style Book

In actual colors, our style book's illustrations show what well-dressed men will wear this season. It shows, too, fashion's most favored shades—Adler-Rochester Grays and Blues. Also it brings you the address of your Adler-Rochester dealer. It will pay you to inspect thoroughly, his stock. Learn, at first hand, what such clothes mean to you.

Send a postal today, asking for Style Book 11.

L. ADLER, BROS. & CO., Rochester, N. Y.

The country's future is written in the faces of the young men. They are clean-shaven faces. In the store, the counting-room, the classroom, the office —in work and sport out of doors—the men who do things shave for the day just as they dress for the day.

The use of the Gillette Safety Razor is almost a universal habit with men of affairs. It is not solely a question of economy—though it means a great saving. It's a matter of comfort, of cleanliness, of time.

The Gillette is a builder of self-respect. The man who doesn't care how he looks does not care much about anything else.

GILLETTE SALES COMPANY, 70 W. Second Street, Boston
New York, Times Building Chicago, Stock Exchange Building Gillette Safety Razor, Ltd., London
Eastern Office, Shanghai, China Canadian Office, 63 St. Alexander Street, Montreal

The Gillette is a builder of regular habits.

Own a Gillette—be master of your time—shave in three minutes. No stropping, no honing.

You don't have to take a correspondence course to learn how to use it. Just buy it and shave.

Thirty thousand dealers sell the Gillette. If there is no one in your neighborhood send us $5 and we'll send the razor and twelve double-edged blades by return mail.

Write and we will send you a pamphlet—Dept. A.

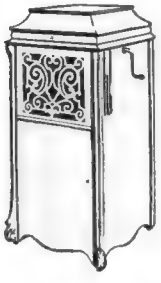
King C. Gillette

GILLETTE SALES COMPANY, 70 W. Second Street, Boston
Factories: Boston, Montreal, Leicester, Berlin, Paris

CARMEN MELIS
A new and brilliant Grand Opera prima donna

It isn't a question of whether you prefer Carmen Melis, grand opera prima donna, or Stella Mayhew, musical comedy "scream" —the instrument is the thing and the instrument that is best able to bring both of these great artists into your home is the

EDISON PHONOGRAPH



Edison Phonographs range in price from the Amberola at $200, down to the Gem at $12.50. The Amberola has the sweetness, clearness and faithful reproducing powers that characterize all Edison instruments and, in addition, a case that is a masterpiece of the cabinet maker's art. It comes in either mahogany or oak. Whoever buys a Gem, Fireside, Home, Standard or Triumph gets everything that the genius of Mr. Edison has been able to devise. All have sapphire reproducing points that do not scratch or require changing; all have silent long-running spring motors. Each is a perfect instrument, playing both Edison Standard and Amberol Records. Any Edison dealer has the line. Go and hear them or write us for complete catalog.

National Phonograph Company, 25 Lakeside Avenue, Orange, N. J.

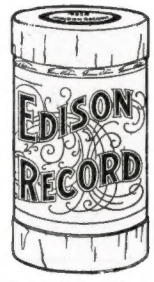
STELLA MAYHEW
One of the hits of
"The Jolly Bachelors"

PHOTO BY WHITE, NEW YORK

On the one hand the arias of a Melis; on the other the clever nonsense of a Mayhew—such is the range of entertainment and such the kind of talent that is giving Edison Phonograph owners the best there is in songs, music and fun through

EDISON STANDARD & AMBEROL RECORDS

Edison Records are of two kinds—Standard and Amberol. Amberol Records play twice as long as Standard Records. They give you another verse or two of the songs you like, a waltz or a two-step that is long enough, a monologue that gets somewhere and Grand Opera that is not cut or hurried. Edison Records afford a clearness and sweetness of tone not possible in Records made in any other way. They always do justice to the singer, band or orchestra—that is why the great singers and musicians prefer to make Records for the Edison Phonograph. Edison Records can be bought of any Edison dealer—Standard Records at 35 cents each; Amberol Records 50 cents each; Grand Opera Records 75 cents to $2.00.



National Phonograph Company, 25 Lakeside Avenue, Orange, N. J.

Swift's Pride Cleanser

makes cleaning easy, it makes everything about the house clean and bright.

Use *Swift's Pride Cleanser* on the doorsteps, tile and kitchen floors —metal work and fixtures. It will loosen the dirt, remove stains, and leave the surface immaculate, dust-free, glistening.

Use *Swift's Pride Cleanser* for washing windows, porcelain, china, cooking utensils and crockery. It makes these brilliant with almost no rubbing.

Use *Swift's Pride Cleanser* for cleaning the refrigerator — best — quickest — most efficient.

Swift's Pride Cleanser does not hurt the hands, so can harm nothing else.

Ask your dealer for *Swift's Pride Cleanser* and see that you get it. In sifter top cans.

At all dealers—10c

Swift & Company, U. S. A.

"Every Man His Own Barber"

This business man, so spick and span,
So clean-cut and so trim,
Shaves ev'ry day and thinks it play—
No barbers bother him.
GEM JUNIOR is his razor-aid,
The surest, safest, keenest blade.

KEEN business men are sharp after time and labor saving devices, hence the popularity of the GEM JUNIOR SAFETY RAZOR among the monarchs of Commerce and their hustling aides. Quickness combined with comfort, ease with safety, satisfaction with the economy of time and money—these peculiar attributes of the GEM JUNIOR naturally appeal to the busy business man in all walks of life.

THE GEM JUNIOR is built for quick, clean and comfortable shaving, cutting the beard as easily as it cuts out barbers' fees and tips. The razor that Made Self-Shaving Popular.

Blade Ready For Stropping | **$1.00 Outfit Complete** | **Razor Ready For Shaving**

GEM JUNIOR SET Includes nickel-silver-plated frame with Bar, combination stropping and shaving handles and seven selected blades in handsome case. **$1.00**

EXTRA BLADES, SET OF SEVEN, No. G7,—35 Cts

SPECIAL

For Extra Heavy Beards

***GEM de LUXE* Outfit** with 12 wide bevel-edge blades, of heavy Damascene steel, especially constructed for men with heavy beards or tender skin who have difficulty in shaving—prevent all irritation. **$3.50**

Extra Set, 6 Blades, No. A1,—50 Cents

For any kind of a dull razor use ***Gem Razor Strop Dressing.*** *Best edge producer — a keen blade in a minute. 25 cents postpaid.*

GEM CUTLERY CO.

34 READE STREET, NEW YORK

The Original Modern Safety Razor Makers.

CANADIAN DISTRIBUTING COMPANY, KINGS HALL, MONTREAL, CANADA.

PRESS OF STEARNS BROS. & CO., CHICAGO

COLGATE'S

TALC POWDER

Your Choice
Three Perfumes
or Unscented

A. A. BRENEMAN, M. Sc.
ANALYTICAL AND CONSULTING CHEMIST,
LABORATORY, 17 WATER STREET.

New York, Feb. 5th, 1910

Messrs. Colgate & Co.,
55 John St., New York.

Dear Sirs:

In comparison with several other widely advertised talcums, I find that Colgate's Talc contains more than eight times as much Boric Acid.

It also contains two other ingredients described in the U. S. Dispensatory as being antiseptic, soothing and healing in their nature. These were not found in the other talcums examined.

Yours respectfully,

A. A. Breneman

This Report (*From an expert of high professional standing.*)

Proves conclusively that one talcum powder is not as good as another and that Colgate's is the *safest* and most *efficient* powder for you and your children.

NOTE, that not only in Boric acid, but in the use of two other ingredients Colgate's excels in antiseptic and soothing value.

Trial box sent for 4 cents

COLGATE & CO. (Est. 1806) Dept. D. 55 John Street, New York

Makers of Cashmere Bouquet Soap

THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE JUNE 1910 VOL. XV,